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Frontier Times

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January, 1973
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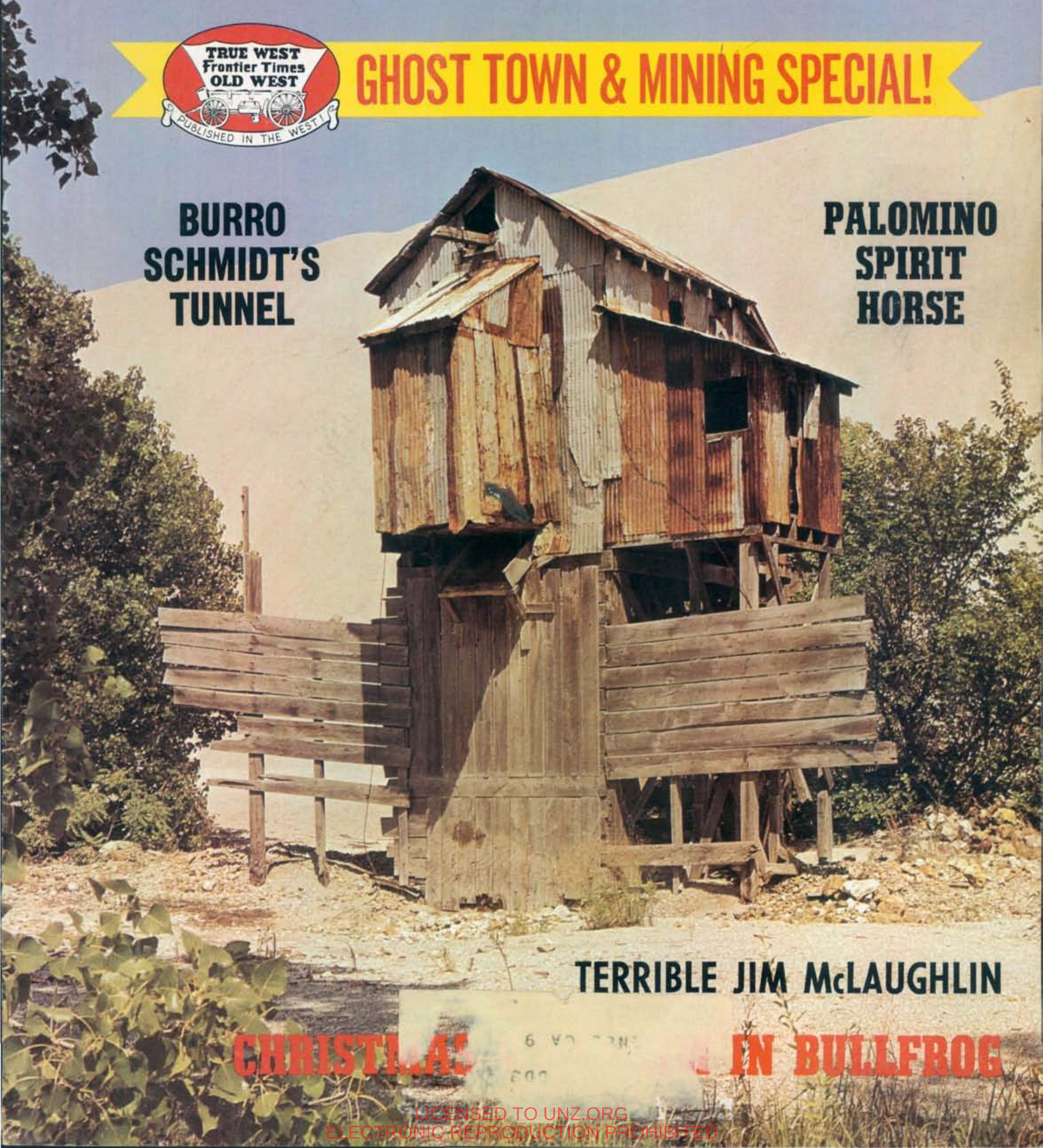

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Charter subscribers will be able to receive a complete set from No. 1 to the last issue that Hunter printed!

Our advisers say we should charge $1.00 or even $2.00 per copy but we want these magazines in the libraries of as many lovers of the real Old West as possible, so we are charging just 50¢ per copy. But don't lay this magazine down without filling out the coupon since we are printing a limited number and you wouldn't want to have to start out with Vol. 1, No. 2—or later.

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We may have miscalculated our print order but we just can't extend it if we get a few hundred subscriptions over what we are reprinting. **These copies are facsimile reproductions**—exactly as the originals appeared; hand-drawn covers, rare old pictures, yesterday's quaint writing style—everything. By golly, they are terrific! Even the ads are interesting!

After you read a few issues, you'll get to where you even treasure the flaws—a line left out, a typo here and there—all human failings by a man who lacked the capital to hire enough help and consequently had to do most of the work himself. Hunter drew his own covers, set his own type, ran them through the press, and mailed them. At 2 a.m. in a little western town with nobody still awake but a sleepy-eyed publisher and a coyote or two up on the hill, who wouldn't pick up the wrong piece of type once in a while—or forget to number a page!

—**Joe "Hosstail" Small**

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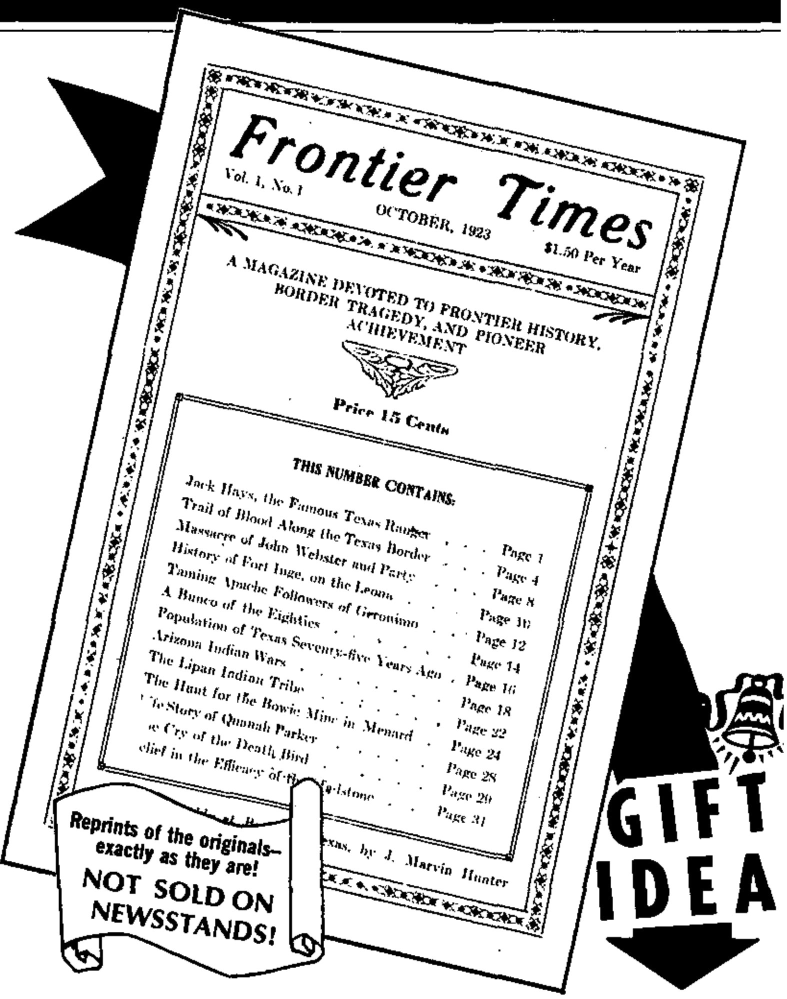

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OCTOBER, 1923

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS:

Jack Hays, the Famous Texas Ranger	Page 1
Trail of Blood Along the Texas Border	Page 4
Massacre of John Webster and Party	Page 8
History of Fort Inge, on the Leona	Page 10
Taming Apache Followers of Geronimo	Page 12
A Bunco of the Eighties	Page 14
Population of Texas Seventy-five Years Ago	Page 16
Arizona Indian Wars	Page 18
The Lipan Indian Tribe	Page 22
The Hunt for the Bowie Mine in Menard	Page 24
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W. M. Mullings *R. C. Pollan*

TO: Bill Mahan
D-Tex Electronics

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Both units were used continuously 2-1/2 hours, Sept. 9, 1972. The Jaycee Jubilee was held in this area one week ago, and the area has been worked extensively with various brands of detectors each day since.

The author used the Type A unit and R. C. Pollan used the Type B unit. R. C. Pollan says the Type B unit never misled him even once. The author was fooled only twice by foil, but each time the foil was folded several times until it was nearly 1/8" thick and about one square inch area.

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One 1965 quarter was found almost on edge about 4" deep. Most of the coins were from near the surface to about 2" deep.

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We returned to the same site Sept. 10 and hunted about 3 hours. We also spent about an hour checking out some old house places. Finds for both days were as listed below:

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W. M. Mullings

W. M. Mullings, Professional Engineer
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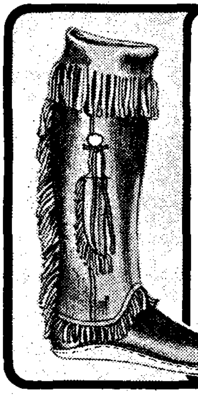

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December-January, 1973
Vol. 47, No. 1
New Series No. 81

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In This Issue —

FRONTIER POST 4
TRAILS GROWN DIM 6
VANISHED SPAS IN THE WILDERNESS .... Genevieve H. Miller 8
PALOMINO SPIRIT HORSE .... Maurice Kildare 18
CHRISTMAS WAS SLIM IN BULLFROG .... Roberta M. Starry 22
"IF I LIVE TO BE A HUNDRED" .... Fay E. Ward 24
GHOST TOWN OF THE INDIANS .... Frances Imon 27
TERRIBLE JIM McLAUGHLIN .... T. W. Paterson 28
TREMENTINANS HOED THEIR OWN ROW .... S. Omar Barker 30
KING OF THE YUKON .... Thelma Kimmel 32
IF I WERE YOUNG AGAIN .... Jean Ehly 34
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP .... The Old Bookaroos 36
BURRO SCHMIDT'S TUNNEL .... George F. Jackson 38
ONE GREEN ACRE OF THE DREARY EARTH .... Tom Barkdull 40
NUGGETS 42
TUMBLEWEEDS .... Tom K. Ryan 72

Cover: Bob Taylor

Old Lead and Zinc Mine near Picher, Oklahoma

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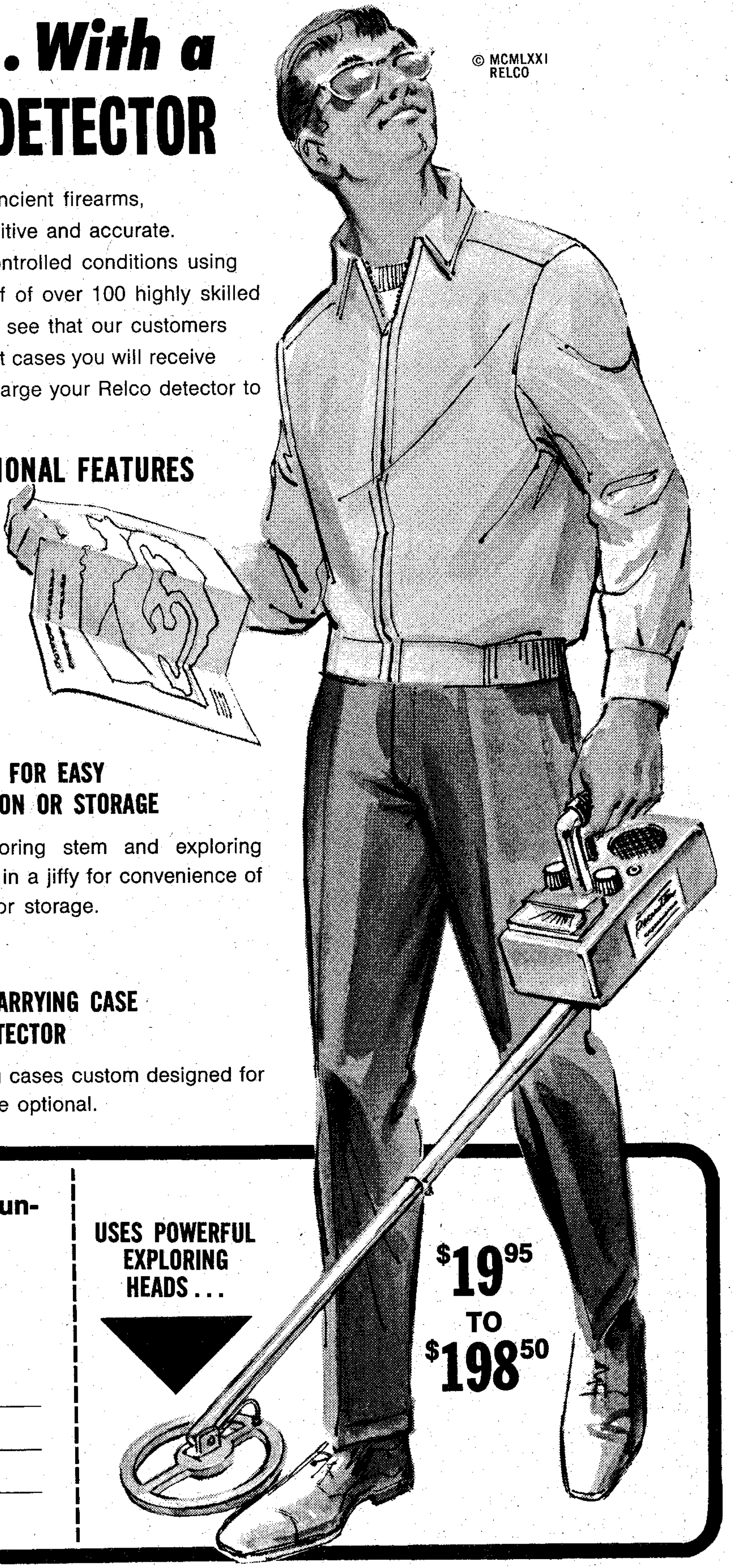

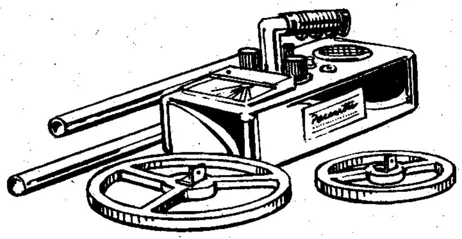

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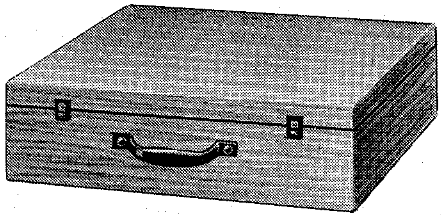

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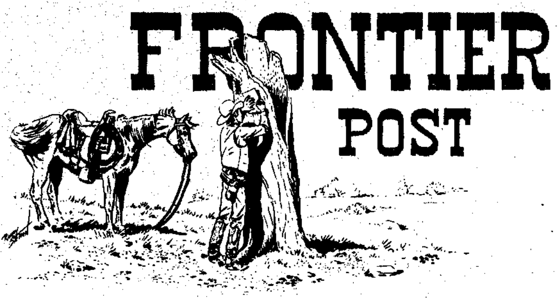


1872 or 1972?

I enjoy your magazines very much and just wanted to let you know that the Old West is still alive up in our part of the country. Recently a fellow led the police, who were on horseback, on a merry chase into the Blue Mountains—and they are rugged—and still managed to escape.

The fellow was wanted for giving a bad check. When a Umatilla County sheriff's deputy and a state police officer went to serve the warrant on a ranch near Weston, which is eighteen miles north of Pendleton in the Blue Mountains, the fellow sprinted out a back window, got on a horse and went north up a draw towards Pine Creek. The lawmen also got horses and attempted to follow him over the ridge. They called in a helicopter to aid them in the hunt but discarded this idea when the man went into the brush and timber. More police were sent to wait at the ranch, however, in case the man doubled back. The officers chasing him on horseback discovered where he had left his horse tied and kept going on foot.

Sheriff Bob Oliver stated that the Pine Creek country where he eluded his pursuers is almost impossible to get through on foot. "It is heavy timbered and very steep in places." Lieutenant Tom Taylor of the Oregon State Police in Pendleton added that the man "got away, but he'll have to come out sometime and we'll be waiting."—Rev. Frank M. Nichols, Delamarter Nursing Home, Mission Road, Route #1, Pendleton, Oregon 97801

Memories of Bad Weather

I've been intending to write for some time. I enjoy the magazines very much and save them and sometimes reread the stories and just put off writing. But I just got my new September issue yesterday and with this picture of Hooker, Oklahoma with the dark clouds I just have to write. Yes, that is a picture of Hooker. I was raised in and around there and I've seen plenty of clouds like that for real, and when they hit it was something else again. I also remember hailstorms, one farm and probably more, but this one I was helping out at had dead chickens all over the place and we picked up enough of the hail stones to make a freezer of ice cream. We didn't have refrigerators in those days.

The picture showed two schoolhouses. My father was janitor of the grade school for a few years when it was new, and I helped sweep the rooms. Hooker was built with the railroad. I drew a map of it when I was in the 8th grade. Another thing I remember and have thought so much about is—the superintendent at that time was Paul Smith, but we called him Prof. Smith. He told us in the '20s that in the '50's those funnies of Buck Rogers wouldn't be so far off. So when the first ship went into space I remembered that.

I visited Hooker last summer and it has built up a lot, as many other towns have. However, the Model store and Sears variety stores are still there and the same people. I should know that other picture also, I think—it looks very familiar and I'm sure I've seen it before.

I went to business college in Dodge City, Kansas in the early '30s and walked from where I stayed. The walk took me through town and one morning when I passed Penney's store (we'd had one of these dirt storms the night before), there was a pile of dust swept up in the middle with a sign which said, "Nebraska farm for sale, cheap." Yes, I remember a lot.—Elizabeth F. Burch, South 711 East Street, Colfax, Washington 99111

Another of our readers, Charlotte Williams, identified this Hooker storm as taking place on Easter Sunday, April 14, 1935.

Wants Information on Old Song

Some years ago I bought a record containing an old song called "Buffalo Skinners" which related the adventures of six skinners and their dishonest boss, called "ol' Crage." (Vanguard Records: *Relax Your Mind,* Jim Kweskin & the Jug Band.) On page 500 of his *Folklore on the American Land,* Duncan Emrich begins a chapter on this song, tracing its development from an English love song to its present form, allegedly composed by a James B. Freeman and related to Dobie in 1941 by Freeman), who had hunted buffalo with a James Ennis in 1877 just north of the Pease River, as in the song. Emrich, however, says that the substitution of Crage for Ennis is a mystery. But in J. Emmer Harsten's *Comanche Land,* on page 161, I found a description of the Battle of Adobe Walls and a statement to the effect that the old camp had been used about 1873 as a skinner's camp by "old man Crage, of Henrietta, Texas." Was this Crage, in fact, a real person, and if so, what became of him and who was he? Perhaps your readers may know something about him.—David C. Morrow, 429 La Salle, Richardson, Texas 75080

Deputy Under Chavez

This is relative to your article "Santa Fe's Delayed Hanging," in the March 1972 issue. This, of course, is about the murder of Frank Chavez, ex-County Sheriff of Santa Fe.

My father, Zed M. Crutchfield, was living in Cerrillos, a small mining town about eighteen miles southeast of Santa Fe at the time, having been a deputy under Chavez during his tenure of office and also holding the office of City Marshal of the town of Cerrillos prior to and at the time of the murder.

My father saw some rough times during those days prior to my birth date (June, 1901), including an escapade on July 4, 1892 wherein he was called to break up a brawl in this small town when a bunch of miners had imbibed a little too heavily. In the scuffle one man by the name of Montoyea, or some such, was killed, the bullet passing through his body into his cousin who was injured and, I believe, who died as a result in a few days.

I have in my possession, in my mother's old family album, a picture of Frank Chavez, I believe a duplicate of the one you used in the article, as well as several newspaper clippings relative to the trial, the review of their cases, and a clipping of the story of the killing or killings are referred to in Cerrillos. This made your article very interesting to me and my brother and many sisters now scattered over the nation. I notified each, who bought this issue of *Frontier Times,* where available, as well as alerting many nephews and nieces.—Charles R. Crutchfield, 202 Warwick Road, Coffeyville, Kansas 67337

Long Chance Pays Off

Forty-six years ago an advertisement appeared in a Western magazine trying to find a young man's family whom he had never seen. That magazine was loaned to a cousin of mine by a neighbor (who knew nothing of the advertisement). My cousin recognized the names —alerted me (his sister)—and we became united. I had been told he was dead. These past years were wonderful—he also found our father.

I do not know if your magazine was being printed in 1925-26 but I would give a lot to find that advertisement as my brother died this last year in San Francisco County. I see you have a column of advertisements now in your magazine—perhaps others did then also.

It was in mid-summer of 1926 that we found one another so I suppose it would have been a 1926 issue before June or July. I am seventy-two now and my brother would be sixty-six if alive. The advertisement ran something like this, I was told:

"Wanted: information of my sister Myrtle A. Keefe (or O'Keefe), a brother Tom (Reid), and my father Martin Keefe, living in Michigan. Signed, Miles Allen Keefe."

Anyway, it worked.—Mrs. George A. Jackson, RFD #1, Box 64, Climax, Michigan 49034

More on Rose Hill

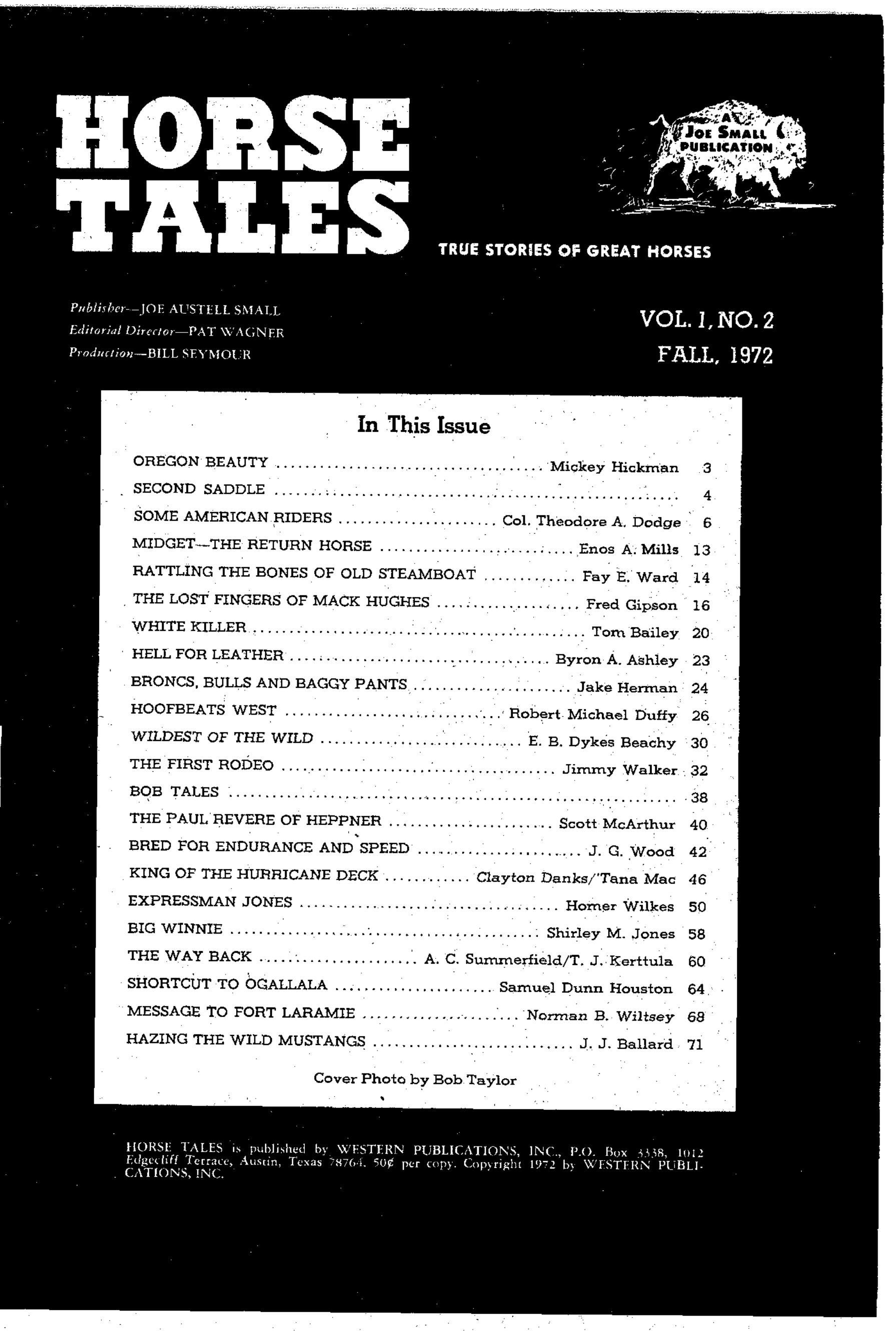
In the June-July issue of FRONTIER TIMES I noticed a letter regarding an article, which I missed in the September 1971 issue, titled "The Choctaw Who Lived Like a King." The letter mentioned Rose Hill. I am enclosing for your information a copy of a newspaper article which came to me in effects that belonged to my grandfather, George Washington Crump:

(*Continued on page 52*)

HORSE TALES #2

"TRUE STORIES OF GREAT HORSES"

LOOK AT THE CONTENTS IN THIS SECOND EDITION!



HORSE TALES

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

TRUE STORIES OF GREAT HORSES

Publisher—JOE AUSTELL SMALL
Editorial Director—PAT WAGNER
Production—BILL SEYMOUR

VOL. 1, NO. 2
FALL, 1972

In This Issue

OREGON BEAUTY .... Mickey Hickman 3
SECOND SADDLE 4
SOME AMERICAN RIDERS .... Col. Theodore A. Dodge 6
MIDGET—THE RETURN HORSE .... Enos A. Mills 13
RATTLING THE BONES OF OLD STEAMBOAT .... Fay E. Ward 14
THE LOST FINGERS OF MACK HUGHES .... Fred Gipson 16
WHITE KILLER .... Tom Bailey 20
HELL FOR LEATHER .... Byron A. Ashley 23
BRONCS, BULLS AND BAGGY PANTS .... Jake Herman 24
HOOFBEATS WEST .... Robert Michael Duffy 26
WILDEST OF THE WILD .... E. B. Dykes Beachy 30
THE FIRST RODEO .... Jimmy Walker 32
BOB TALES 38
THE PAUL REVERE OF HEPPNER .... Scott McArthur 40
BRED FOR ENDURANCE AND SPEED .... J. G. Wood 42
KING OF THE HURRICANE DECK .... *Clayton Danks/'Tana Mac* 46
EXPRESSMAN JONES .... Homer Wilkes 50
BIG WINNIE .... Shirley M. Jones 58
THE WAY BACK .... A. C. Summerfield/T. J. Kerttula 60
SHORTCUT TO OGALLALA .... Samuel Dunn Houston 64
MESSAGE TO FORT LARAMIE .... *Norman B. Wiltsey* 68
HAZING THE WILD MUSTANGS .... J. J. Ballard 71

Cover Photo by Bob Taylor

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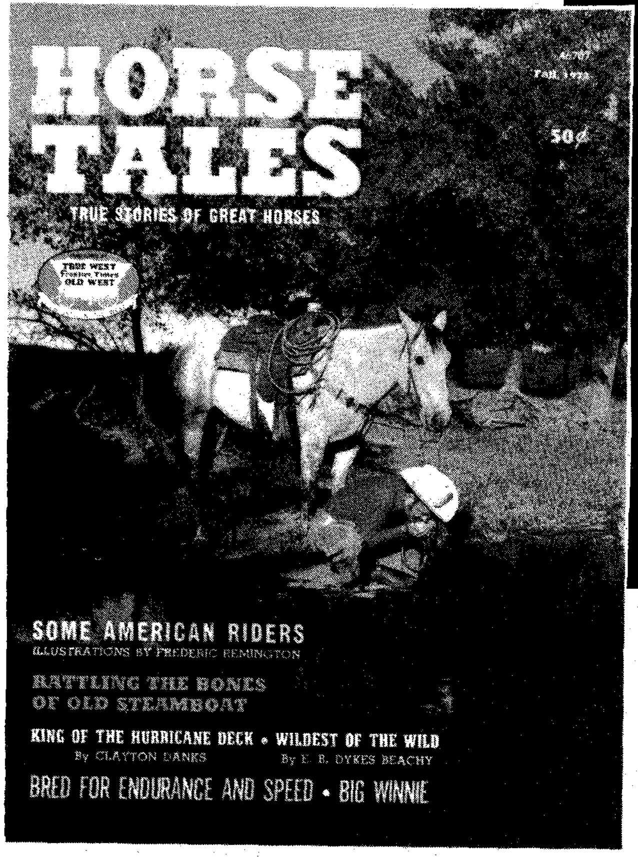

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TRAILS GROWN DIM

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Nipper

I am seeking any information on my grandparents. Henry S. Nipper was born April 1, 1854. He was married twice—first to Malinda Jane Barger, born April 6, 1856. He married Malinda January 2, 1879 and had seven children. Malinda died July 22, 1898.

Henry's second wife was Ella Frazer. They were married in 1898 and had five children. Henry died June 5, 1908. At that time they were living in Cleveland, Tennessee in Bradley County. Any information on the Nipper family will be appreciated.—Herbert Nipper, 529 East Lake East, Seattle, Washington 98109

McClure

Would like to hear from descendants of Green McClure who married Susan Catherine Stewart. They came to Texas from Missouri around 1860. Their children were: Andrew Jackson McClure (whom did he marry?); Laura Jane McClure, who married William Thomas Campbell, and lived in Austin. Their children were: Francis, Della Dora, Donald Clyde, Ollie Ellen and Myrtle Laura; Richard Benton McClure, family unknown; and Walter G. McClure, wife unknown. Their children were: Arthur, Grace and Stella who lived in Austin.

Green McClure had a brother Richard. On December 24, 1865, a Richard M. McClure married Amanda Peyton. Was this Richard Green's brother? Sisters were Margaret, Sarah and Elizabeth. Half-brothers and sister were Harvey, W. H. (Billy) and Nancy Brooks. Any information will be appreciated.—Beulah Fae McClure, 814 Denver, Apt. 1, Plainview, Texas 79072

Herring

Daniel Herring, born 1726 in North Carolina, had two sons, Benjamin and Whitfield, by his second wife Charity Whitfield O'Daniel. In Duplin County, North Carolina in 1780 one Benjamin Herring married Mary Shotwell. I want to know if this Benjamin is the son of the above mentioned Daniel. Also, If Daniel Herring, born 1782, who married Fanny Creech, is the son of Benjamin and Mary Shotwell Herring. I will answer all letters.—J. E. Williams, Box 1045, Brady, Texas 76825

Davis

I would appreciate any information on my half-brother, Thomas Jefferson Davis. He is called Tom or Tommie for short. Up until a few years ago he was living in Bakersfield, California, but no one has heard from him since he went to California twenty-five years ago. He is supposed to have two children, a boy and a girl, who would be grown by now.—Lizzie Sharp, 1509 North 5th Street, Fort Smith, Arkansas 72901

Downing

Would like to hear from anyone who might know anything about my grandfather Harry Allen Downing's parents. Harry was born in Iroquois County, Illinois in 1878. He later moved to Nebraska where he married Anna May White in 1901 at St. Francis. He died at Royal, Nebraska and was buried at Gresham. He had one sister, May, who never married and died at age twenty-three.—Marlin Downing, Box 152, White Bird, Idaho 83554

LaClair

Would like information on Issac "Ike" LaClair. He was married to an Indian, tribe unknown, and lived around Ellsworth, Kansas in 1885. My father, James Henrey LaClair, was born in Ellsworth about 1887. He lived in Abilene, Kansas from 1910 until his death in 1937.—Jim LaClair, 6781 W. Miss. Avenue, Lakewood, Colorado 80226

Burress-Twitty

An looking for descendants of my great-grandparents, William and Emily Burress, born in Tennessee around 1799 and married before 1825. In 1848 when California gold was discovered, this family had been living for more than ten years in Gibson County, Tennessee. With the lure of the gold fields, William joined the vast westward movement of Forty-niners and is believed to have died en route to California or shortly after arriving. During the next few years, surviving members of the family lived at Memphis, Tennessee, Marion, Arkansas, and Troy, Illinois.

By 1860 Emily Burress' family, then living in Crittenden County, Arkansas, had shrunk to two sons: George W., born 1834, and Jesse, born 1842 (my grandfather). Meanwhile, James M., born 1825, had married twice; John, born 1826—no record; Hattie A., born 1831, had married William P. Farmer of Illinois; Nancy, born 1836, had married a man named Twitty and relocated near Waco, Texas; and William, born 1840—no record.

During ensuing years the family became widely scattered and contact was lost. James M. died in the Civil War in 1861 but his surviving family lived on in western Tennessee. Jesse married in 1869, raised six children and lived in western Tennessee until his death in 1922. Of George W., who was discharged from the Confederate Army at Marion, Arkansas in 1862, and John, Nancy and William, there is no further record. Hattie's husband died in 1868 at Troy, Illinois leaving her childless at age thirty-seven. There is no further record on her.

If anyone knows of descendants of any of these people, I am extremely anxious to correspond with you. Disregard variations in spelling the surname, for our people were the world's worst spellers!—Charles G. Burress, 8115 W. Mulberry Drive, Phoenix, Arizona 85033

McCall

Henry McCall of South Carolina served in the Revolutionary War under General Francis Marion, 2nd Continental Regiment. Etta T. McCall, in her book, states that he also served as juror in 1783 and in the Legislature in 1786; also that he was the son of Charles McCall and brother to George McCall who moved to Georgia after the Revolutionary War. Could Henry have been in Georgia also and is there any record of his having served in any public office or owning land in Georgia? I have been unable to obtain any information on Henry McCall from South Carolina other than the stub indents for his military service which gave no pertinent information.

Henry McCall had a son John who, by tradition, is said to have married Elizabeth Thomas. Their known sons were John, William, Marshall, Lorenza and my great-grandfather, Dr. Matthew Morgan McCall. These sons went to Tennessee and Hinds County, Mississippi and came to Texas circa 1839. Matthew Morgan McCall married in Rusk County, Texas in 1844 to Lucinda Rogers (Bolin), widow of Soloman Bolin. They had children, William, James, and Mary Ann, who may have married John Barton. Lucinda also had brothers Hugh and William Rogers. These all lived in Red River County, Texas. Matthew Morgan McCall died there in 1850. Lucinda died after 1858. I am desperately in need of information of any kind on any of the above mentioned persons. Will gladly exchange information.—Nora Cox Drennan, Route 2, Box 52-A, Winnsboro, Texas 75494

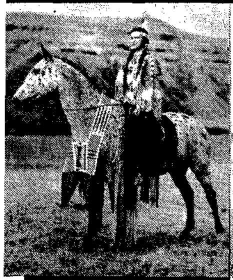
Young-Lawyer

I am searching for information on the Young family via Ohio, Indiana, Iowa and Nebraska. Unfortunately, the family of thirteen children and their descendants have scattered considerably. I recently received some photos and I hope the notations on the back may be familiar to some of your readers, as they contain only first names and a state. Anyone with a knowledge of the John Young and Melinda Lawyer family of Nebraska, please contact me.

The following is a copy of the notes written on photos: "Nora Rabern" (this may be a man). The edge of the photo is

(Continued on page 59)

WESTERN COLOR PRINTS!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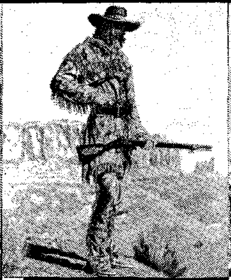
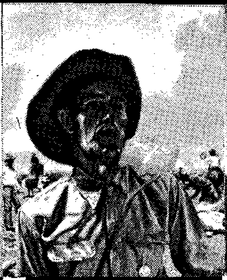

2 The Scout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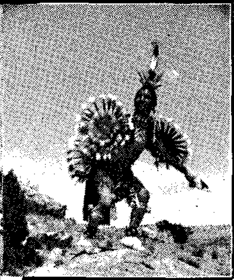
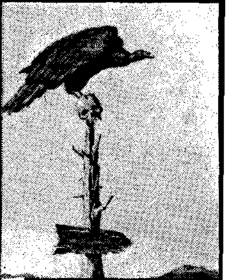

4 Ceremonial Dance

5 Tribal Costume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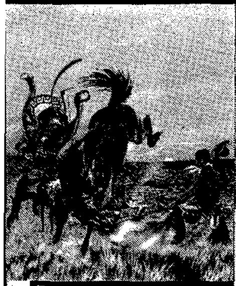
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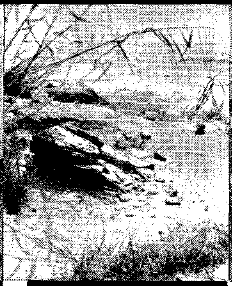
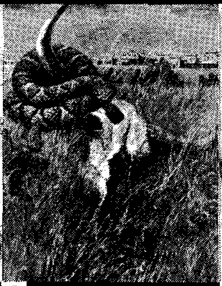
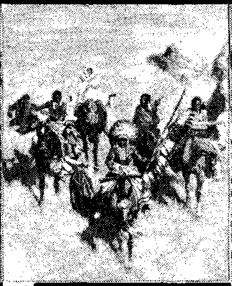
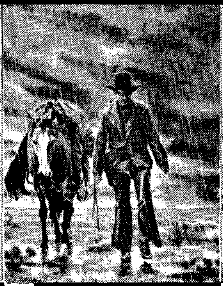

8 Gold On Padre Island


9 Stay Out Of My Territory!


10 The Captive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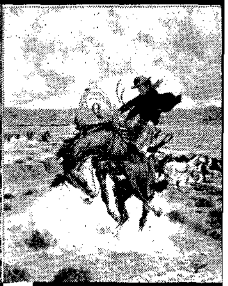
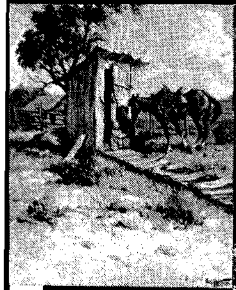

12 No Time To Lose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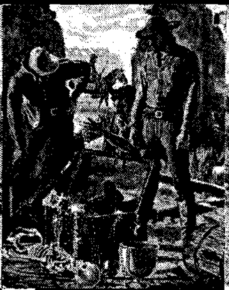
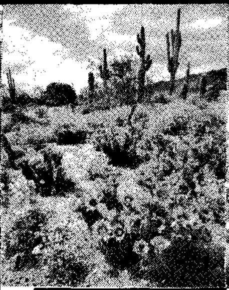
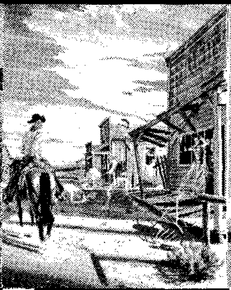
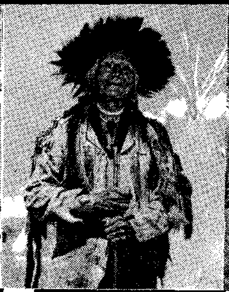
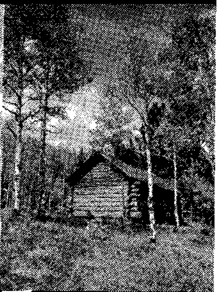
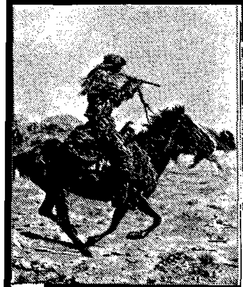

14 Spanish Treasure

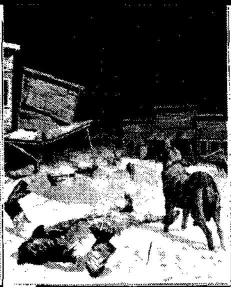

15 Spring's Drama In The Desert

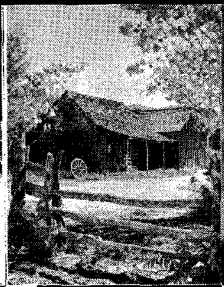

16 Old Memories

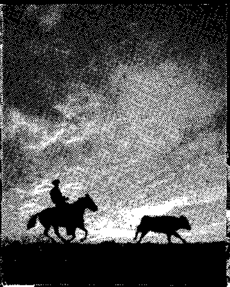

17 Flathead Indian

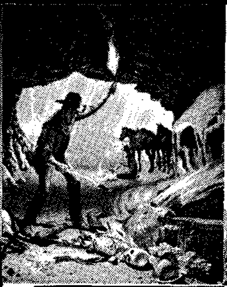

18 Autumn In Colorad

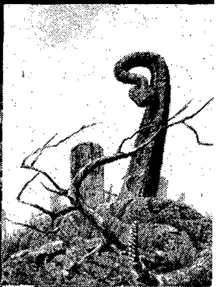

19 Buffalo Hunter


20 Lobos Hold A Wake


21 Old Homestead


22 Cowboy At Sunset


23 Lucky Shower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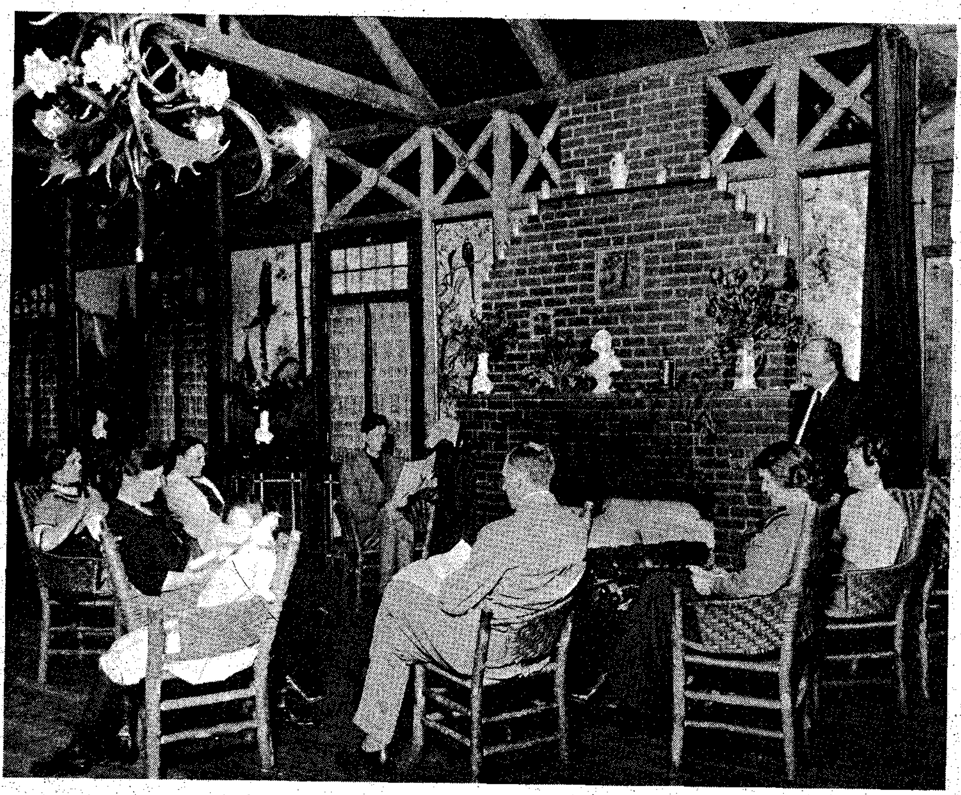

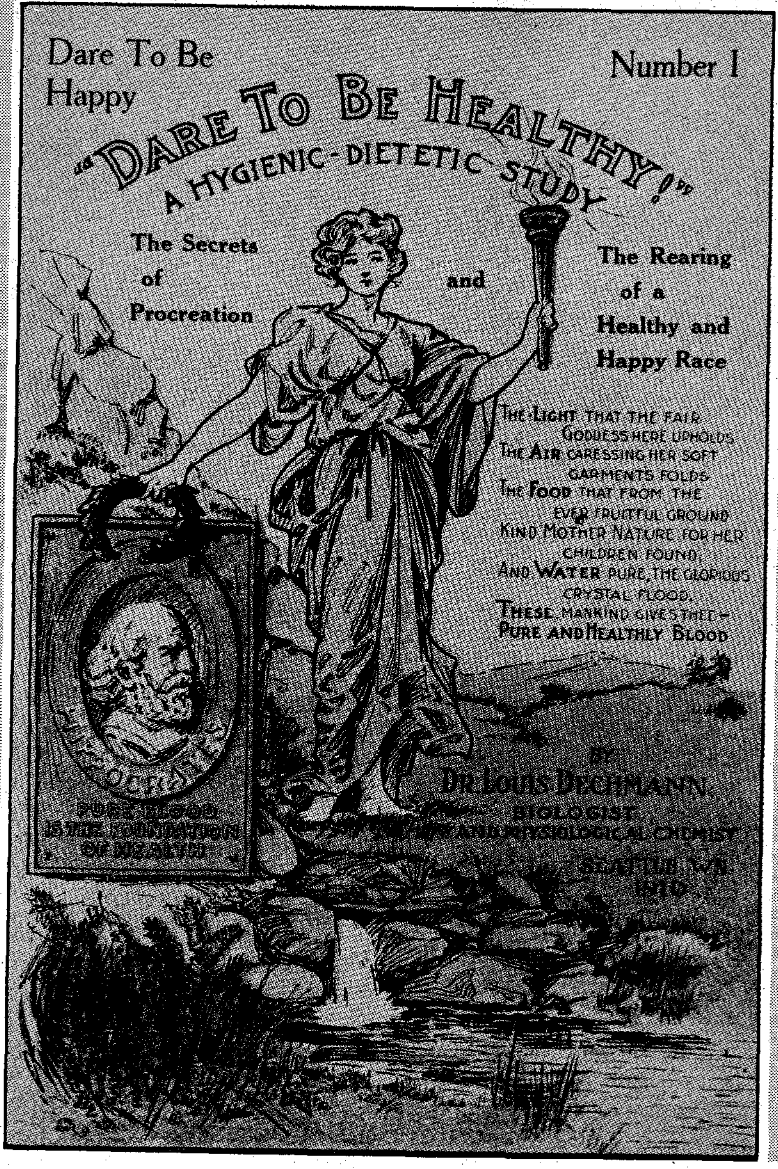

Dare To Be Happy

Number I

"DARE TO BE HEALTHY!"

A HYGIENIC-DIETETIC STUDY

The Secrets of Procreation

and

The Rearing of a Healthy and Happy Race

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THE AIR CARESSING HER SOFT
GARMENTS FOLDS
THE FOOD THAT FROM THE
EVER FRUITFUL GROUND
KIND MOTHER NATURE FOR HER
CHILDREN FOUND,
AND WATER PURE, THE GLORIOUS
CRYSTAL FLOOD.
THESE, MANKIND GIVES THEE —
PURE AND HEALTHLY BLOOD

BY
DR LOUIS DECHMANN,
BIOLOGIST
[illegible] AND PHYSIOLOGICAL CHEMIST
SEATTLE WA
1910

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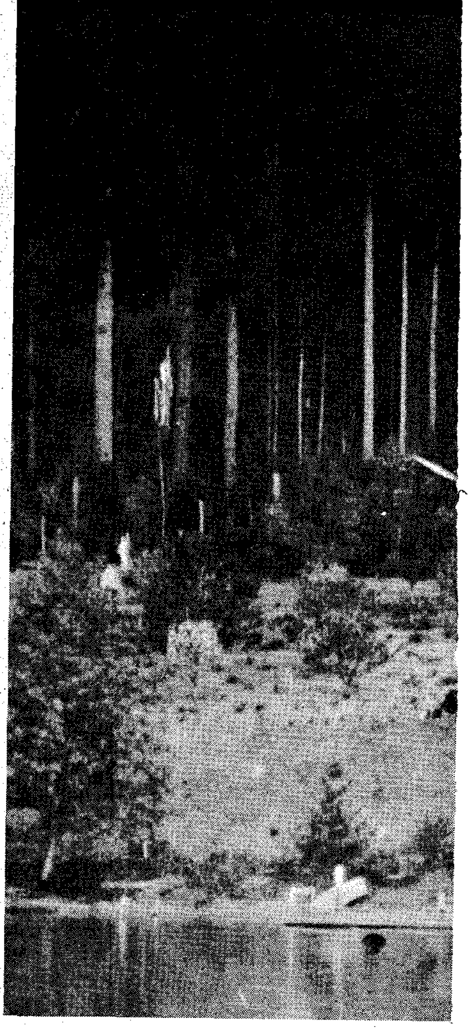


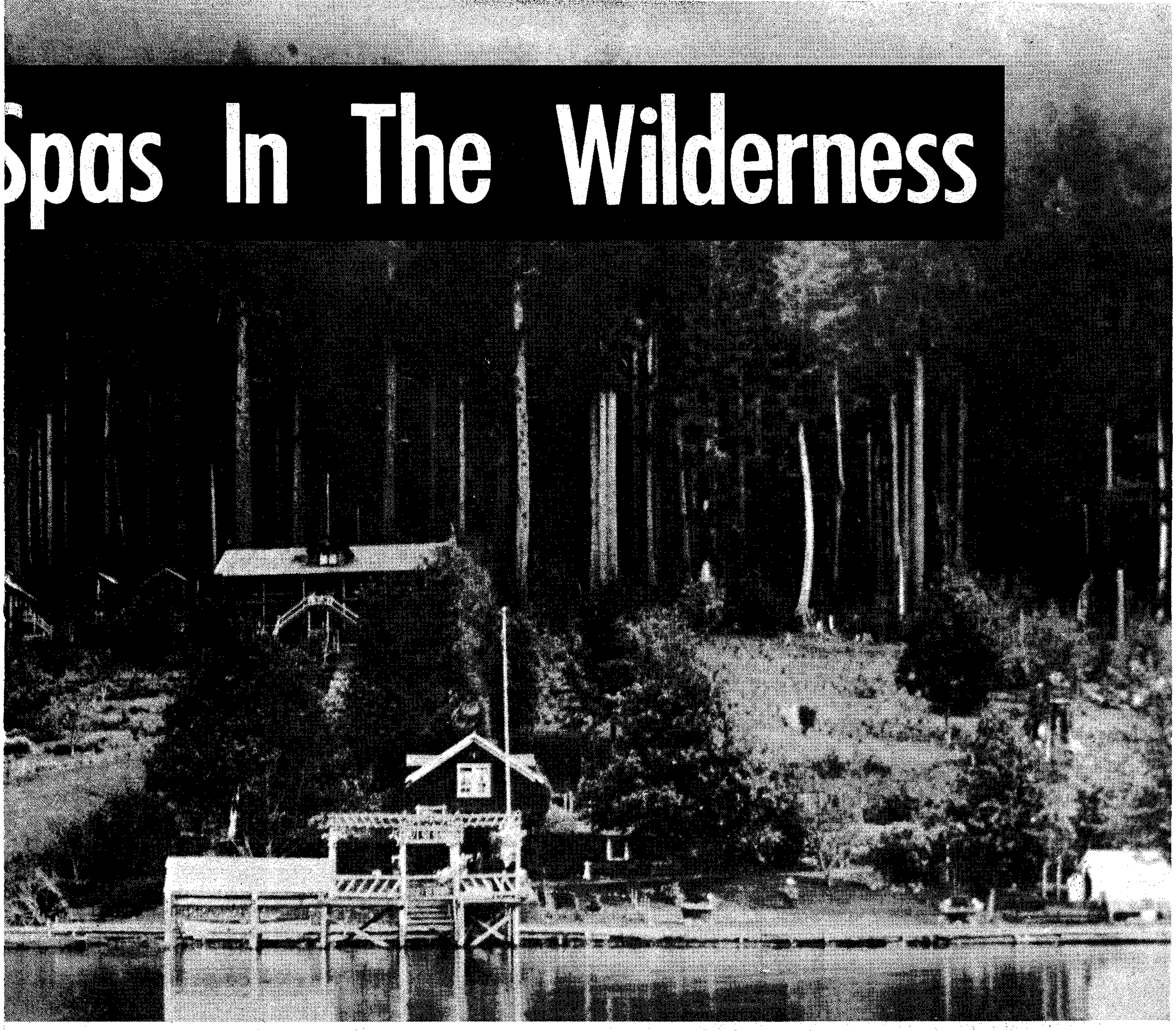
BY GENEVIEVE H. MILLER

Photos Courtesy Author

Author's Note: In the early 1900s stories of the curative powers of mountain mineral waters brought health seekers to three spas on Washington's Olympic Peninsula. They traveled by car, on horseback, on foot and by boat and stage to turn back the clock at Qui Si Sana, Sol Duc, or Olympic Hot Springs. All three resorts rose to a great peak of popularity, then quickly sank into oblivion.

View of Qui Si Sana (opposite page) from Lake Crescent, Washington. Left: Looking toward the fireplace (top) in the lounge, with Dr. Louis Dechman standing in the back right. One of the ads (bottom) used for Qui Si Sana.

Spas In The Wilderness



QUI SI SANA

"Here Find Health"

NORTHWEST WASHINGTON'S Lake Crescent, the site chosen for Dr. Louis Dechman's sanitarium, was first discovered by Indians who thought it was haunted by evil spirits.

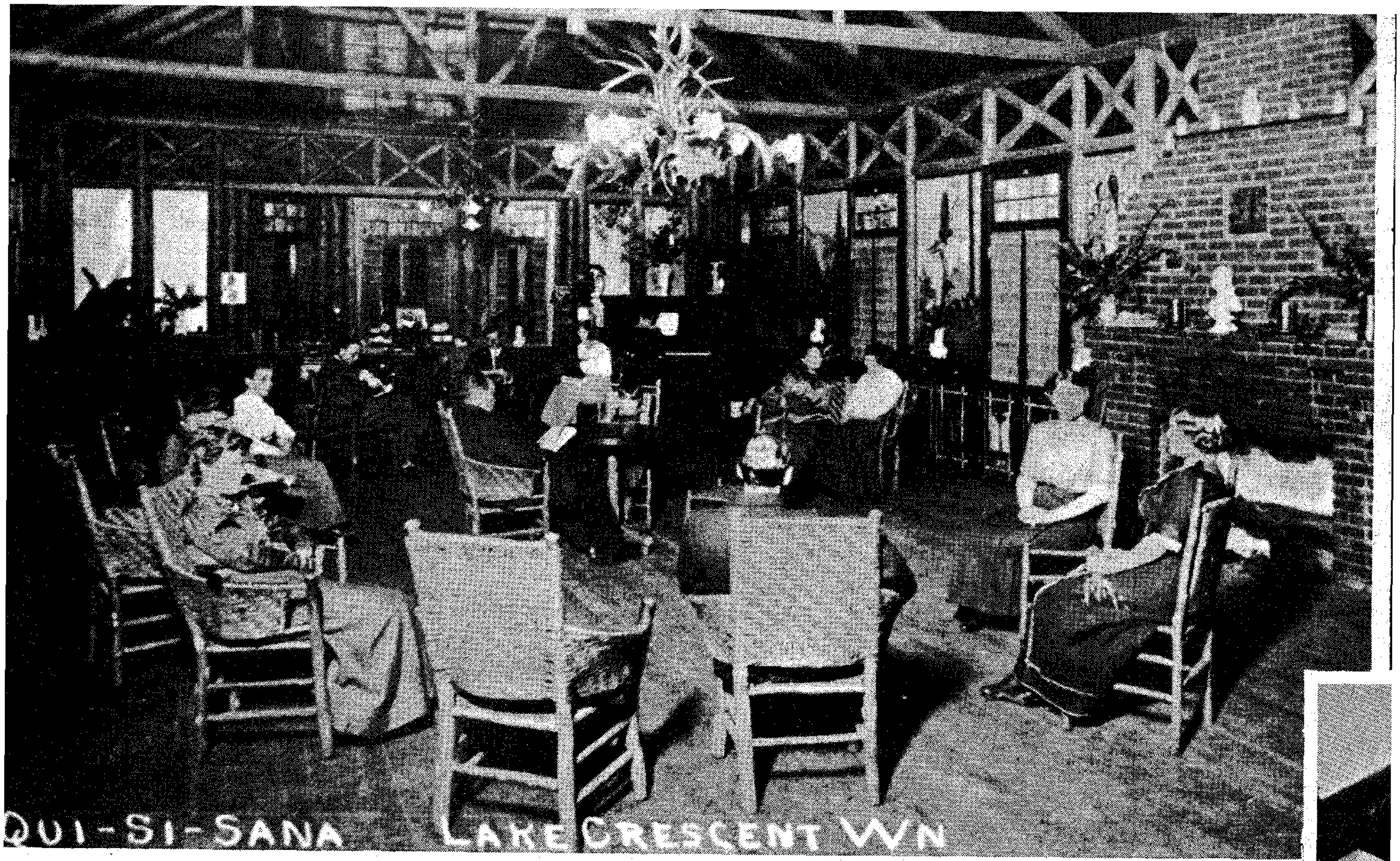
In the 1860s two Canadian trappers, John Sutherland and John Everett, paddled their canoe across the Strait of Juan de Fuca from Victoria, British Columbia, to Washington Territory. Indians told them of the two lakes, one large and one small, nestling beneath the mountains and filled with ominous "swooshes." The fearful natives refused to lead the way but gave directions to the two white men, who located the lakes and found that the noises were only winds in the tall firs nearby. They named the small body of water Sutherland, the larger, Everett (later it was renamed Crescent because of its shape).

In 1912 Dr. Dechman, an exponent of natural living, built and operated a unique, often maligned resort on the steep northern shore of Lake Crescent, twenty miles west of Port Angeles. Settlers in the vicinity speculated as to where he had come from and where he had obtained the money for his unusual venture, but later they were impressed by Qui Si Sana's beauty and its owner's promises of rejuvenation.

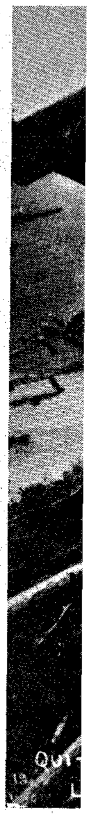
Dr. Dechman advocated outdoor exercise, fresh air and simple food, as well as deep breathing, positive thinking and meditation. At that time many were under the influence of Mesmerism and Coue's "Day by Day, in Every Way, I am getting Better . . . and Better," so it is small wonder that Qui Si Sana grew popular. Skeptics, though, questioned the suave doctor's hypnotic charm while counseling pretty women about their emotional as well as physical imperfection at his secluded sanitarium. (The only means of getting there was by boat and a difficult climb up the hill, and Dechman's quarters commanded an unobstructed view of his dock and approach.)

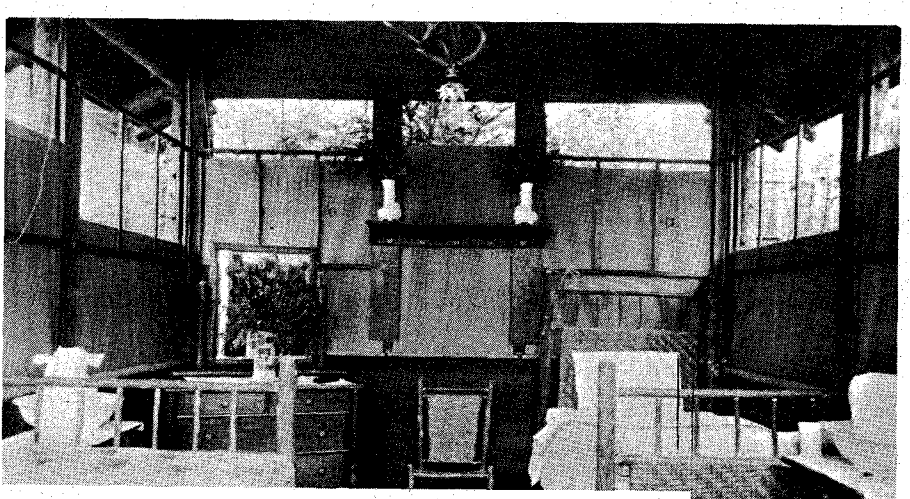
Businessmen, professional men and tired executives who came from cities for "the cure" were led to logs and an ax—the shrewd doctor's quick cure for ail-

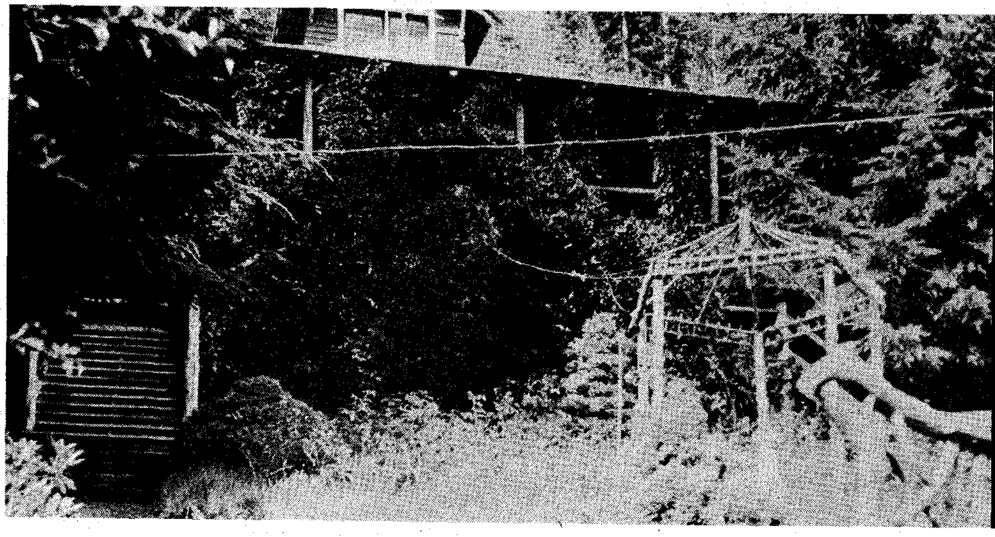
Fast reverting to their wild state in the Olympic National Park are three monuments to the pursuit of happiness—"health, wealth, and time to enjoy them"

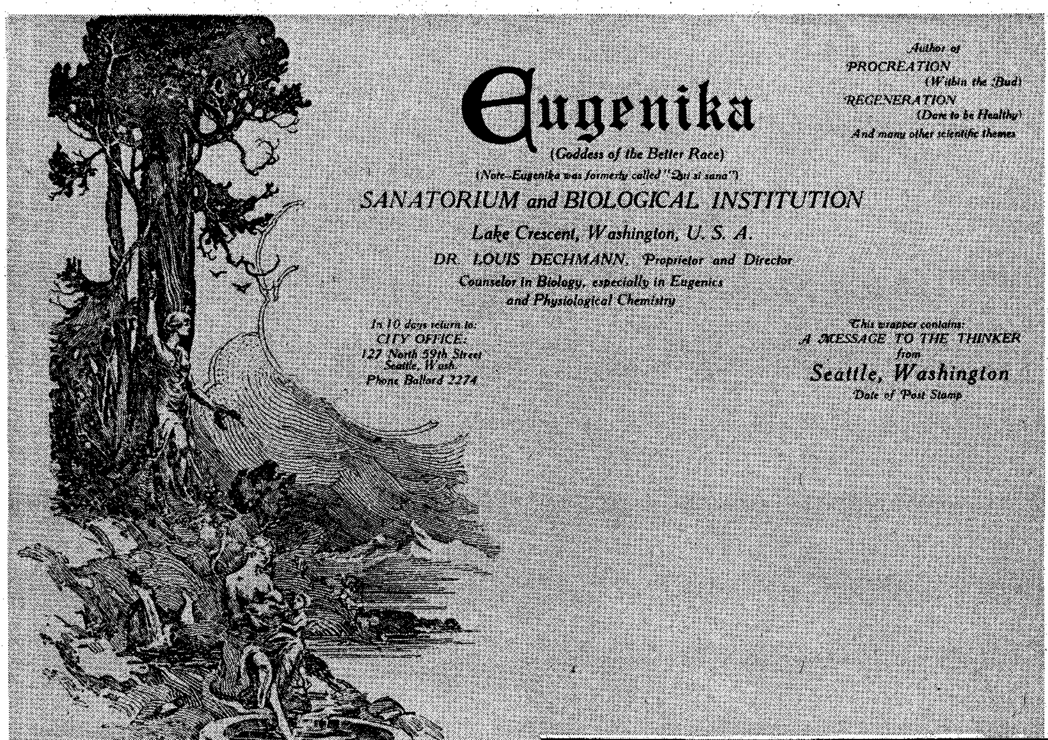

QUI-SI-SANA LAKE CRESCENT WN

Above: Another view of the Qui Si Sana main lounge. Notice the ornate antler chandeliers. Right (top and middle): Two of the verandas overlooking Lake Crescent. Below: A typical cottage bedroom. Bottom: Lush landscaped grounds had many paths and steps (inset) leading to them.









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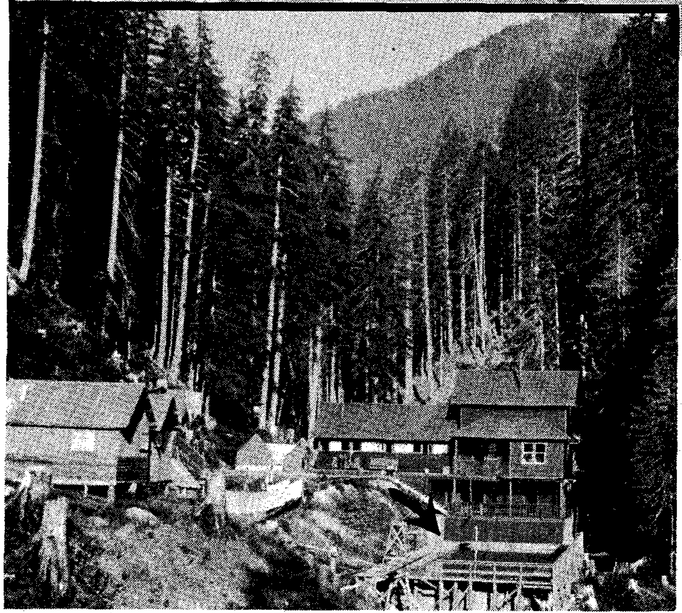
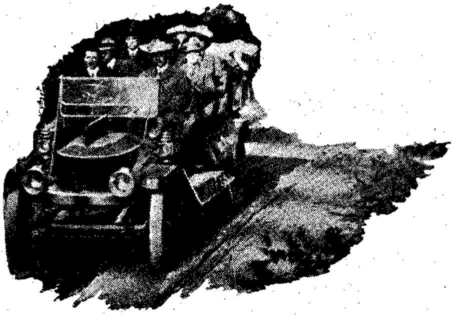
SI-SANA
CRESCENT WN

Top to bottom: Envelope and ad (inset) used in advertising. Statues used in landscaping the Qui Si Sana grounds.

ympic Hot Springs



Above: Olympic Hot Springs bathing pool with cabins and one of the main buildings (inset); pool is in right foreground. Right: Mountaintop view (top) with Boulder Creek running below. Tents connected by boardwalks (bottom) were used by some of the guests. Far right: Ad for the spa (top). Another group of bathers (bottom) in search of health, youth, and serenity of mind.



ments caused by tensions, over drinking, over eating and sedentary lives.

The resort buildings included a large lodge with dining room and eight-foot wide table, lounge, sun room, laundry and caretaker's quarters; guests slept in small cabins and cottages scattered around the area in front of the main buildings. The steep hillside was landscaped with exotic, imported shrubs and flowers, and with hidden, winding paths leading to a virgin forest above and the lake below.

Dr. Dechman, being a great admirer of female pulchritude, persuaded an attractive country girl to model for several pieces of exquisite marble statuary. His suave manner enchanted women guests; he promised them new bodies and minds, and business flourished in spite of some husbands' indignant claims that the magnetic doctor had rejuvenated their wives far beyond their mates' expectations. Or wishes.

However, the doctor himself terminated his Utopian resort, following quarrels with an adjoining property owner over rights of a mountain stream gushing down between the two places. Other tensions had accumulated, also, for which the doctor's back-to-nature remedies were powerless.

He sold his property and the new owner closed the spa. It changed hands several times before Clallam County assumed responsibility and gave it to the Klahhane hiking club. Later the Clallam County Park Board took over the managership; volunteer groups converted it to use for youth camps.

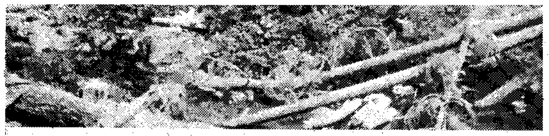
Before the county took it over, the lodge became dank and shabby; moss formed on cottages, weeds covered paths; and vandals broke the valuable marble statuary and removed the rare plants.

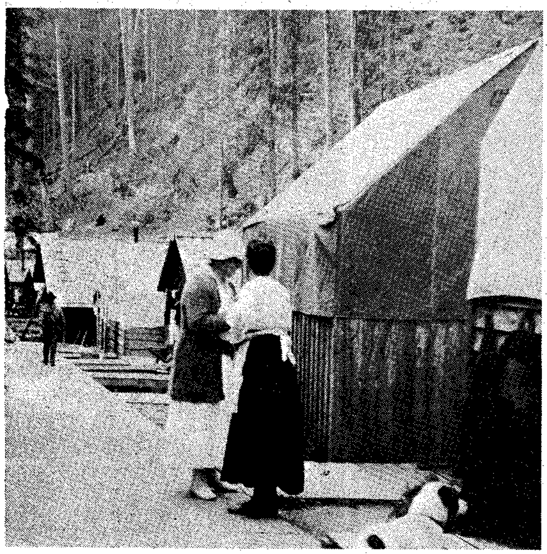
Except for a few old-timers, Dr. Dechman's dream of restoring patients' vitality and figures, plus the exotic beauty of Qui Si Sana in its setting above the deep, blue Lake Crescent with Mount Storm King in front of it, are forgotten. Occasionally some young camper will discover a fragment of marble or come across an old path overgrown with vines—the remains of a nature enthusiast's short-lived venture.

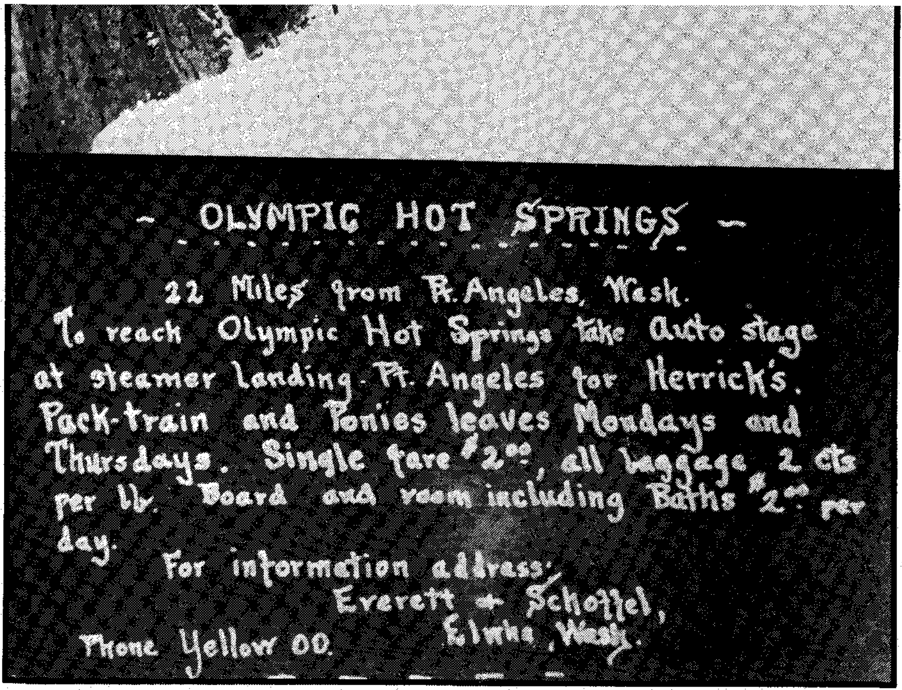
OLYMPIC HOT SPRINGS

ALSO VANISHED is the Olympic Hot Springs resort. In 1892 Andrew Jacobsen returned from a hunting trip stammering in terror of hot waters bubbling from the earth, which he feared was a sign that the mountain was blowing up. Few shared his alarm but in 1907 William Everett and two other hunters, Thomas Farrell and Charles Anderson, rediscovered the springs at a 2100-foot height adjacent to Boulder Creek, twenty miles southwest of Port Angeles.

From the Elwha River to the Springs they blazed a crude trail and bridged rushing Boulder Creek. Anderson soon deserted the project of making the







- OLYMPIC HOT SPRINGS -

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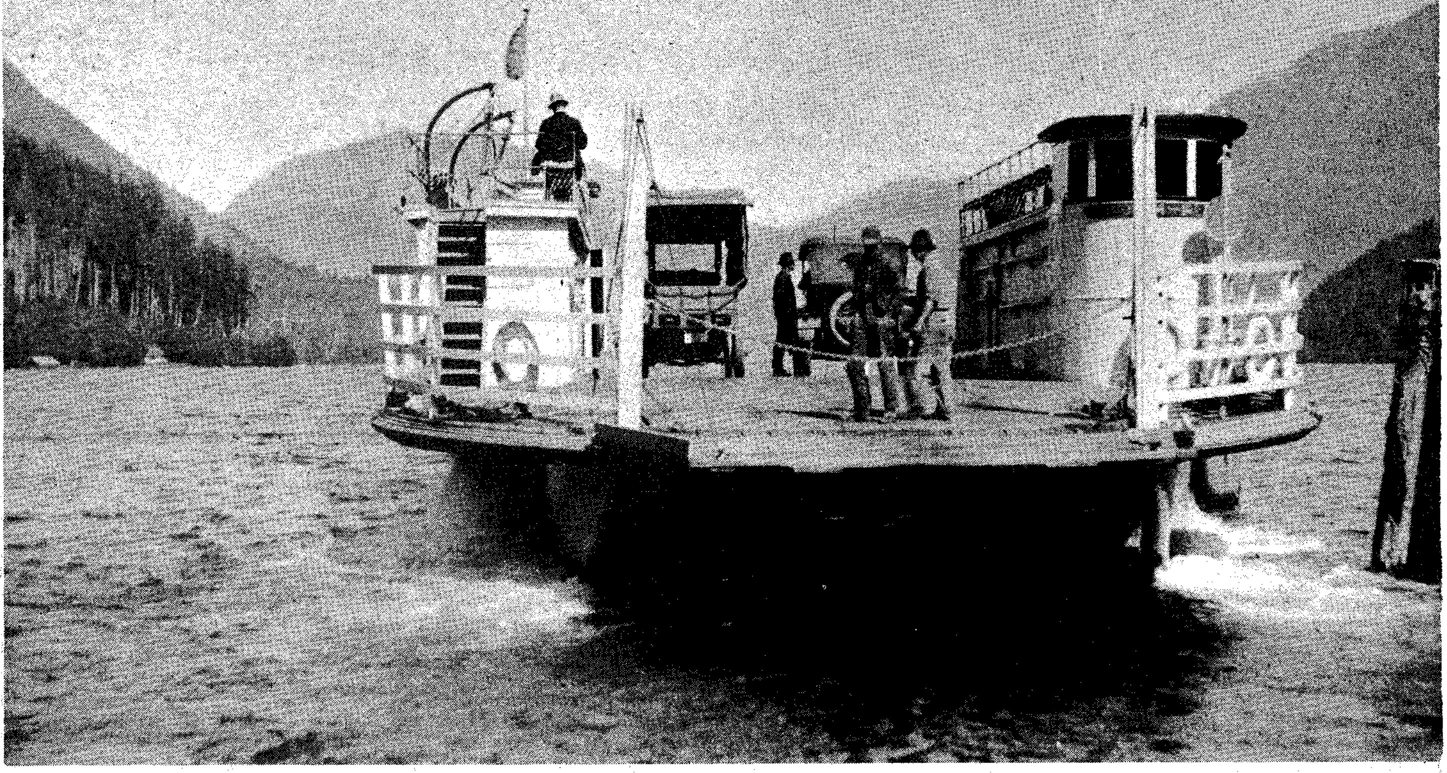
Everett & Schoffel,
Phone Yellow 00. Elwha, Wash.

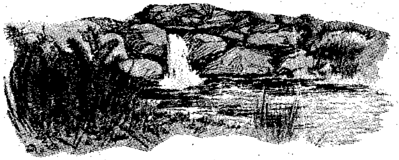
springs accessible, but "Billy" Everett and his wife bought Farrell's claim and built a cabin and bath house. In 1908 Everett dug out hillside areas and erected tents to house those hiking the twelve uphill miles seeking a mineral water cure for gout, rheumatism, liver trouble, skin ailments and dyspepsia.

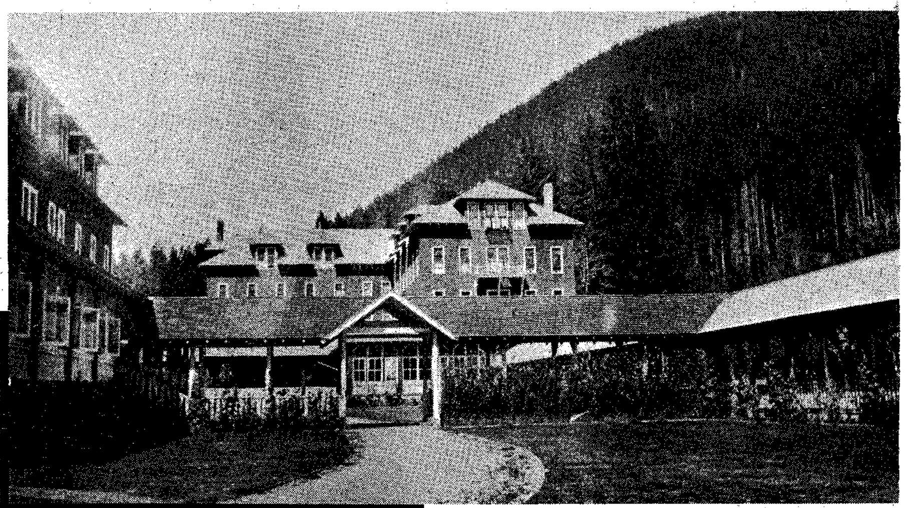
The Everetts carved cedar tubs, converted a mining hole into a pool, and dug out areas for mud baths. They engaged Dewey Sisson to pack in machinery and supplies from his Elwha Mountain Inn. An elderly woman recalls Sisson's comment about the weight of a load of kitchen utensils. "It's sure enough worth more'n three cents a pound," he grumbled.

Next the hard working Everetts built a dam and water wheel for generating electricity and in 1917 constructed a lodge with kitchen, dining room and store rooms, also a 70′ by 20′ wooden pool. Three years later they built a new lodge with ten sleeping rooms, a dining room

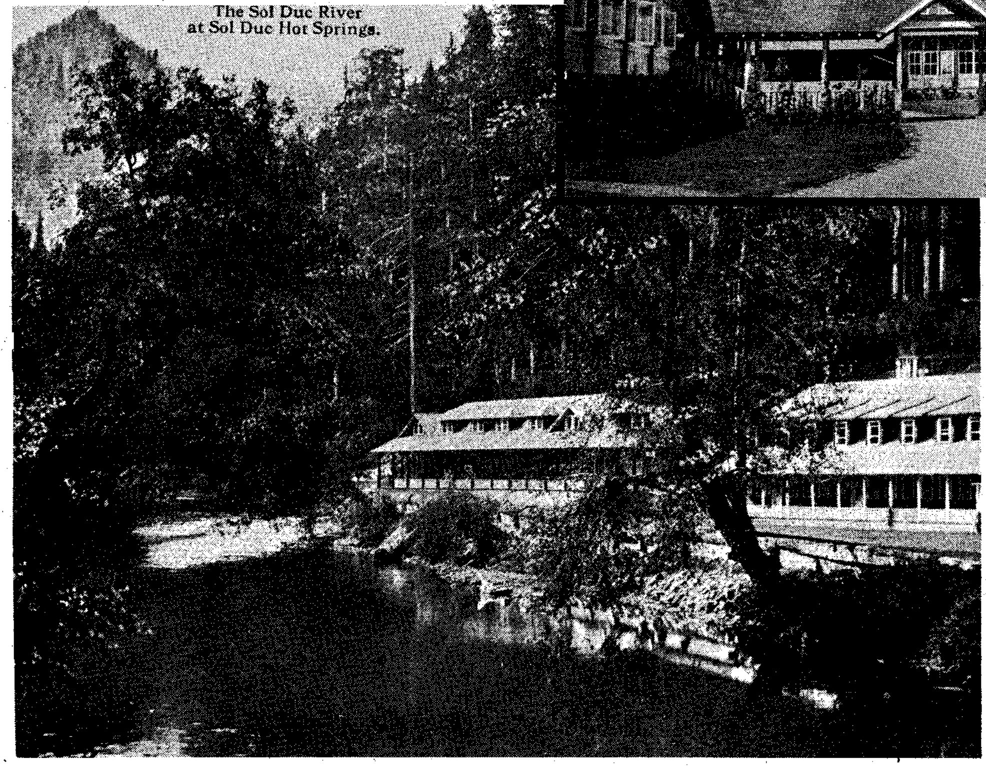


Above: *Storm King*, **one of the ferries used in crossing Lake Crescent en route to Sol Duc Springs. Right: Entrance and main building. Below: Sol Duc River with some of the guest quarters.**



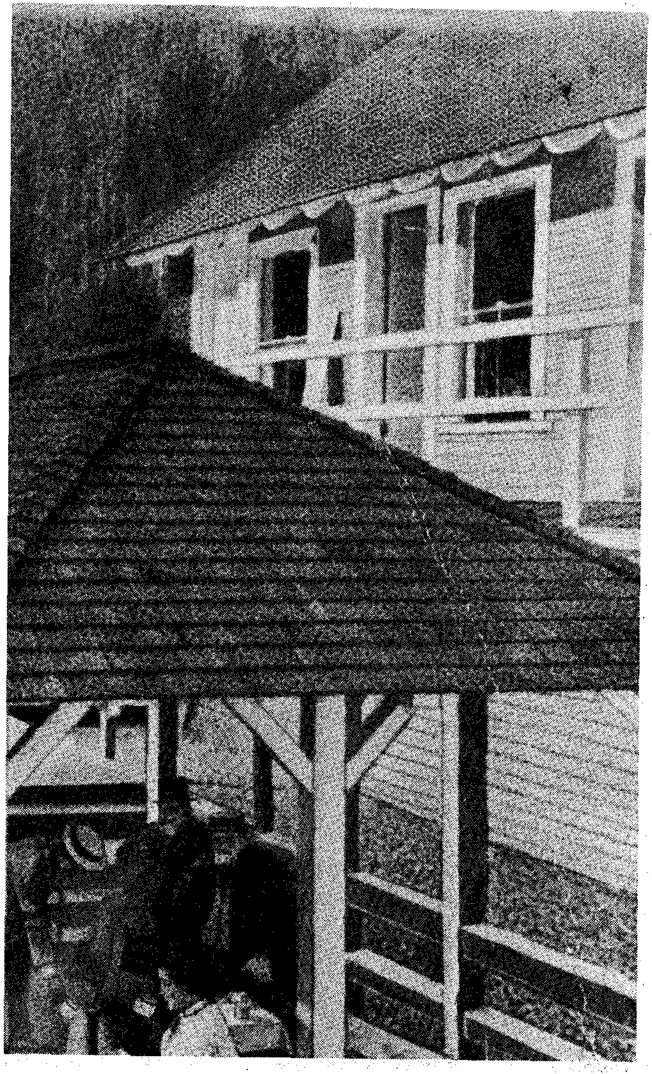


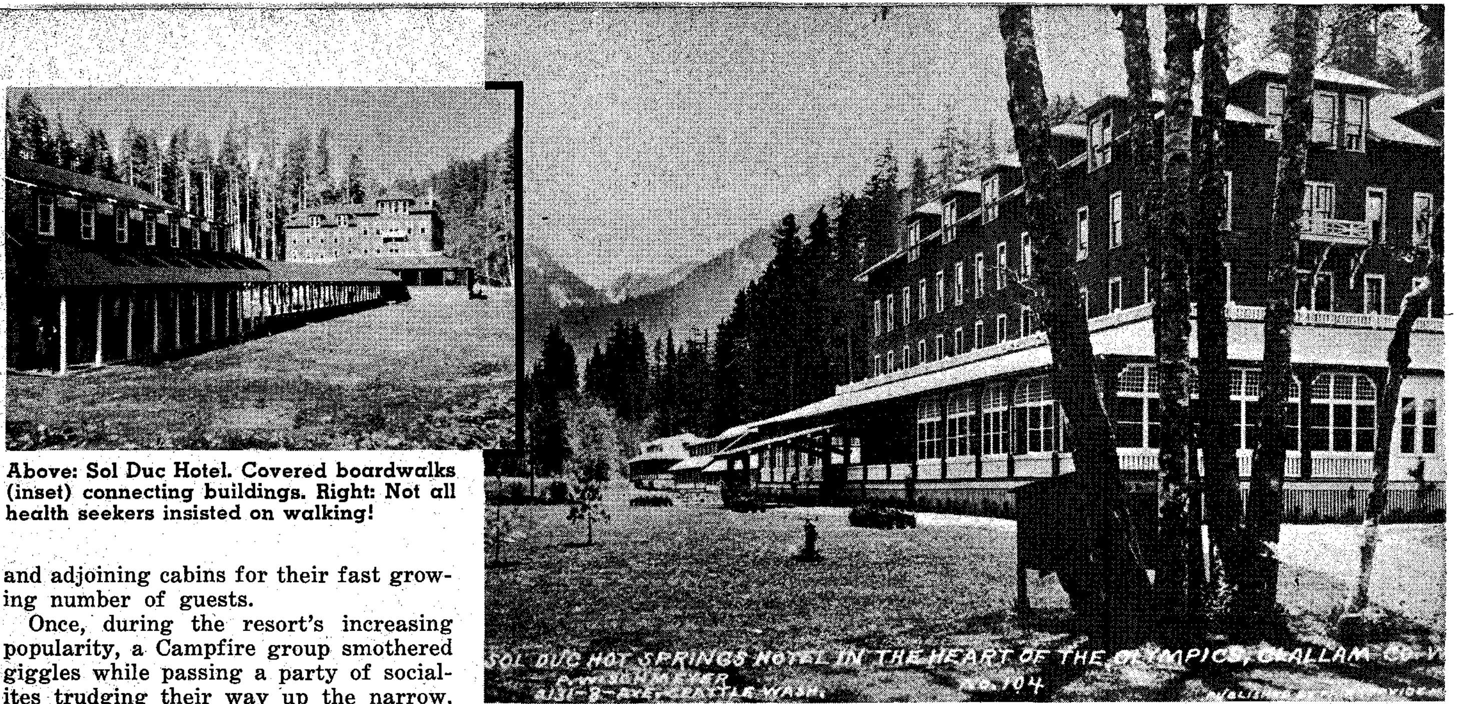
The Sol Duc River
at Sol Duc Hot Springs.



Opposite page: Stanley Steamers (above taking guests from the ferry to the populo spa. Drinking mineral water (below) at th springs.

"SEE WASHINGTON FIRST."
C FOREST ON THE ROAD TO LAKE CRESC
D THE SOL DUC HOT SPRINGS.




SOL DUC HOT SPRINGS HOTEL IN THE HEART OF THE OLYMPICS, CLALLAM CO.
NO. 104

Above: Sol Duc Hotel. Covered boardwalks (inset) connecting buildings. Right: Not all health seekers insisted on walking!

and adjoining cabins for their fast growing number of guests.

Once, during the resort's increasing popularity, a Campfire group smothered giggles while passing a party of socialites trudging their way up the narrow, rugged, slippery trail. Dressed in fashionably long skirts, the women minced along in pointed, high-heeled shoes, protecting their elegant coiffures from the June downpour with silk umbrellas. Long after the Campfire girls were squealing and splashing in the pool, the city group limped in, quite wet and bedraggled.

In 1921, due to the demand for the Olympic Hot Springs' bracing mountain air, sulphur water pool, and mud baths in hand-hewn cedar tubs, the United States Forest Service and Clallam County work crews built a road over the old pack trail. That same year Jeanette Everett Schoeffel and her new husband assumed the Springs' management from her parents.

By 1930 the spa accommodated sizable crowds seeking health or just fun and relaxation. On foot or horseback or by car they continued to arrive until 1940 when a fire started in the second story and rapidly destroyed the cedar lodge.

Shortly afterward the Olympic National Park annexed the property and leased it to the Schoeffels who built a new lodge and larger pool to serve their throngs of visitors. In 1955, though, the National Park's decision that fresh chlorinated water instead of the mineral water be used for bathing resulted in a 50% guest decrease, according to the owners' figures.

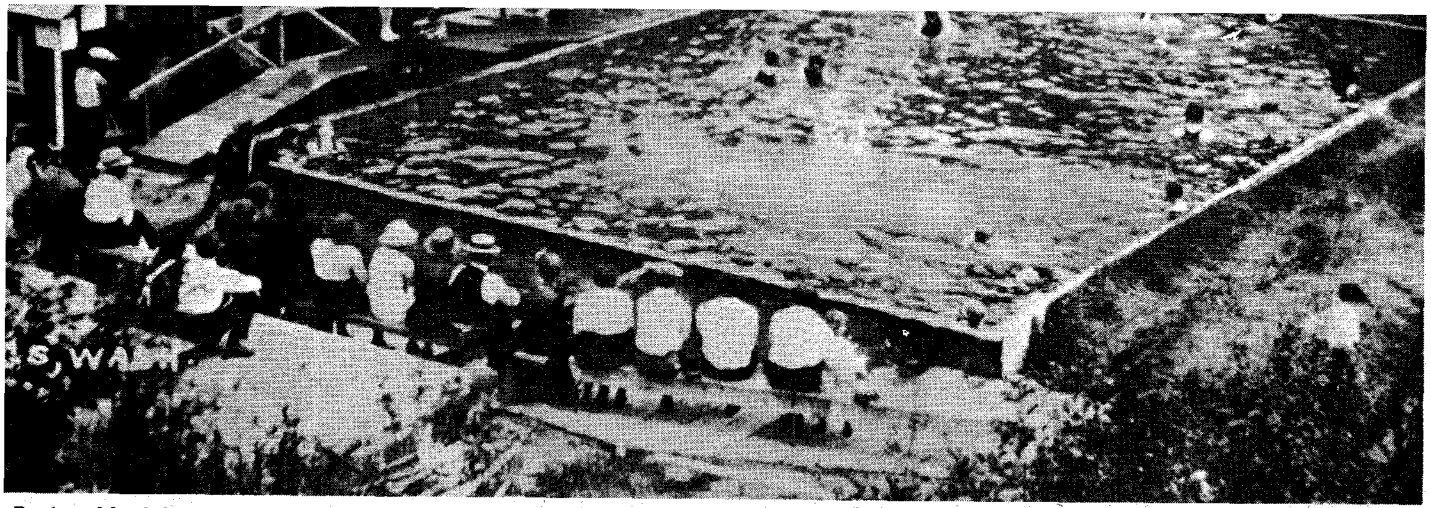
A California woman still swears by the mineral waters' curative powers. Mrs. Doris Sass of Coronado recalls, "When I was a frail little girl, recovering from a long respiratory illness, a neighbor gave me a sickly chick which seemed even worse off than I. When my parents decided to rent one of the Hot Springs' tenthouses to give me the cure, I insisted on taking along Mutt, my half-dead, featherless baby chicken. Visitors surely laughed, watching me take the pitiful little creature from a large coffee can with wire handles and letting it drink from the greenish water trickling from a crude faucet. Mutt seemed to like that odorous stuff, while Papa had to force me to drink it. I remember holding my nose as I gulped down quantities of the drink which smelled worse than rotten eggs. But it worked; both Mutt and I gained weight and she sprouted feathers and lived a long life, mothering twenty chickens which we kept as pets, too. Now, fifty years later, it distresses me to think that the resort is no more."

SOL DUC SPRINGS

SOL DUC HOT SPRINGS was by far the most costly and elaborate of the Peninsula spas, and the one most patronized by the wealthy and aristocratic. Though its setting was not as spectacular as the other two, the level area afforded room for a more lavish set-up.

For many years, long before the white men knew about them, Indians treked to the Sol Duc Hot Springs for bathing and drinking their sacred "fire chuck" waters to renew their vigor.

Theodore Moritz, a settler in the Quillayute Valley, according to legend was the first white man to learn of the springs. He is said to have come across an Indian with a broken leg, while hunting in the vicinity of the Elwha River.



Pool and bath houses at Sol Duc Springs, Washington.

He nursed the injured Indian until he could return to his tribe, and in payment the Indian shared his treasured secret of the magical waters which his tribe thought were the tears of dragons. For many years Moritz supposedly respected the Indians' secret, but finally filed a claim in Port Angeles, blazed a trail through the thick timber, and built a tub for himself and a few friends.

In 1903 Michael Earles, a wealthy lumber king, came from Seattle to the springs. Earles, gravely ill, had been told that his only hope of living was to go to Carlsbad for treatment, but he was too weak for the long journey. The mineral water was his last hope; and the drinking and bathing in it did cure him.

Grateful for his miraculous recovery, he vowed to build a place so others could benefit as he had. In 1910, when Moritz died, Earles bought his claim to the springs from Moritz's heirs, and with five trustees incorporated the Sol Duc Hot Springs "for the purpose of building and operating hotels, sanitariums, bathing places, sawmills and steam boats for crossing Lake Crescent." They also made plans for bottling and selling the mineral waters for which they made extravagant claims.

That year of 1910 two hundred men, working constantly, built a lavish four-story, 165-bedroom, steam heated hotel, with balconies running the length of the second story. The lobby was built around mammoth fir trees, still sheathed in bark. The 40′ by 80′ lobby walls were burlapped and the woodwork painted white and gold, with heavy ornate brass chandeliers swinging from the high ceiling.

The formal, well publicized opening was on May 15, 1912. Guests settled into rooms with hot and cold running water, many with private baths. They came from as far away as Europe; the Baroness Lagerloff, sister-in-law of the celebrated writer, was a visitor. She attracted attention in her jeweled collar, tortoise shell combs, elegantly pompadoured hair —all the while smoking her slender monogrammed cigars. Music for turkey trots, tangoes, or waltzes floated out to the long verandah on summer evenings as merrymakers splashed in the nearby pool while the sedate sat in chairs gazing at the background of stars, mountains and river.

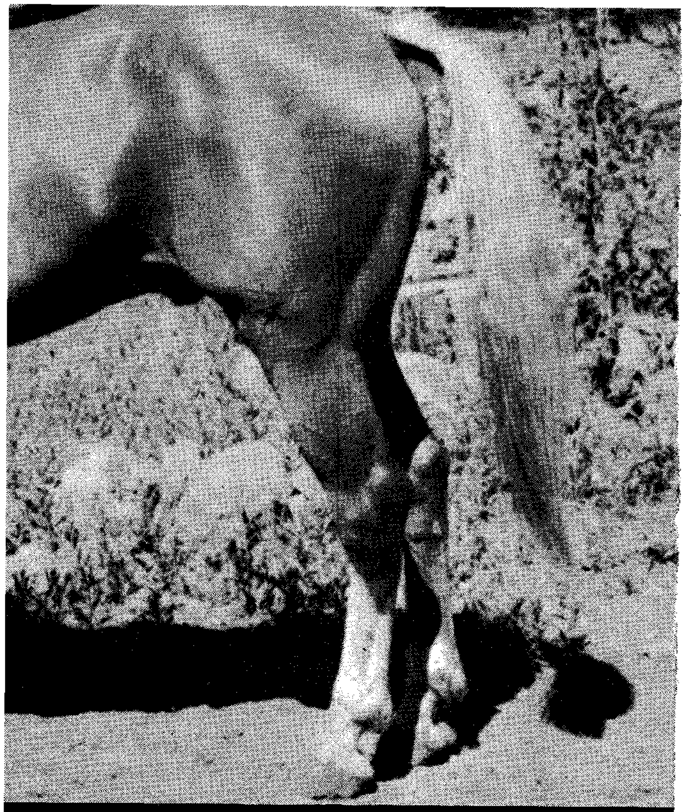
To reach the resort from Seattle, guests boarded the *Sioux* or *Sol Duc* boat from Colman dock in early morning, reaching Port Angeles six hours later. From there they traveled in one of Michael Earles' large red Stanley Steamer stages to the dock at East Beach on Lake Crescent. At that point one of Earles' boats took them the ten-mile length of the lake where more Stanley Steamers met them and drove to the resort. During its peak year the hotel housed 10,000 guests; the Milwaukee Railroad's national advertising featured the Sol Duc Springs.

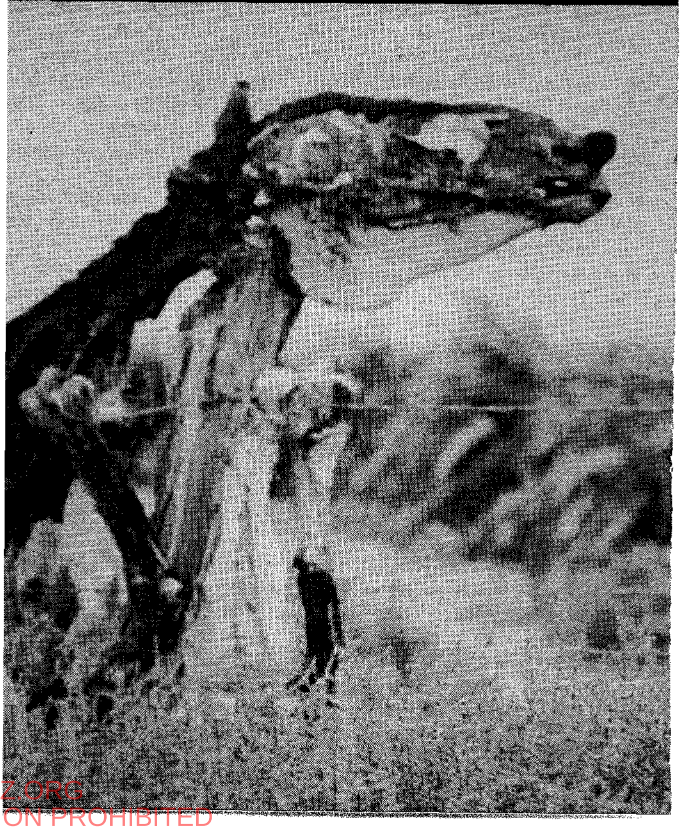
Then, on the afternoon of May 26, 1916 fire destroyed the fabulous resort when sparks from a defective flue lit on the shingled roof of the hotel building. The staff fought the holocaust with their own fire-fighting equipment but a strong west wind blowing up the valley defeated them. The fire jumped from hotel to bath house, sanitarium, power house, laundry and cottages, sparing only the Buena Vista or "health house." Within three hours the Northwest's finest resort hotel was in ashes.

Maids gathered up the sterling silver into tablecloths and threw it into the river nearby, but it melted into huge lumps. Madge Nailor, the lone survivor of Clallam County's cooperative colony, recalls the fire. "The blaze was simply unbelievable. It gave watchers a weird feeling when fire short-circuited the organ and it continued to play Beethoven's "Funeral March" until the wires finally burned out and silenced it. Two valuable pictures were saved, but nearly all else was lost. Fortunately it was wet, cold weather yet, so there were few guests and employees present. It was sad seeing Michael Earles' great monument to humanity gone."

The resort was never rebuilt, although a few guests were accommodated in the Buena Vista House for a while. Earles died in 1919; in 1925 Fred Martin bought the estate for $45,000 and the county bought the Sol Duc road. In 1920 the Buena Vista also burned; in 1947 the dance hall burned and the resort was wiped out. Twice more the property changed hands, but on September 27, 1966 the U.S. government bought the property for $888,000 and it is operated under park supervision.

(Continued on page 56)





PALOMINO SPIRIT HORSE

BY MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

A FULL MOON rode high over the forest surrounding Pine Springs trading post. Cold wind whistled through the timber, curling dust and tumbleweeds around Navajo hogans scattered in the clearings.

The winter night was made more frightening by the thudding hoofs of running horses. The wild band was abroad. Then higher than all other sounds came the shrill angry scream of a stallion. The Indians huddled behind blanketed doorways, close to their fires, and listened in fear. Some one would die before dawn, they said. The *chindi* evil spirit was roaming the country and a death invariably would follow. Few Navajos would sleep until they learned who had been taken.

It was a very old man, Hosteen Red. The spirit horse had precipitated him to the Sky People. That he might have succumbed to old age or a heart attack was beside the point. The robed, cold body was discovered on a sheep pelt after moon-set and before daylight. His terrified family fled wildly from the presence of a soul that would lurk around for four days.

One member of the family, however, grimly determined to exact vengeance for what he considered murder. By ten o'clock the next morning, under a blue sky and warming sun, the Indian had stationed himself above a rocky trail out of Querino Canyon. Below, an apprehensive Hosteen Denetso was riding toward Pine Springs. His fears were well founded for no sooner did he clear the sharp rim than a bullet whined close to his head. The sharp crash echoed away in the dense timber and rocky cliffs. When the second bullet followed, far off the mark, Denetso was bent low in the saddle and racing away.

The old man arrived at the post out of breath and shaking badly. "They tried to suicide (kill) me again," he said through pallid lips. His fingers fumbled while trying to roll a cigaret from the customers' free tobacco box on the counter.

Denetso spoke as though other attempts on his life were well known to me, when in fact they were not. All I could stutter in surprise was, "Tried to kill you?"

"The *chindi* horse passed through last night," he replied as if that explained everything. "Someone died, as always happens. His relatives were out at once to avenge his death by suiciding me."

He was never going to get a brown paper cigaret rolled. After four failures I handed him a cigar.

THE fear-inspiring stallion was a seventeen hands high Palomino with silken mane and tail. His hoofs were waxy yellow. I had seen the horse twice, far out in the rolling sagebrush hills. Of course, the Navajo tales of the spirit horse, or one possessed of an evil *chindi*, were familiar to me. Almost every day some Indian customer, from children to the elderly, was likely to mention him while trading.

That Denetso had been shot at because the stallion ran with his *manada* the previous night didn't make sense. However, as the shaking old man finally began calming down, I discovered that he was right in the middle of the weird mystery.

The horse had been foaled about eight years before by a lineback buckskin mare Denetso owned. Definitely a throwback, the colt was a prized Palomino in coat pattern. It was raised with special care and became a family pet. At six months it would follow the children around and let the smallest ride him.

Looking forward to the day he could ride to sings and ceremonials in grand style, Denetso often bragged that the *yei* (divine ones) had favored him over his neighbors. His expectations remained high until the stallion reached the age to be saddle broken. It was believed that a pet, already used to rope halter and bridle, could be ridden easily. No greater mistake was ever made.

The stallion gave no evidence of acting up when saddled, and one of Denetso's older sons slipped upward into the kak. He even got seated—for maybe two seconds. Then suddenly he was crumpled on the ground while the fiercely bucking stallion raced off through the timber with riding gear intact.

Pursuing riders failed to overhaul him that day; the horse proved to be an unusually fast racer. The help of twenty neighbors was required to finally corral the stallion and get him home. Riding gear was stripped off, whereupon he became as gentle and tractable as before.

On the next attempt to master him, two ropes were kept on after the rider fastened himself in the saddle. For a minute or so they were able to guide him around without protest. Then he began frothing, squealing and protesting vehemently. Rearing on his hind feet, the stallion jerked a rope loose from the rider who dallied. The other had tied fast, and his light catch rope broke. Dumped at the stallion's rear feet, the rider was kicked senseless as the horse broke completely free. Again there was the lengthy process of rounding him up.

For the third try Denetso mounted the stallion himself in a stout pole corral. After two swift jumps, the horse landing bone-breaking hard on the ground, Denetso pitched sideways out of the saddle. Still screaming, bucking and kicking at the cinch, the horse plowed through the cedar wood fence—and away he went fleet as the wind.

When the stallion was once more gathered in, Denetso hesitated about again attempting to break him to the saddle. He had become wary of the spirited animal, feeling something was wrong. But what?

Stacey Grayhorse, an educated Navajo rodeo rider and cowboy, offered to break the prize horse for twenty dollars. He pooh-poohed all ideas that the stallion could outwit him. Furthermore, he laughed that any superstitious reason existed why the horse was not supposed to be ridden.

After considerable discussion and because he avidly desired the stallion for his personal mount, Denetso agreed to let the cowboy try. Stacey led the horse to his home on a rope; not once did he try to cut up—in fact he trotted amiably alongside.

STACEY'S METHODS of breaking the horse were simple but very brutal. It was the way he had observed white cowboys break an unusually mean bronc. Throwing the stallion, he kept him tied down for two days and nights. When let up, the horse was secured to a heavy pine log by a bull rope so strong it couldn't be broken. In that condition he refused to eat either hay or grain. As the days passed he grew so weak and thin Stacey concluded it would be no great task riding him.

Stacey mounted with another rider close by to help if he were needed. Neither cowboy believed the stallion could do more than walk on his shaky legs. Indeed, for half an hour it appeared that he might even crumple under the weight of the rider. Obeying bridle rein commands he turned right or left while moving very slowly. A small circle of watching Navajos admired the performance. Stacey had obviously mastered the beautiful young horse.

Reining up, Stacey prepared to dismount. His vigilance had relaxed and

The "Spirit Horse" (opposite page, top), a golden Palomino stallion owned by Hosteen Denetso. Dried remains of the spirit horse (bottom) hung on a cornfield fence.

The stallion had to be killed—the Devil was astride. Those pounding hoofs were striking sparks through Indian hogans like darts from the Land of Evil!

then it happened. As the rider's stiffened left leg took his weight in the oxbow stirrup on the near side, the stallion suddenly reared upward on both hind legs and dropped down into a fierce bucking spree. Stacey, thrown to the side, hit the ground so hard he lapsed into unconsciousness. In wheeling, the stallion came down on Stacey's senseless body with both forefeet, crushing the rib cage flat.

Before the bystanders and the mounted Navajo back-up man could break from their astonishment over the swiftness of the tragedy, the horse had dashed to freedom. No riders went after him this time. He sped north into sandhill country toward the distant San Juan River. Indians living in that district reported seeing him. The bridle was rubbed off first; then the saddle was broken apart. Pieces of the tree were found that looked as if the kak had been rolled many times in the rocks. Having divested himself of riding gear, the stallion roamed free over a million acres of range.

Soon he was running a band of wild mares between distant waterholes, shrewdly keeping away from inhabited places, and haunting the deepest canyons and most remote mesas. Because of Stacey's death old Navajos declared solemnly that the horse was now *chindi.*

After the customary four days Stacey's soul did not leave the earth. Instead the unhappy spirit had gone into the stallion and thereafter fought for release. Such reasoning was why the horse became an outlaw—a spirit animal to be feared and carefully avoided.

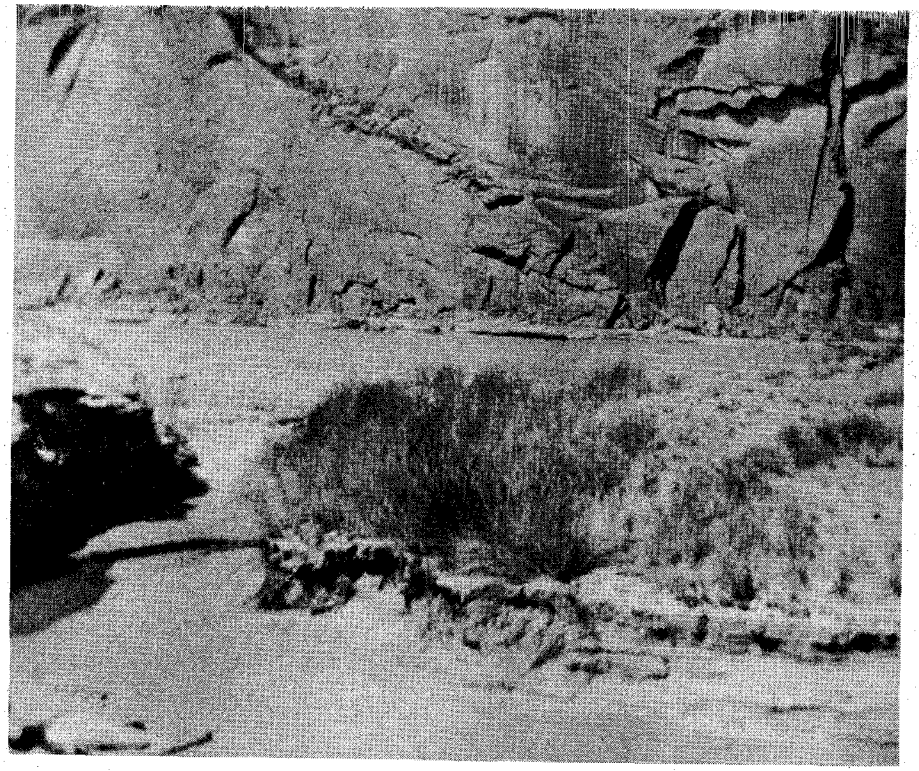
A Mexican-Navajo who took no stock in such foolishness once made an attempt to capture him. Having surveyed his regular runs, the Indian posted himself in a commanding position on his horse behind a great rock. The mares and colts came trotting down the trail first. As usual, the wary stallion brought up the rear.

Waiting with his loop built, the wind in his favor, the expert roper dabbed on quickly. As the noose tightened on the surprised horse, the rider tied fast. That proved to be a fatal mistake. The stallion began pitching first one way then the other, dragging the gelding along. The saddle cinch broke loose and the rider plunged into a mass of sharp-pointed stones as the stallion vanished into the timber. When found later that day, the Mexican-Navajo was dead.

BEFORE the year was out, the stallion began appearing in areas where Navajos lived, enticing a few tame mares away to add to his *manada.* One night, during a run, a woman died under unexplained circumstances and the spirit stallion was immediately blamed for her death.

A month later in the dead of winter the stallion sprinted through a cluster of homes in the small valley south of Pine Springs, just north of present U.S. Highway 66. A young man, neither sick nor known to be ailing, dropped to the floor dead when he arose to chuck up the fire against the penetrating cold.

Coincidences surely, but the Navajos decided that because Denetso had raised the stallion he was to blame for all his acts, and was therefore responsible for these strange deaths. Blood money was demanded of Denetso, an ancient Navajo custom when someone killed another tribesman. Denetso refused, even after shots were taken at him; he did not propose to buy his own life for there would be no end to the blackmail.



In the summer of 1920, Denetso was riding toward his sheep band. The flock was tended by two teen-age daughters. As he approached them several bullets whistled past his head. They were close, missing only because the rifleman was crouched on a distant ridge beyond effective range.

"They are going to suicide me one day before long," Denetso declared to me in the trading post. "I am judged guilty for the horse's being seized and possessed by the evil one."

"You can end it," I answered. "Just find and kill the horse."

He shook his head sorrowfully. "That has been tried many times. Silver bullets have also been sent to him, but no one can possibly bring him down until *chindi* is removed from him. He is protected."

It seemed beyond belief that intelligent Navajos actually believed the stallion was inhabited by an evil spirit. It was a situation that, if unchecked, would most surely lead to the murder of a fine old man, Denetso.

I was still in a quandary about what to do when my friend, Frank Walker, came to the post. He was then a policeman at Fort Defiance Indian Agency forty miles to the north.

Informing him of the attempt on Denetso's life I asked, "Can't you talk some sense into these people before someone kills him?"

Frank shook his head gloomily. "You and I know better, but they won't be dissuaded that it ain't a spirit horse. I've already tried. You know what? I can't get a single one of them people to tell me who done the last shooting at Denetso. Mouths are closed and they'll stay that way until something happens either to the horse or to him. One or the other must die."

"But that's preposterous!"

"Maybe I try killing that horse," my friend mused. But the next time Frank was heard from he was in the agency hospital badly injured.

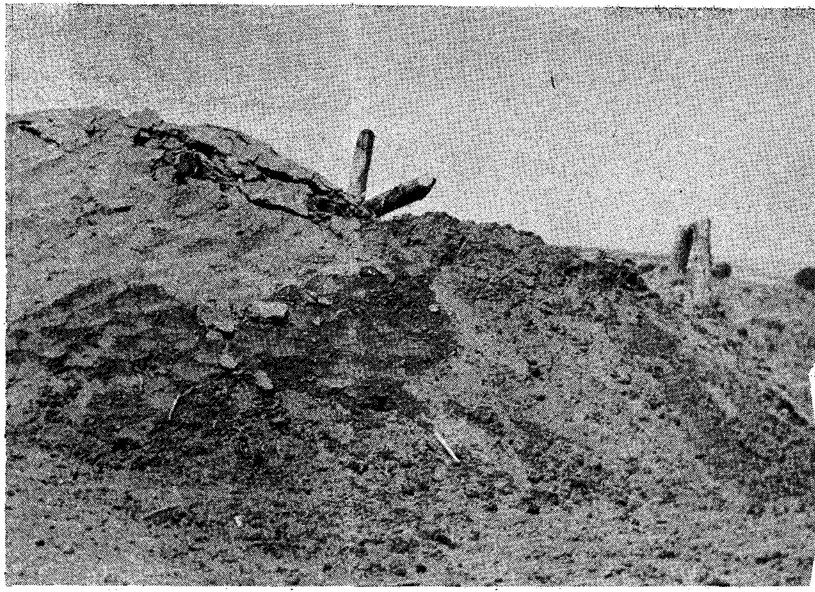
Having become very bold, even contemptuous of men, the stallion had been easy for Frank to find. The policeman started running his mount closer to get in a sure shot as the stallion raced away. Twice Frank aimed and fired, and he was a crack shot, yet he missed each time. Suddenly his horse dropped a foreleg into a prairie dog hole and snapped it in two.

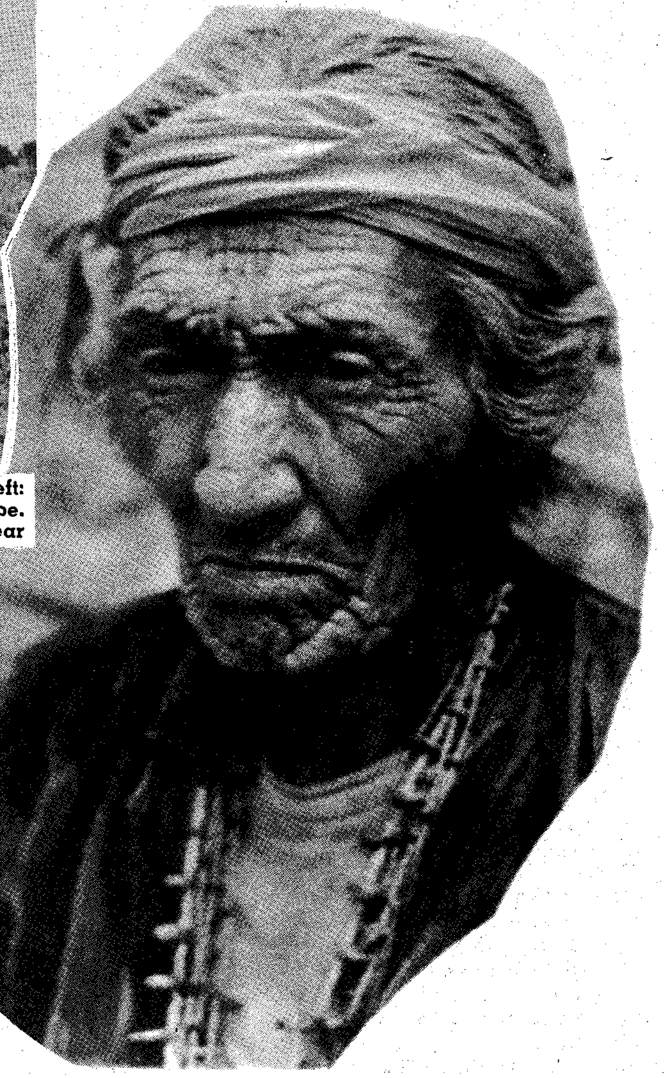
Dumped, and partly crushed under his mount, Frank was rescued unconscious by a Navajo family who carried him to their hogan. Later a government employe hauled him from there to the hospital. While no bones were broken in the spill, Frank had been injured internally.

ONE DAY Denetso came to the trading post in much better spirits than usual. The stallion had not been seen since Frank's accident. The old Indian said to me confidently, "When he come back again I think maybe you kill him. No Navajo can hit him. Too much afraid of *chindi.* But you, a white skin, can hit him. Then no more horse. No more bad luck for me."

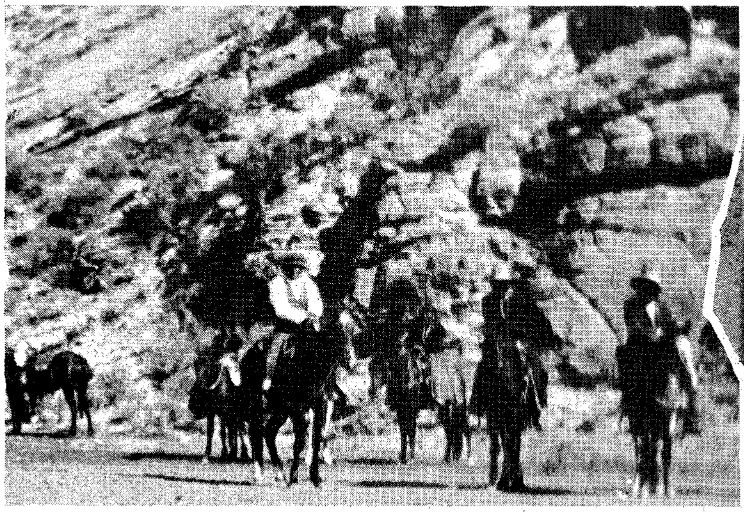
Since I ran the store alone for the owner there was very little chance to get away for any length of time. Besides that, I shared a cowboy's engrained opposition to shooting a horse except as an act of mercy. But Denesto, who claimed in Navajo fashion that I was his friend—his younger brother, his father, and so on—wasn't going to have it any other way. When the spirit horse returned to the community I would be expected to kill him.

The stallion reappeared on a March night, screaming and running past several hogans, bent solely on mischief. Denetso and a delegation of sympathizers





Right: Hosteen Denetso. Above: The hogan where Hosteen Red died. Left: View of Querino Canyon, close to where Denetso had his narrow escape. Below: Navajo Indians leaving the country around the trading post in fear of the spirit house.



rousted me out before daylight. While coffee was being made, I was informed that it was my duty as a close friend to proceed forthwith in destroying the spirit horse.

I tried to explain that getting away was an absolute impossibility. They were not convinced. When it was pointed out that no one had died during the stallion's last run they had a ready answer.

"We just haven't heard yet who the unfortunate one is."

Hanging around until noon begging, they finally departed in apprehension and very much put out with me. I was relieved that, for once, no coincidental death was reported.

Still, the old people were steeped in ancient beliefs, and a feeling of inevitable disaster persisted among them. The weird situation might go on for years, each incident taking its toll; even at the moment we were closer to the crisis than I could have imagined.

Two mornings after Denetso's visit a Navajo wagon, loaded with belongings and the entire family, passed the trading post in a run. Not ten minutes behind them came a second fleeing family, with two men riding behind the wagon. They stopped just long enough to buy flour and coffee.

When asked why the hurry, one of the Indians told how the spirit stallion was heard running with the wind the night before. Everybody, he said, fled elsewhere to escape the evil that they could not combat. Magic working, devil chasing, chanted prayers, and appeals to Those On High failed to protect them.

Soon after the family's departure, Hosteen Bluebird arrived at the post. Black charcoal marks on his face were evidence that tragedy had struck. His sad appearance gave me a sinking sensation of unreality. After smoking a cigaret of customers' tobacco Bluebird began talking slowly.

Another death had occurred, the victim expiring around midnight—and Denetso had been blamed. While racing his horse down the trail toward Pine Springs (apparently seeking refuge) Denetso had been shot out of his saddle.

Dead? No, he took a smashing bullet through the left shoulder. The killer, believing his work was accomplished, had not approached where his victim lay, but had hurried off. After some time Denetso revived, caught his horse, and made his way the short distance home. From there he was taken to the agency hospital.

UNTIL this point it didn't seem that the turmoil regarding the stallion would affect the trading post; now it did. With people leaving the immediate area eighty percent of our business collapsed. Those customers who remained came from distant parts. The store might just as well be closed up.

Indian police came over from Fort Defiance trying to find out who shot Denetso, but they managed to loosen no tongues among their tribesmen. Terror gripped the country and the stallion continued his running forays.

The body of the dead Navajo was dug up and removed to the Fort Defiance hospital. An autopsy indicated that the man had died in his sleep from malnutrition, a not uncommon thing, but not one Navajo around Pine Springs would believe his demise was that simple.

Before long, the owner of the trading post came up from his other store at Houck south of the Rio Puerco. A truckload of merchandise followed him in and was unloaded into our lean-to warehouse.

When I remarked that he would be a long time selling the new stock he asked questions.

For a few minutes after hearing my strange account of the "spirit horse" he strode around the bullpen concentrating.

"I'll send you up a high powered rifle," he announced abruptly. "Get a mount from some Indian and kill that damned horse!"

"What about the store?"

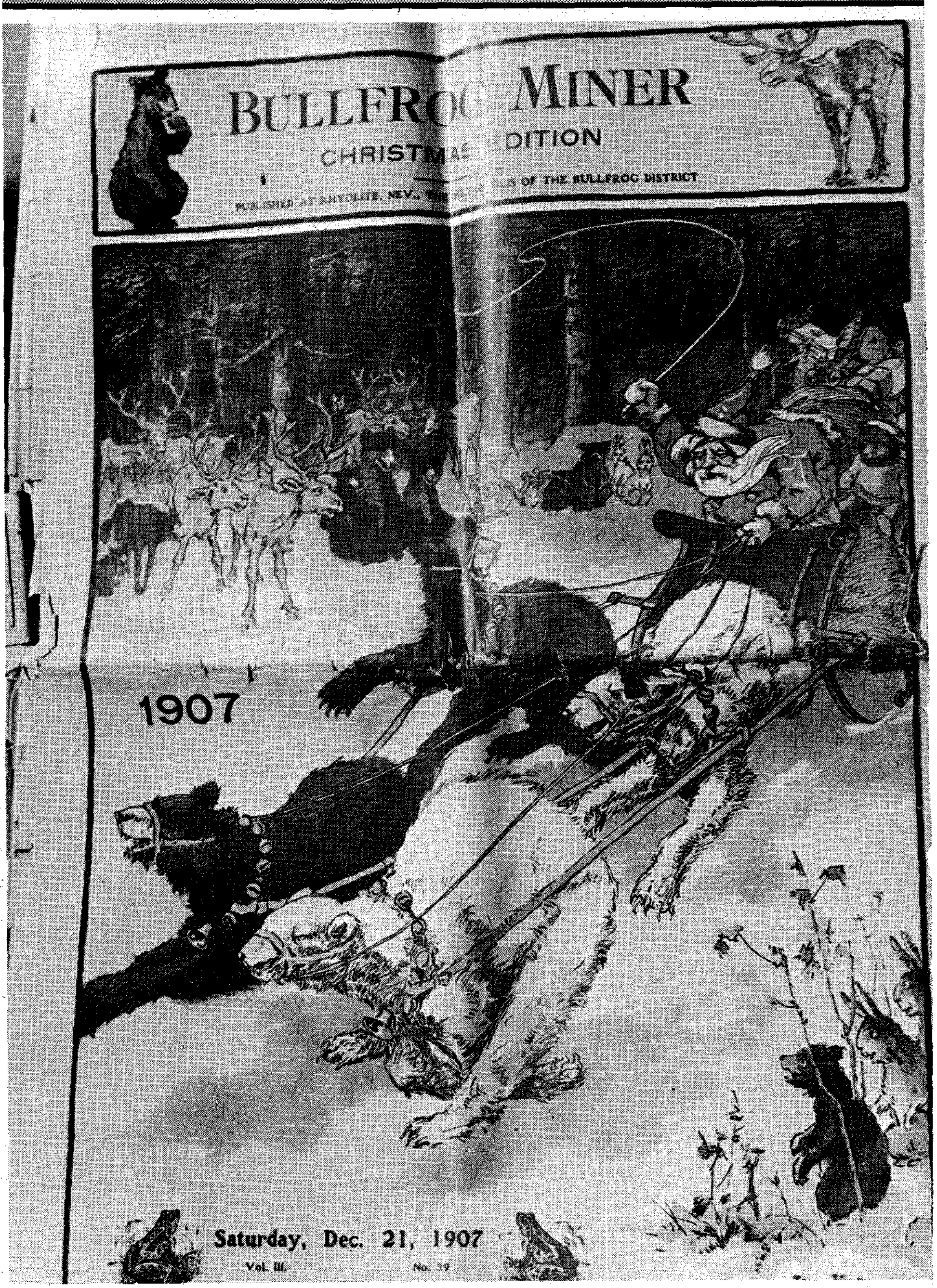
"Hell, you've got no business! Lock it

(Continued on page 47)

Christmas Was Slim In Bullfrog

BY ROBERTA M. STARRY

Photos Courtesy Author



BULLFRO MINER

CHRISTMA DITION

PUBLISHED AT RHYOLITE, NEV.,

OF THE BULLFROG DISTRICT

1907

Saturday, Dec. 21, 1907

Vol. III.

No. 39

A COPY of the Christmas edition of the *Bullfrog Miner* (Rhyolite, Nevada, 1907) was found some years ago on the floor of an abandoned building. The old newspaper, rain-stained and wind-torn, is not a thing of beauty but within the weathered pages is a rare view of the camp sixty-five years ago.

The nation was teetering on the brink of a financial crisis but from the news items, editorials and advertising, Rhyolite adults were trying to ignore the storm warnings. The real situation, with the honesty of childhood, appeared in letters to Santa. The paper had offered prizes, $5.00, $2.50 and $1.00 for the three best letters but published all forty-one entries.

While advertising beamed toward adults urged, "Now is the time to buy mine stock," and the front page extolled a $6000 gold brick brought in from the Keane Wonder Mine, a fourth grader "told it as it was," winning first prize. The $5.00 bill probably made Christmas for the whole family.

"Dear Santa: When you come to town this Christmas do not forget to visit me too. Once we lived in a big house, and then you brought us such nice things, but since we are poor you seem not to care for me anymore. Won't you please look around in Jumper-town for a tiny stovepipe peeping out of the ground; that's our chimney where my stocking's hung."

A third grade child took second place with: "I hope you will not bring me too many presents and forget the poor children. I hope you will have lots of scrip with you this year. There is not much money in camp."

An eight-year-old boy in first grade took third place. Wise for his age he built a cushion against disappointment: "Times are dull and money is scarce. I will accept most anything as I have three sisters to be remembered."

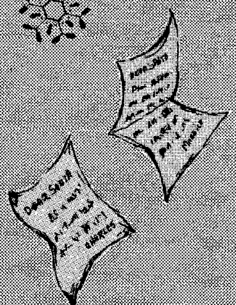
A majority of the entries hoped that Santa had plenty of scrip for presents and that he would not forget poor children or burros. Concern was expressed for the health of his reindeers, the fact that there was no snow and he might have to get a wagon, and many expressed hope that he would find the mine camp regardless of his mode of transportation. A few parents may have been a bit embarrassed when their child's letter appeared in print saying, "I hope you are good to your wife," and "Do not forget Mary Gordon as she was so kind to Papa."

Undoubtedly it was well that Santa read the letters via the *Bullfrog Miner* as they probably would not have reached him otherwise. The newspaper, in reviewing the growth of the boom town, explained that the mail situation was less than ideal for Christmas mail—or any mail.

RHYOLITE sprang up on the edge of Death Valley, the southwestern border of Nevada, in late 1904 and incoming mail was addressed to a variety of mine camps—Amargosa, Bullfrog, South Bullfrog and Rhyolite—all of which were almost within hollering distance of each other. The postoffice department had a bad time until postmasters in Goldfield and Las Vegas pitched in to help.

The first mail arrived via Kitchen

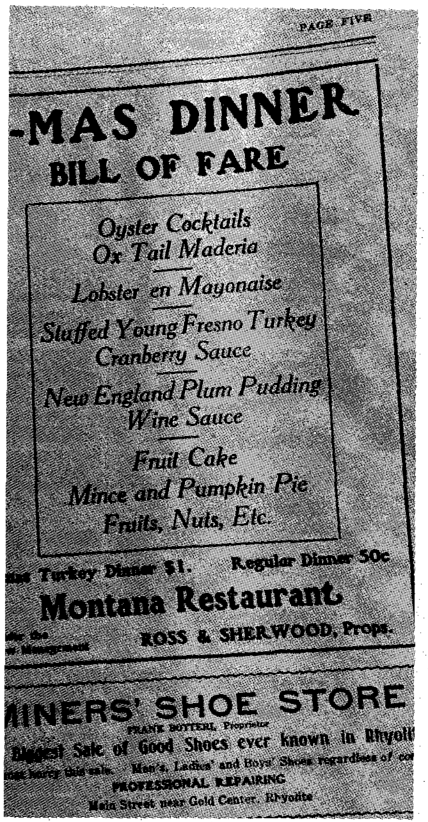
er when papers carried "Dear Santa" letters, and kids condensed a whole year's yearning into one short paragraph?



Stage from Goldfield and was put off at Amargosa less than four miles from the lots being laid off for the new city of Rhyolite. There was a general merchandise store at Amargosa, the only place to trade, so prospectors frequently hiked there from great distances. It was the logical place for mail and Len McGarry gave space for a mail box in a convenient spot. In the evening after work, miners

(Continued on page 60)

On both pages are excerpts from the 1907 *Bullfrog Miner* Christmas edition, Rhyolite, Nevada.



-MAS DINNER
BILL OF FARE

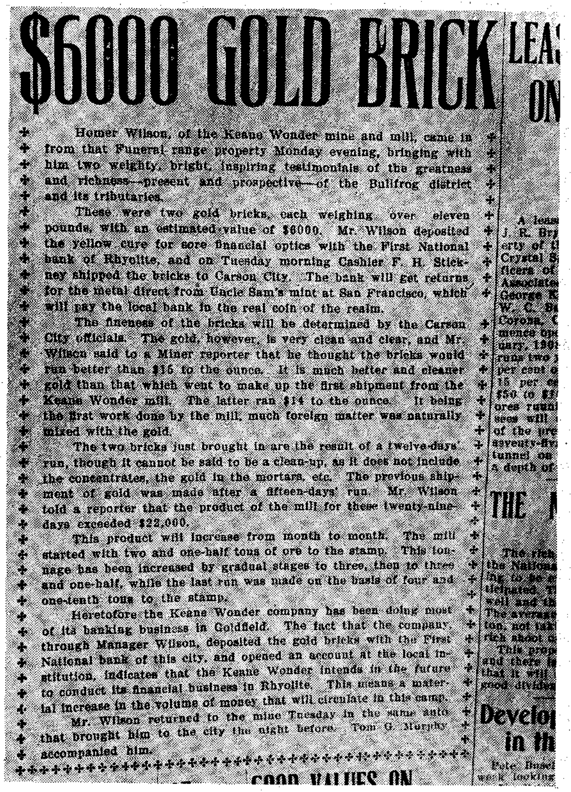
Oyster Cocktails
Ox Tail Maderia
Lobster en Mayonaise
Stuffed Young Fresno Turkey
Cranberry Sauce
New England Plum Pudding
Wine Sauce
Fruit Cake
Mince and Pumpkin Pie
Fruits, Nuts, Etc.

Turkey Dinner $1. Regular Dinner 50c

Montana Restaurant

ROSS & SHERWOOD, Props.

MINERS' SHOE STORE
FRANK BOTTERI, Proprietor
Biggest Sale of Good Shoes ever known in Rhyol
Men's, Ladies' and Boys' Shoes regardless of co
PROFESSIONAL REPAIRING
Main Street near Gold Center, Rhyolite



$6000 GOLD BRICK

Homer Wilson, of the Keane Wonder mine and mill, came in from that Funeral range property Monday evening, bringing with him two weighty, bright, inspiring testimonials of the greatness and richness—present and prospective—of the Bullfrog district and its tributaries.

These were two gold bricks, each weighing over eleven pounds, with an estimated value of $6000. Mr. Wilson deposited the yellow cure for sore financial optics with the First National bank of Rhyolite, and on Tuesday morning Cashier F. H. Stickney shipped the bricks to Carson City. The bank will get returns for the metal direct from Uncle Sam's mint at San Francisco, which will pay the local bank in the real coin of the realm.

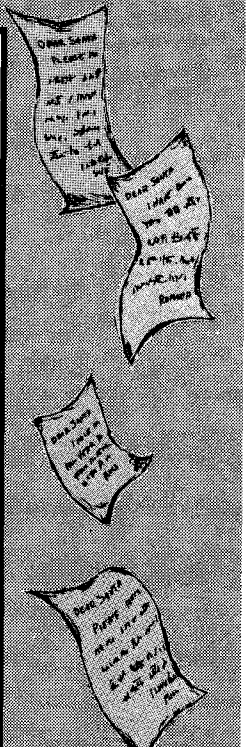
The fineness of the bricks will be determined by the Carson City officials. The gold, however, is very clean and clear, and Mr. Wilson said to a Miner reporter that he thought the bricks would run better than $16 to the ounce. It is much better and cleaner gold than that which went to make up the first shipment from the Keane Wonder mill. The latter ran $14 to the ounce. It being the first work done by the mill, much foreign matter was naturally mixed with the gold.

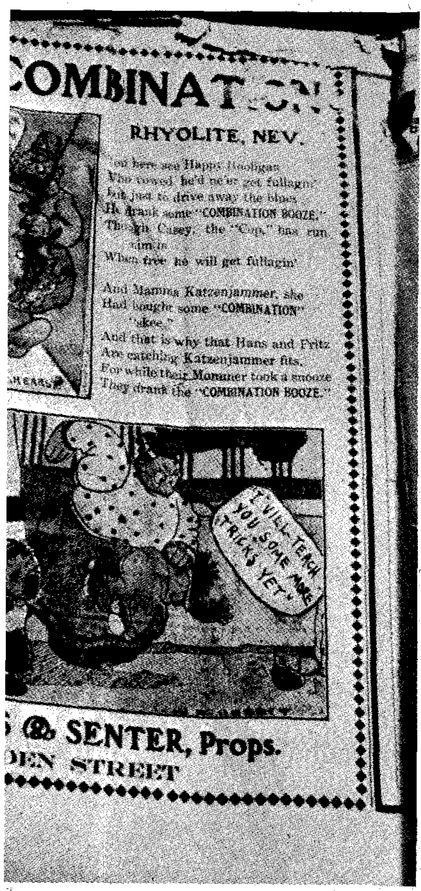
The two bricks just brought in are the result of a twelve-days' run, though it cannot be said to be a clean-up, as it does not include the concentrates, the gold in the mortars, etc. The previous shipment of gold was made after a fifteen-days' run. Mr. Wilson told a reporter that the product of the mill for these twenty-nine-days exceeded $22,000.

This product will increase from month to month. The mill started with two and one-half tons of ore to the stamp. This tonnage has been increased by gradual stages to three, then to three and one-half, while the last run was made on the basis of four and one-tenth tons to the stamp.

Heretofore the Keane Wonder company has been doing most of its banking business in Goldfield. The fact that the company, through Manager Wilson, deposited the gold bricks with the First National bank of this city, and opened an account at the local institution, indicates that the Keane Wonder intends in the future to conduct its financial business in Rhyolite. This means a material increase in the volume of money that will circulate in this camp.

Mr. Wilson returned to the mine Tuesday in the same auto that brought him to the city the night before. Tom G. Murphy accompanied him.





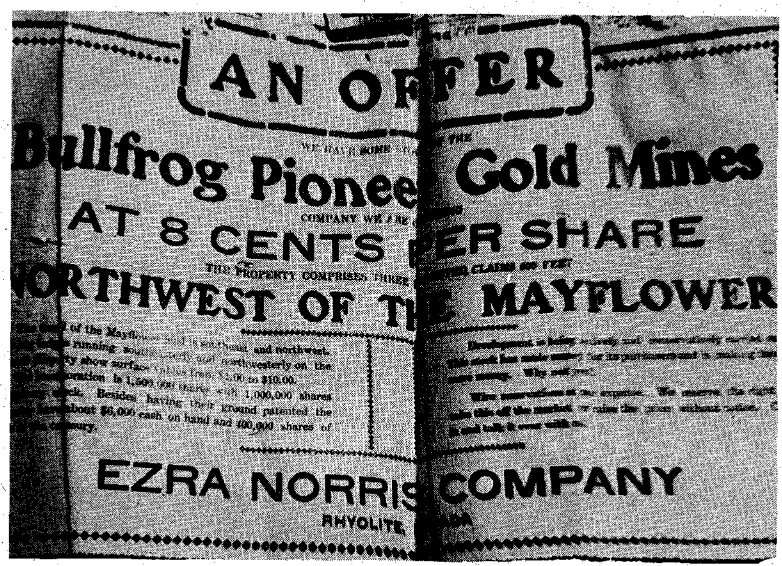
COMBINAT

RHYOLITE, NEV.

You here see Happy Hooligan
Who vowed he'd ne'er get fullagin'
But just to drive away the blues
He drank some "COMBINATION BOOZE."
Though Casey, the "Cop," has run him in
When free he will get fullagin'

And Mamma Katzenjammer, she
Had bought some "COMBINATION" "skee."
And that is why that Hans and Fritz
Are catching Katzenjammer fits.
For while their Mommer took a snooze
They drank the "COMBINATION BOOZE."

& SENTER, Props.
DEN STREET



AN OFFER

WE HAVE SOME

Bullfrog Pioneer Gold Mines

COMPANY WE ARE

AT 8 CENTS PER SHARE

THE PROPERTY COMPRISES THREE CLAIMS 600 FEET

ORTHWEST OF THE MAYFLOWER

of the Mayflower and is southeast and northwest. running southeasterly and northwesterly on the show surface values from $1.00 to $10.00. oration is 1,500,000 shares with 1,000,000 shares Besides having their ground patented the about $6,000 cash on hand and 400,000 shares of

EZRA NORRIS COMPANY

RHYOLITE,

THERE are many strange but true tales involving a cowboy and a horse during the days of the Open Range when human habitations were far apart. Many of the stories set down herein were serious predicaments in which the rider miraculously escaped death; some were badly injured while others got by without a scratch. As viewed by a bystander, but not so for the individual involved, many of those serious situations were also amusing.

Events herein related were obtained by tape recorder from the participants. Most of these men were past eighty years of age, having ridden the range long before it was laced with barbed wire.

Chance Hoffman is an old-time cowhand and rancher who was born on a ranch near the banks of the Marias River in Montana, and the following is a hair-raising experience he has never forgotten.

"Thinking back to my early life, on February 16, 1913 I was riding for one of the larger old-time cattle outfits. It was my job to ride the range and carefully watch the cattle which were scattered over a vast area in open country. This was before the days of the barbed wire fences. It was my job to watch for and gather all the thinner stock, which were in need of feed other than the limited amount of grass they were able to pick up through the deep crusted snow. I would take them to some ranch where hay was for sale, and arrange to have them fed.

"On that February morning I left the home ranch just as the light of day was beginning to show. The thermometer was standing at 46 degrees below zero. Dressed in heavy clothing, including a pair of Angora fur chaps, I started out on my day's ride which was anywhere from ten to thirty miles.

About noon I came to a bunch of cattle standing in the shelter of a patch of willows and spotted two older cows in need of food. I was successful in separating one of these cows, which I moved out a short distance from the main herd and left standing in snow up to her knees. I returned to the herd, slowly so as not to spook them, and gradually moved the other cow through deep snow toward the first cow.

"All at once she decided she wasn't going to cooperate with me, but turned back and charged, trying to cripple my horse with her long sharp horns. She then ran as fast as she could back to the main herd. Being fearful that she would get into the brush where I knew for certain I would not be able to get her to feed, I ran my horse as fast as he could run through the snow, making every attempt to turn her away from the brush.

"The deep drifts were too much for my horse, and he fell flat on his side. I was wearing a pair of boot-overshoes, and my left foot went completely through the stirrup. Had I known this in time I could have gotten up with the horse, but he was on his feet before I knew I was caught. I still had a short hold on one bridle rein.

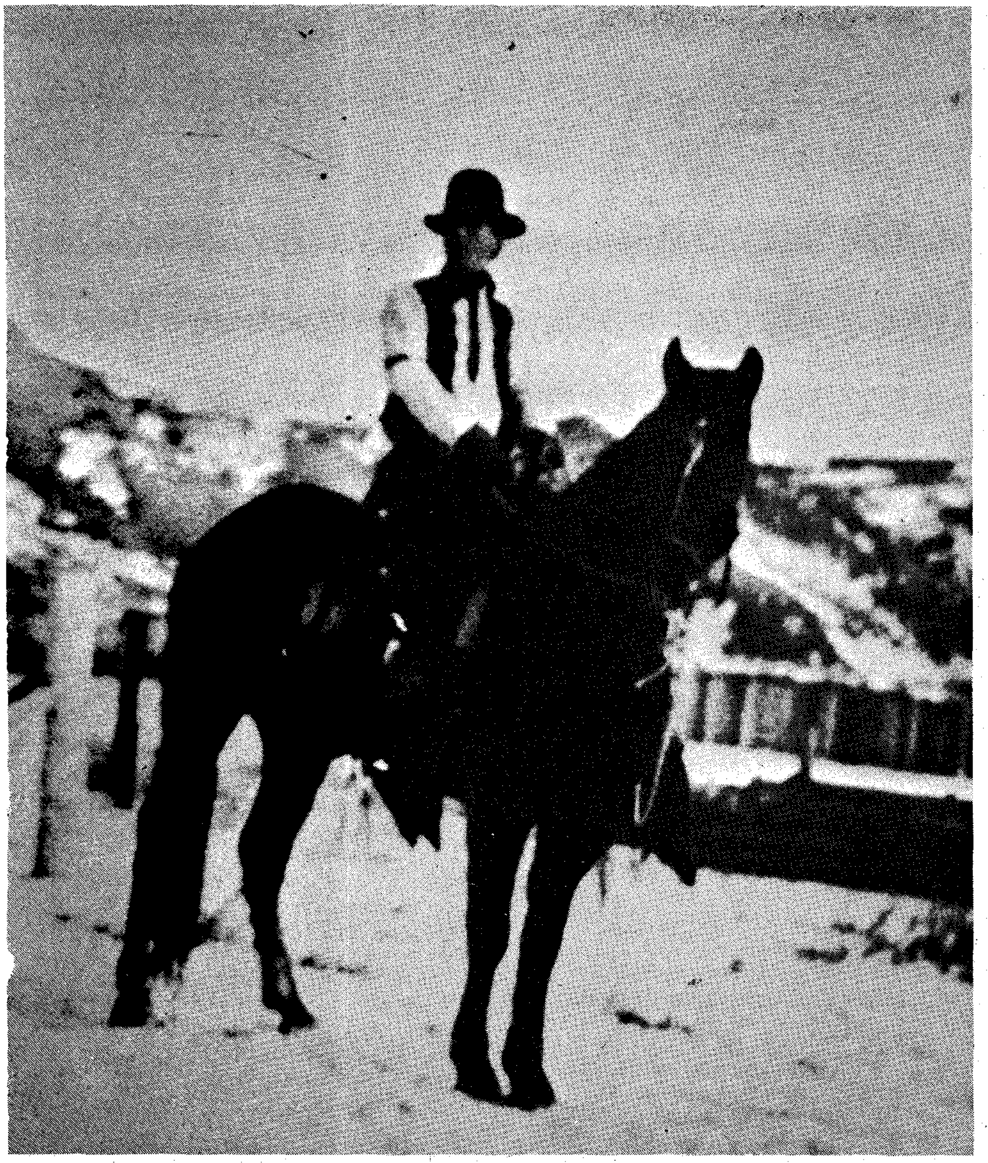
"The horse started to walk and then to lope, with me bouncing beside him; and even though he drug me about a quarter of a mile and kicked at me most of the time, I kept him from hitting me because of my hold on the rein which pulled his head to the side. I kept talking to him and jerking lightly on that one rein, which, along with the deep snow, played a part in keeping him from getting up much speed. But I think all that saved me was that my horse plunged into a coulee which had blown full of snow; that stopped him.

"While he was bogged down in the snow I was able to reach in my pocket and get my pocket knife, open it with my teeth and cut my stirrup leather, letting me free from the horse. He was able to get out of the coulee to some frozen ground. Had I not cut myself loose before he got out, I feel sure he would have drug me to death."

CHANCE HOFFMAN also told me about a cattle roundup in the fall of 1914 which was known as the Sweet Grass Pool, and was operated by a group

"If I Live To Be A Hundred, I'll Never Forget"

Chance Hoffman (on horse) during calf branding on the Marias River in Montana, 1920.



Fay E. Ward, the author, 1910.

BY FAY E. WARD

Photos Courtesy Author

of northern Montana cattlemen whose ranches were around the Sweet Grass hills. The wagon boss was Lou Barthalow.

"I was repping for the Marias River cattlemen gathering big four-year-old steers to be shipped to the Chicago market. We were camped at an old-time shipping point on the Great Northern Railroad known as Baltic, which was about six miles east of the present town of Cut Bank, Montana. We were holding 2,000 head, waiting for cattle cars. The weather at that time, about mid-September, was exceptionally nice and while the big steers were lonesome for their home range, we had little trouble with them. The boss put Johnnie Mabee and me on first guard on the evening of September 20.

"We had been on guard but a short time that evening when the skies began to cloud up and you could see lightning and hear thunder in the distance. We knew we were in for trouble and soon the boss sent two more men out to double the guard.

"After about an hour of distant rumbling, we thought the storm was going away, but not so. It suddenly broke loose and such rain, lightning and thunder one cannot imagine. Those big longhorn steers started running and four men could not hold them. I remember running my horse as hard as he could go when a streak of lightning lit up the whole country, and I could see that we were losing a great number of our herd.

"I whipped up and was trying to circle what we had left when there came another streak of lightning. My horse fell and I was knocked unconscious. My horse was killed instantly, and the sole of my right boot was torn completely off. The other boys, not knowing of my predicament, did not find me until after daylight. Most of that time I had been unconscious, and found that I was unable to raise my right leg which seemed paralyzed.

"After everything was over they took me in the bed wagon to Cut Bank where Dr. Martin brought me out of it. From that day to this I have been scared to death of lightning.

"In the spring of 1911 while breaking broncs for the 71 outfit on Tongue River in Montana (a ranch which was operated by Ray Warner, the man who owned the once famous bucking horse Skyrocket), an accident occurred which resulted in Warner's death. The 71 was a horse outfit and horses were being gathered to be taken to Miles City where they would be sold at auction.

"Ray Warner had a horse which was a real rimrocker with plenty of endurance and speed. Ray rode with a martingale because the horse carried his head high when running after broomtails and this prevented him from always seeing where he put down his feet. Prior to the horse roundup, Ray had experienced two falls from a horse while riding the range and these falls had shaken him up considerably.

"Before he had these two accidents, Ray had been to Chicago and while there he and a friend consulted a fortune teller just out of curiosity. The fortune teller told Ray that he would have three falls from a horse, and that the third fall would be fatal. In a notebook which he always carried, Ray wrote down the prophecy but never told the story to others. There is little doubt but what Ray was apprehensive after he had had two falls from his horse.

"One morning he saddled his rimrocker on which he had to put the martingale to keep his head down where it belonged, and rode off to gather a bunch of broomtails and bring them to the ranch. It had rained the night before. Ray had jumped the bunch of horses he had gone after and of course they hightailed it in the opposite direction to where he wanted them to go. Busting the breeze while trying to turn them, a hardpan piece of ground which was wet from the rain the night before lay directly in his way. When the horse hit that spot going full speed he began to slip and slide and, of course, Ray's natural reaction was to pull up the horse's head to keep him from falling. But because of the martingale, his head was pulled down instead, causing the horse to fall and turn over on the rider. The third fall!

"When Ray failed to show up at the ranch that evening a search party was formed and went looking for him. They found his horse standing with the reins still in the martingales. Nearby was the hardpan spot with Ray stretched out on his back, conscious but with his neck broken and unable to move. He was taken to a hospital in Miles City and died there a few days later.

—True experiences shared by some old cowboys and their horses—

"In Ray's pocket was found the little notebook in which he had written the fortune teller's prophecy, now come true."

"SPEAKING of serious predicaments," says Jack Upton of Faywood, New Mexico, "reminds me of the time I was working with cattle up in the Black Range country for the NAN outfit on the Mimbres River during the summer of 1930."

Now, Jack had the reputation of being one of the saltiest brush-hands in that neck of the woods. No pinnacle was too rough or brush too thick to stop him from getting within throwing distance of a wild ox once he sighted the critter. Jack was born and raised in mountain country and most of his cow savvy was gained by working mountain cattle. His story continues:

"One day we were working a herd on Wild Horse Canyon which was a pretty rugged, timbered territory, and Phil Cook and I had been paired off one morning and had topped out on a high hogback, dismounting to let our horses rest a bit before combing the head of the canyon below us. We rolled a cigarette and stood there talking and looking down into a patch of timber where several head of cattle were standing in the shade.

"We tightened up our cinches and mounted, and built our loops so we would be ready for those bush snakes when we jumped them out. We decided to circle around them and headed up the side of the mountain to get into territory where we could have a run at them. When Phil boogered them out of the brush I saw there was a two-year-old maverick bull in the bunch and I remarked that he was my hunk of beef as I ducked under a low-hanging pine limb.

"I was riding my top horse and as we came off the mountain close on that bull's hocks, we hit a small opening in the timber. I stacked my loop on him and we were soon going down the pinnacle splitting the breeze two ways from hell. A lone piñon tree was directly in front of us and the bull went to the right of it and my horse ducked to the left. The first thing I knew we were sailing through the air, and when I landed I was on the edge of a forty-foot wall of rimrock. The force of the impact between the horse and bull when they hit the end of the rope was so great that it threw the two together and caused one of the bull's horns to penetrate the horse's heart, killing him instantly. I cut that bull loose and never saw him again—he may have gotten tangled up in some brush with that rope on him, and starved to death."

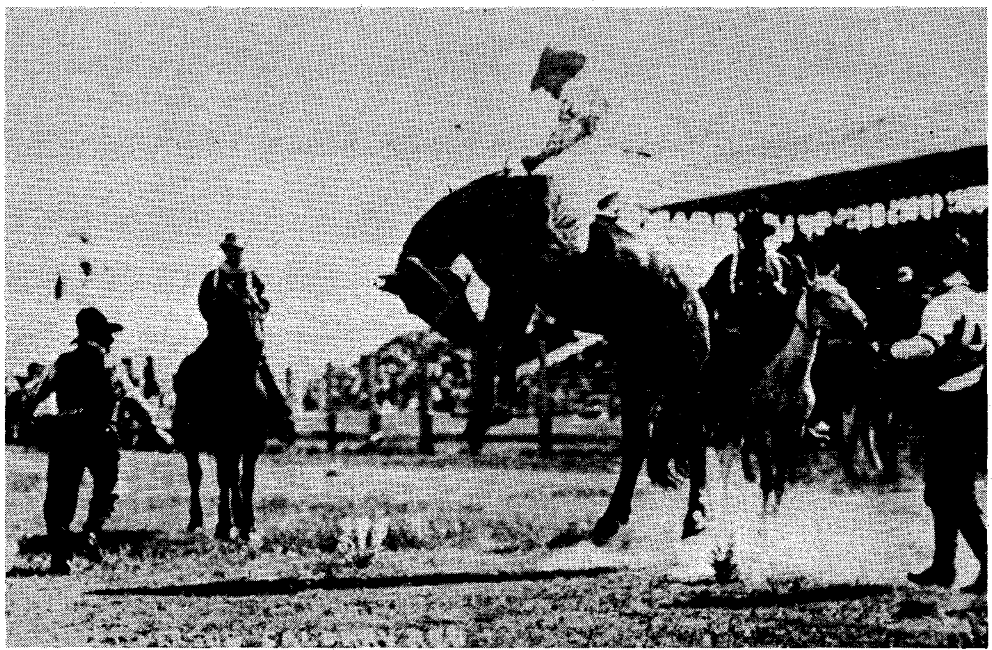
"CHEROKEE" ALCORN, well-known rodeo cowboy once upon a time, tells of the time when he was on fall roundup with the "CCC" outfit over in the Chiricahua Mountains in Arizona about 1929 when he met up with one of the most peculiar experiences with a horse that he ever had.

"We had rounded up one morning and were working the herd when I sure enough got myself in a mixup I never heard tell of before. Red Hawkins and I were doing the cutting and I had run into a big maverick and was having trouble trying to cut him out of the herd. Everytime I got him to the outside edge of the herd he would duck back. Finally Red and I doubled up on him and as we brought him out of the herd we both had our loops built to catch him when we got out into the open.

"It had rained the night before and our ropes were stiff and wiry from the moisture. We had them tied hard and fast to the saddle horn. When we came out of the herd, Red's horse was right up there tromping on that slick-ear's hocks, and I was close enough behind him to throw my loop if Red missed. Red generally threw a Blocker-loop (big loop) so he piled it on him, but before he could jerk up the slack the critter went through it as though it was made of wire.

"Seeing he had missed the catch, Red turned off to one side to let me have a throw, but just as I was going to make it I felt myself go sailing through the air and my horse being jerked out from under me. I hit the ground and skidded on my belly. When I picked myself up I saw that Red had my horse bedded down on the end of his catch rope by both forefeet. Red was as much surprised as I was when he found that he forefooted my horse when the calf went through his loop, but it caught my horse instead, a fact neither of us noticed at the time."

Calgary Red on "Skyrocket" at Miles City Roundup, 1917.



THIS is the story that Bill Simon of Prescott, Arizona related to me: "My worst experience was when I was working in Peeples Valley at the Hays Cattle Company ranch and breaking horses. One morning I got on this colt and started out. Roy Stevens was working there and, kidding, I said, "Anything you want to tell the girls?" and he said, "Where are you going?" He thought I was going to town but I had no idea of going to town, and rode off. I will never do that again; that isn't good.

"I got over in the Parker Springs area and jumped a bunch of wild burros. My horse was pretty good but green, so I thought I would rope a burro and took after them. Just as I was ready to take a throw at this burro my horse fell and turned over with me. I had a pair of monkey-nose taps on the saddle and when the horse got up, my left foot was hung in the stirrup against the top of these taps and I couldn't get loose. The horse was bucking and kicking and I had no reins. I was using a hackamore.

"I got the horse by the tail and thought I could keep him from kicking me but that didn't work. He was kicking me all over so I let go of the tail and rolled over on my belly, and finally came loose. I watched my horse as he ran off. The hackamore reins had come off over his head and the reins hung over some oak brush when he stopped. I looked at my leg, and my heel was where my toe should have been. I turned my foot around as best I could, feeling those bones crossing over, laid the bad leg over my other one, and started crawling toward my horse. I got almost up to him when he spooked and ran off again, and hung up a second time. Finally I got hold of him and managed somehow to ride to the nearest ranch, the Rio Sego, owned by Mr. Young of Texas. I was afraid to get off at the gate as I thought I would faint, my leg hurt so bad. I hollered as loud as I could, and they heard me and came out to open the gate. The foreman had a car, so his wife fixed me up with pillows under my leg and they took me to Kirkland. The road was full of ruts and I couldn't help yelling when we'd hit those rough spots.

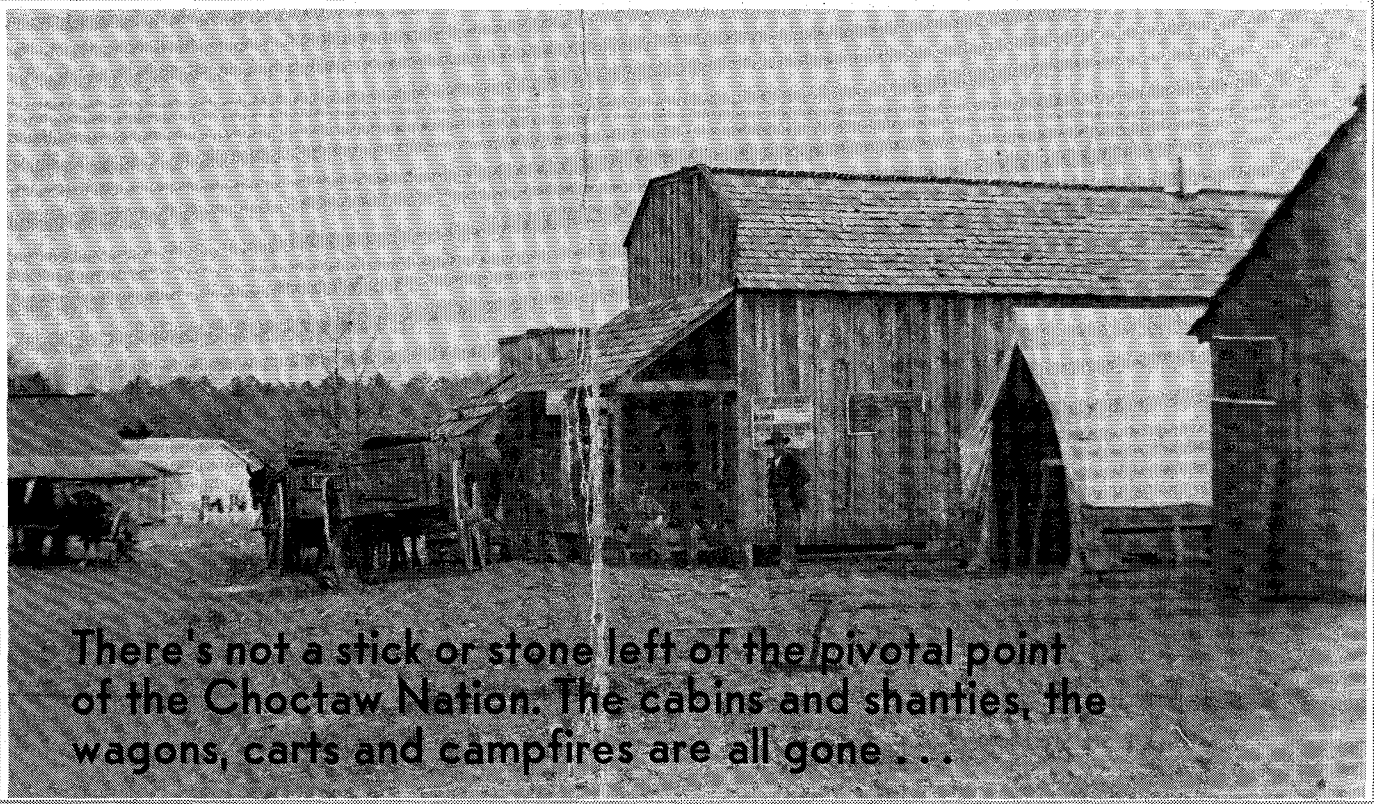
"A woman in the store, Dorothy Thornburg, was a kind of nurse, so she ripped up an apple box and made me some splints for my leg. They were going to take me into Prescott but the roads were so washed out they were afraid to try it. A train came through there at 11:00 at night, and they wired the train to get it to stop. But the railroad wouldn't stop the train only to pick up a dead man so they built me a bed and put me on a cot, and pulled a blanket over my head as though I was dead.

(Continued on page 46)

ghost town of the INDIANS

BY FRANCES IMON

Photos Courtesy Author



There's not a stick or stone left of the pivotal point of the Choctaw Nation. The cabins and shanties, the wagons, carts and campfires are all gone . . .

Doaksville, capital of the old Choctaw Nation in Indian Territory, January 1851-1860, was on its way to oblivion when this picture was taken, for its principal business consisted of the above: a blacksmith shop on the far left, a barber shop located in the tent on the right. The large building in the center appears to have been a store, as the sign on the front advertises "Your money back if you don't like ——— Best Tobacco." Clothing worn by the men suggests that this picture, now in the files of Oklahoma Historical Society, was made about 1890-1900.

ONCE it was the capital of the Choctaw Nation, its largest established community, and its principal trading center. There the design for the Great Seal of the Choctaw Nation was submitted to tribal leaders and adopted. There the first Masonic Lodge in present-day Oklahoma was instituted under jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Arkansas. And there the great Confederate Brigadier General Stand Watie assured the community of an eternal place in history when he laid down his arms—the last CSA general officer to do so.

Doaksville—fourteen miles northeast of today's Hugo, Oklahoma—was the mecca of all tribal members on Annuity Day, at which time literally thousands of Choctaws jammed the mile-square town to receive their federally-administered funds and rations. But today? Doaksville lives only in its nearby cemetery, in the National Archives, in the memories of a rapidly dwindling band of old-timers, and in two bronze markers, placed by the Oklahoma Historical Society. The mile-square plot of land where the Doaksville Constitution of the Choctaw Nation was adopted and near where the great Cherokee raid-and-burn expert of the Confederate States admitted defeat on June 23, 1865 is now privately owned. It is enlivened only by the wind, the scurrying feet of small wildlife, the occasional chirp of a bird or the rustle of one's wings. Were it not for the almost steady hum of diesel-fueled motors a mile away on busy US Highway 70 one almost would wonder if the world were still alive. But not so always.

OLD DOAKSVILLE, as it is referred to locally, was founded as a civilian camp in 1831. That was about the time when the government reactivated Ft. Towson a mile to the east as the second fort established in the new Indian Territory.

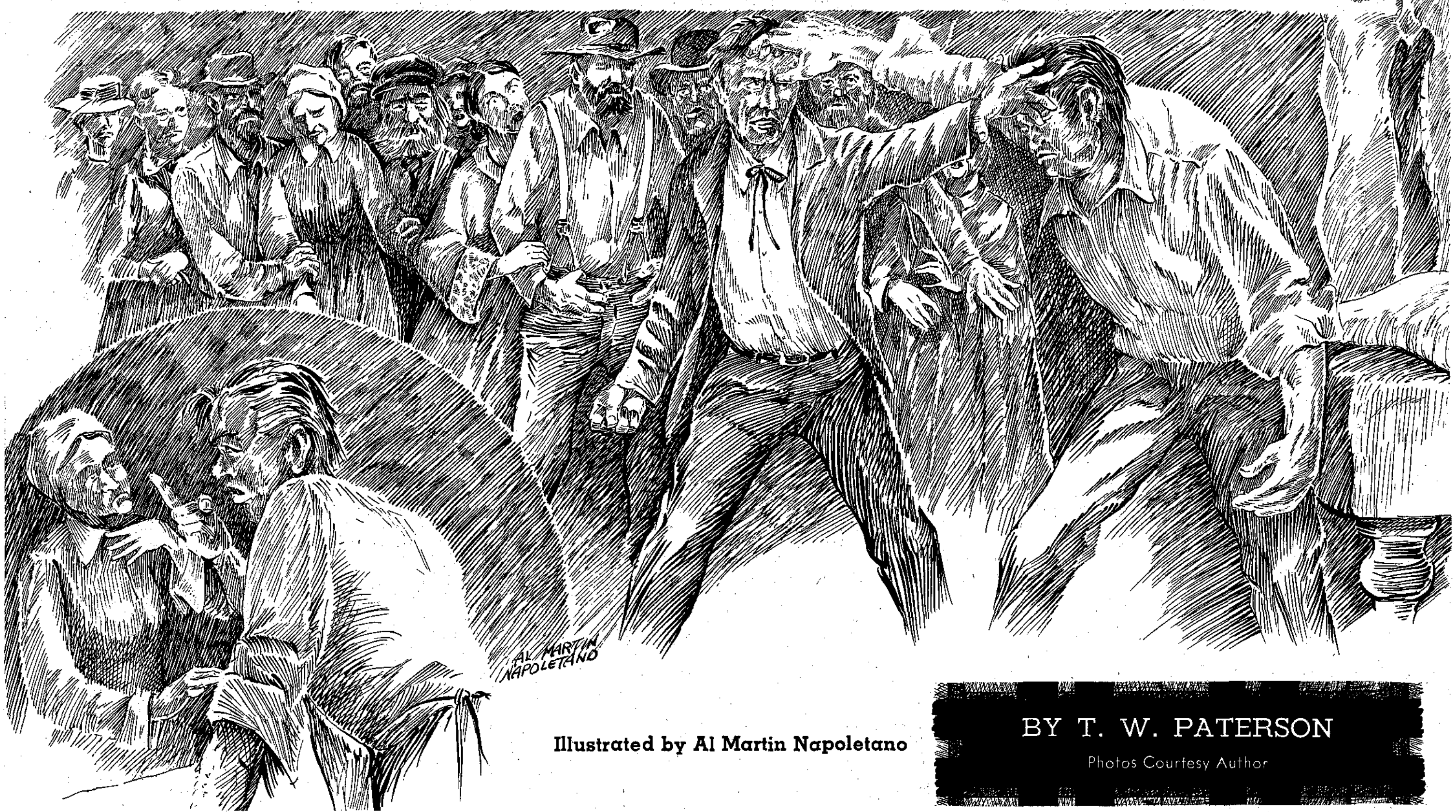
Doaksville derived its name from Josiah Doak, who established the community and remained there as a merchant, and who also had some knowledge of medicine. Doak was of the Mississippi family for whom Doak's Stand, famed as the site of the Choctaw Treaty of Doak's Stand, was named. He and others came to the embryo Territory in advance of the Indian Trail of Tears migration in 1832.

The community grew rapidly. William Armstrong, Choctaw agent, in 1842 wrote in an official report that Doaksville was the area's most important trading center. He mentioned five stores, three owned by part-Indians and two by United States citizens "licensed as traders." He described the stock as large, "the assortments such as are usual in stores. Sugar and coffee are used by all classes in the Indian Nation [to] an extent at least equal with the white."

Concerning life in the village he wrote: "Doaksville is one of the most orderly and quiet towns that you will find in the west . . . . There is a resident physician, a food tavern, black-

(Continued on page 61)

Terrible Jim McLaughlin



Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

BY T. W. PATERSON

Photos Courtesy Author

If they'd assayed him out, he'd have run 100% S—O—B pure!

PROSPECTOR, packer and painted lady; merchant, gambler and thief; Fort Yale, British Columbia, was home to all a century ago. Here, on Fraser River's western flat, bonded in restless union by their quest for gold, 9,000 men, women and children from every quarter of the globe toiled, fought and died to become rich.

Of this motley populace, one man towered above his fellows. The proudest grew humble before his command, brave men faltered, women fainted, dogs and children flew terror-stricken from his rage. Undisputed monarch of all he surveyed through bloodshot eyes, big Jim McLaughlin was the terror of the tenderloins.

"He was a most desperate blackguard, both in appearance and action," recalled pioneer journalist David W. Higgins, fifty years later. "He was a huge bloated specimen of humanity and was generally filled to the throat with drink."

He was, in fact, the town butcher. In the whole of teeming Fort Yale, there was but one meat market. Since no one had dared set up shop in competition, McLaughlin reigned supreme. From his throne, a carving block, he regarded each and every customer with open contempt. Orders were filled with insults and curses. When suffering from a hangover, as was often the case, he even threatened assault, his ravaged face glowing redder as his temper rose.

For those foolhardy enough to express indignation, Jim had two favorite tricks. He would fill the order with obviously inferior cuts, and wait belligerently for some complaint. It seldom came. Then, adding insult to injury, he would openly lean a ham-like fist on the scales when weighing the purchase.

"He insulted and bullied everyone," wrote Higgins in 1904. "He could cut off the supply of meat at any moment.... The language he used was fearful to listen to. He brow-beat women as well as men.

"He hated children and would often turn them crying away without the food they had been sent by their parents to buy."

Foraging dogs, sighed Higgins, afforded McLaughlin his "greatest joy and satisfaction." Every canine was greeted with a heavy foot, a string of curses, and, "once or twice with deadly effects," a flying meat cleaver.

"How we submitted patiently to the [tyrannical] conduct of the ruffian, even at the risk of losing our meat supply, I cannot imagine now. He led us captives to the block and decapitated us morally, if not physically . . . . I had two or three tilts with the fellow and every time wás worsted because he held the key to my stomach."

JIM'S cruelties were legion like the morning a Scot prospector's terrier wandered into the shop to beg for scraps. With a roar of outrage Jim had seized his carving knife and slashed at the dog's back. The maimed animal then dragged itself, bleeding profusely, from the shop, collapsing in the street.

Immediately informed of what had happened to his little companion, McDermott had grabbed a revolver and charged to the meat market, friends at his heels vainly imploring him to surrender the gun. The enraged miner ignored their pleas and marched into the shop, pistol at the ready.

Fortunately for McLaughlin, McDermott had by then calmed somewhat. Aiming the muzzle at the butcher's pudgy face, he swore, "If I ever catch you on the other side of the line I'll kill you—kill you!"

Instantly, Jim's confidence returned. Realizing the Scotsman would not fire, he laughed, "Go on out of here, or I'll serve you as I did the dog."

Frustrated by his own impotence and McLaughlin's sneer, McDermott had stomped out with the promise, "Remember, you will be my meat if I ever catch you on the American side."

The butcher spat, motioned suggestively, and the incident was closed.

Big Jim's time, however, was running out, his Waterloo fast approaching. As has happened so often in history, the worm was to turn. And, as has often been the case in times old and new, the mighty was to fall before the feet of a tiny woman.

Journalist Higgins was twenty-four when he joined the rush for gold on Fraser River. Previously he had spent six years recording the hectic affairs of rough-and-tumble San Francisco. In July 1858, he had traded pen for pick and pan in a short-lived and unsuccessful attempt at mining in Fort Yale. It was here he encountered the repugnant Jim McLaughlin. At least two others of Higgins' acquaintance shared this dubious distinction.

The first was an Irishman, Captain William Power, later to make his fortune in real estate. A "splendid specimen of mankind and . . . an accomplished athlete," Captain Power had met Higgins while looking for a steward aboard the steamer bringing them upriver.

"I've traveled all over Europe and the Holy Land and have been on the Nile, but this is the first time I have found it impossible to get a cup of hot water to shave with," he had sighed to the sympathetic journalist.

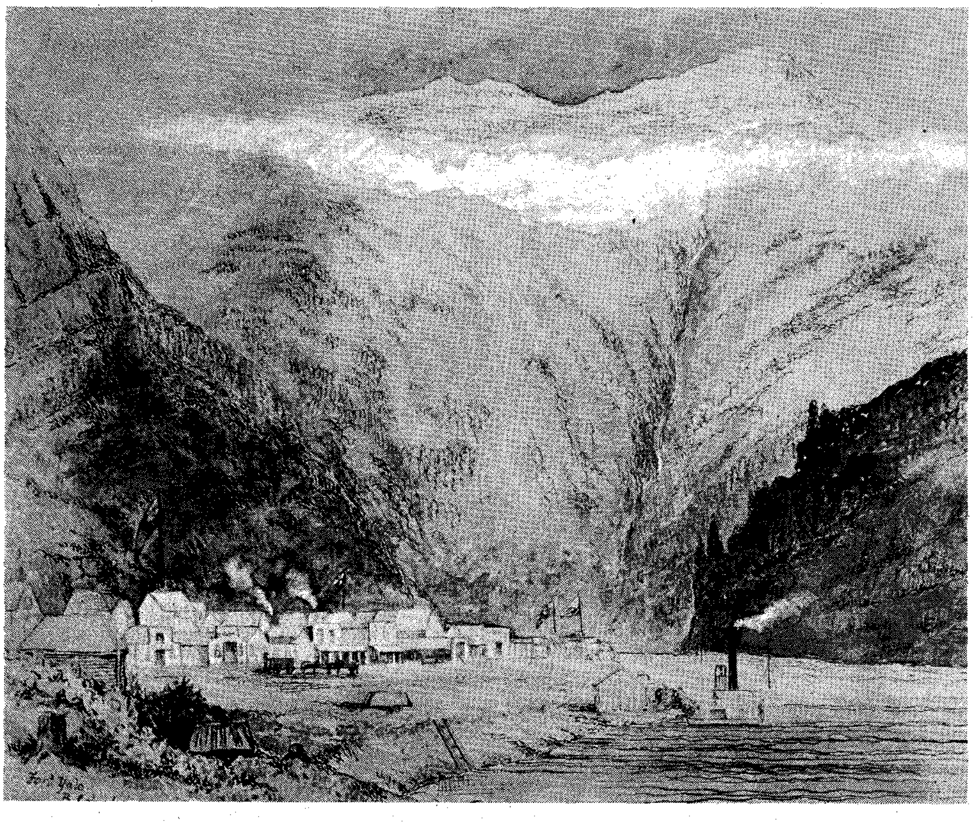
Soon Power introduced Higgins to his lovely wife, and by the time they reached Yale the three were fast friends.

Landing at the booming gold town, they had pitched tents on the river flats. Higgins secured employment as manager of an express office, while the Powers opened a hotel which was immediately successful. It was through Power's buying foodstuffs for his establishment that the captain frequently had to endure the abuse of Jim McLaughlin. Much to Power's disgust, his restraint was at the mercy of the bloated butcher. "He [Jim] could cut off the supply of meat at any moment and put Powers out of business," Higgins lamented.

The third character of our melodrama was a frail English lady, Mrs. Burroughs. With her young son and daughter, she lived in a small tent on the river bar. Some time before, her husband had ventured farther up the Fraser in search of his fortune, leaving his family a meagre supply of groceries and money. Mrs. Burroughs soon was reduced to "great straits." Her neighbors, most of them in poor circumstances themselves, did what they could to help, but with winter approaching, her situation became desperate.

Strangely enough, McLaughlin had allowed her several purchases on credit. But one autumn morning, the fateful encounter came to pass. Mrs. Burroughs had taken her place in line awaiting Jim's pleasure. Service was slow because of a double hangover—too much rotgut whisky and a bad night at the faro table.

Fort Yale, B.C., scene of McLaughlin's stormy downfall. Courtesy B. C. Provincial Archives



When finally it was Mrs. Burroughs' turn before the carving block, McLaughlin stared through bloodshot eyes, then bellowed, "What do you want?"

The woman whispered timidly, "I should like to get a little more meat on credit for a few days. Mr. Burroughs will be here soon and he will pay you."

Grinning diabolically, Jim had leaned on his knife and asked, "Is there a Mr. Burroughs? Was there ever a Mr. Burroughs? I doubt it!"

Recounted Higgins, "The hot blood mounted to the woman's face and painted it crimson. She fixed her eyes in a terrified stare on McLaughlin and her lips moved as if in remonstrance; but no words came from them. She leant forward on the block and then sank to the floor. She had fainted dead away. Strong hands raised the thin, wasted figure (for it turned out afterwards that for some weeks she had systematically lived on the shortest of short allowance so that her children might have enough to sustain them), and a low murmur of indignation ran through McLaughlin's subjects who awaited their turn to be served."

Unmoved by his victim's collapse, the butcher then turned to his next customer and barked, "Come on, now, and give your orders quick. I can't stand here all day. What do you want?"

This customer, "white as a corpse," did not answer immediately, for Captain Power stood in stunned disbelief at the meanness he had witnessed. When at last he spoke, he said in slow, measured tone, "McLaughlin, every time that I come to your shop I am insulted. This thing has got to stop."

Pointing to Mrs. Burroughs, being led away by two miners, he continued, "I don't care so much for myself and I could have stood it, but I do care for that poor woman."

The captain's rebuke ignited Jim's fury. McLaughlin threw down his carving knife, ripped off his bloodied apron, and charged Power. But the latter stepped neatly aside, delivering a smashing blow to the puffed face as it reeled past.

The "battle" ended in moments, Power "raining blow after blow with smashing effect upon his antagonist's face and body until the latter sank insensible to the floor and stayed there, the bad blood and bad whisky flowing from numerous wounds."

Without so much as a downward glance at McLaughlin, Captain Power walked behind the cutting block, selected a cut of meat, weighed it, threw down sixty cents, and walked leisurely toward his hotel, as a spectator called after him, "I think the man's dead, Power."

"Well, if he is dead you know where to find me," replied the captain without turning.

HOWEVER, much to Yale's regret, Jim lived. For quite some time he lay where Power had left him, not a soul moving to help him. When at last he regained consciousness, the battered butcher

(Continued on page 67)

BY S. OMAR BARKER

Photos Courtesy Author

TUMBLED WALLS and scattered stones. Look upon them, wander among them and marvel. Pause at a low, doorless doorway; peer into utter emptiness. Surely the advanced disintegration of these ruins must measure back a hundred, even two hundred years. Incredibly, this is not so.

Trementina, ghost of a village and of a mission, dead though it is, has not been dead so long. There are still many who remember, some of them born there and not yet old. Among the older ones is Abelino Estrada, now living in Las Vegas, New Mexico with his wife Rosa. At eighty-six Don Abelino is a gray-haired, genial gentleman with a rich store of memories and that ineradicable look of the sun-country outdoors.

Except for the kind cooperation of Reverend Julián Durán and Abelino's sons, Gabriel and Tony, and Tony's wife, Emma, it is from Abelino's own reminiscences that I trace this tale of the Trementina.

The ruins are spread on a stone-bodied ridge and gentle slope fifty miles east of Las Vegas, and about a mile off State Road 65. This is "below the mesa," which means about 1,500 feet lower than the Meadow City. Here, in 1898, the Presbyterian Women's Board of Home Missions began to set up a mission consisting of a school, a hospital, a church, a community house and a laundry, all built of random-shaped flat stones with *adobe* mortar and plaster. Originally a settlement of only two or three houses, Trementina soon grew into a village of some thirty families who came to be near the mission school which, at its peak, enrolled as many as seventy-five pupils.

Inspiration for the mission and its location, as well as its nurse, teacher and general overseer for over thirty years, was Miss Alice Blake. There was great warmth and respect in Abelino Estrada's voice as he told me about her.

"Although the church had many fine minister-missionaries through the years," he said, "it was Miss Blake who was the guiding star and mistress of the mission. She had a hand in its business affairs; she helped her teacher-assistants in the two-room school; she was nurse and doctor in the hopital; she served as postmaster. She conducted services when no minister could be here. She led us in hymns in both Spanish and English. In 1901 she headed off a diphtheria epidemic with a new medicine, anti-toxin. She was truly a kind and great lady."

In my own boyhood I had known "Allie" Blake, since her family lived up-canyon from ours on Sapello Creek. I remember her as somewhat chubby, with rosy cheeks, lots of energy, an alert sparkle in her eyes, and a firm manner of speaking. She taught school at Rociada while still in her teens, then entered the work of rural missions to which, except for time out to qualify as a registered nurse and graduate teacher, she dedicated almost her entire courageous, bighearted life.

There was a time of snow, belly-deep to a horse, when Reverend Gabino Rendón on a visit to Trementina asked Abelino to take him to Las Vegas to catch a train for a church meeting in Santa Fe.

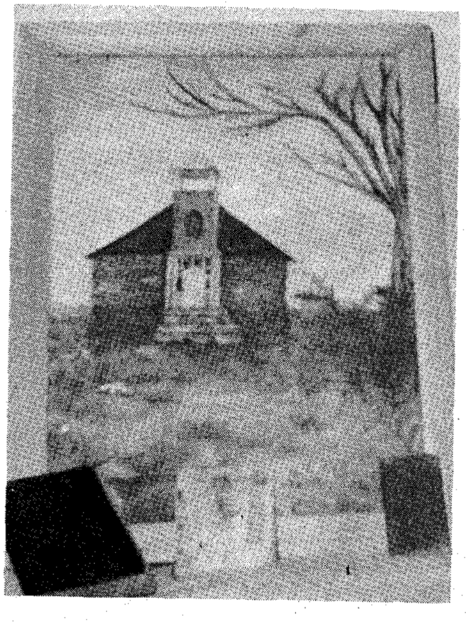
"I'm sorry," Abelino told him, "but even a four-horse team couldn't pull a wagon up Corazón Hill and across the mesa snowdrifts to Vegas. But if you think you could catch a train at Cuervo—"

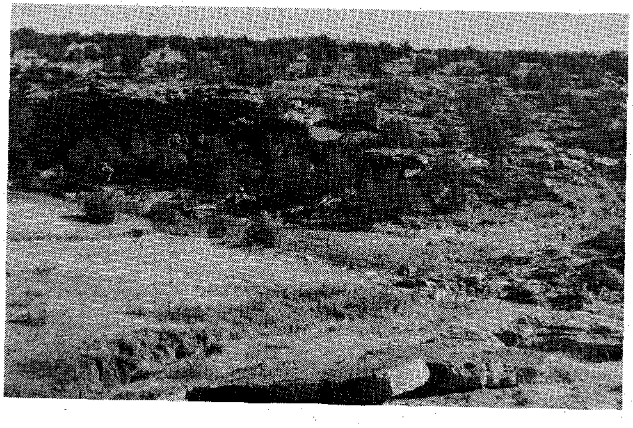
Cuervo was forty miles away across low hills and meandering arroyos. With four horses hitched to a light wagon, the two men were ready to set out when Miss Blake came hurrying out of her cottage with a small carpetbag.

"She wouldn't listen that we might get stranded in the snow," Abelino recalls. "She was determined to attend that Presbytery to seek support for her mission, and nothing could stop her. The snow was so deep that the wagon axle pushed it up on the horses' heels, but *gracias a Diós*, we made it."

ALICE BLAKE was born in Iowa in 1867. In Denver in 1950, her funeral services were conducted by Reverend Al-

Opposite page: Trementina church (arrow), and several houses still roofed, standing about 1959. Bottom (left): One of the flat benches along Trementina Creek where the Trementinans once raised watermelons and sorghum cane; (right) Not a roof remaining in 1972 photo. Middle (left): Painting of Trementina Church by Mary Frances Gonzales, also New Testament, worm-eaten hymnal and prayer book discovered in the ruins about 1960; (next) The second church still in use about 1959; (right) Abelino Estrada at age 86. Top: Miss Alice Blake, the "Angel of Trementina" in her younger years.





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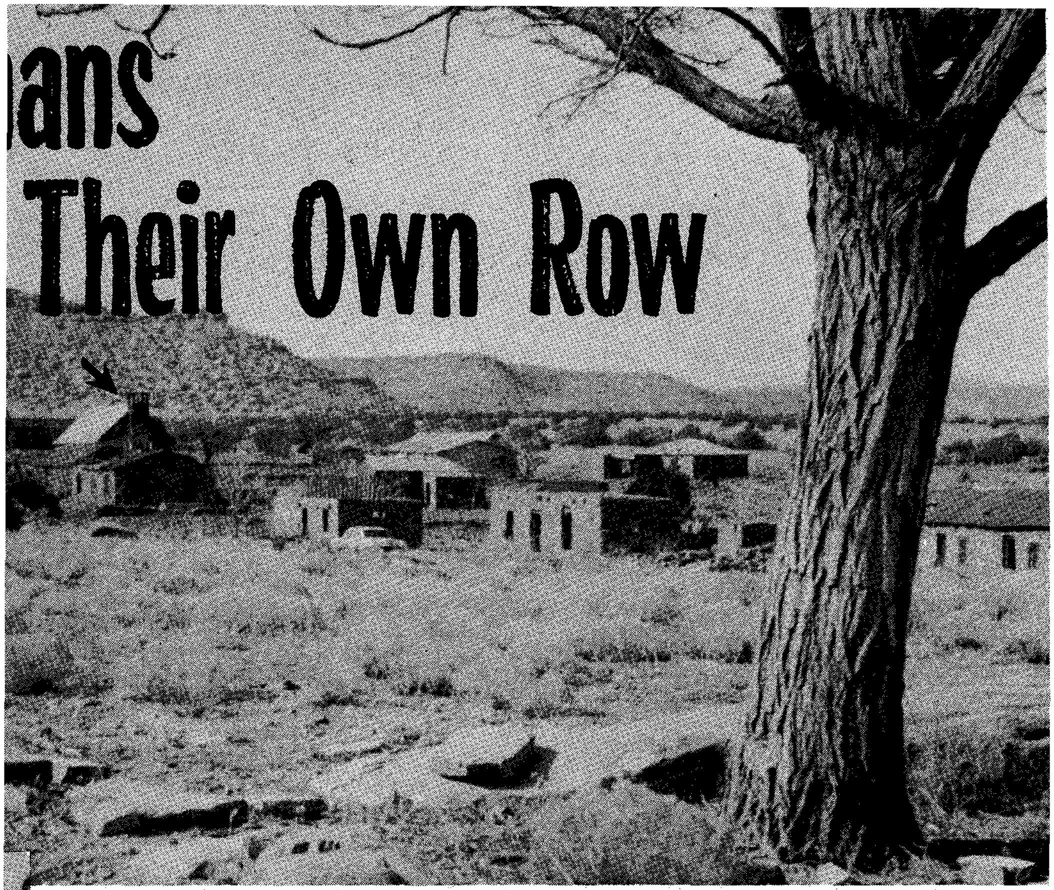
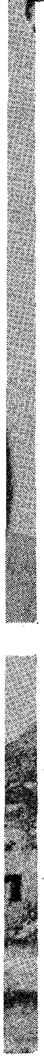
Their Own Row





And they still do! The town may be in ruins but ghosts aren't needed. Some of its original citizens are still around . . .

fonso Esquibel whom she had befriended as a boy, and who is now co-pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Las Vegas. Alice Blake's mission work merits a story of its own. This, for now, is mainly a tale of Trementina folks and their way of life as recalled by Mr. Estrada.

Although adjacent to the huge Pablo Montoya Grant, this area was not grant land. Its settlers were homesteaders. Among the earliest were the Bleas and Abelino's parents, Julián and Gonzalita Gonzales de Encinias Estrada, who homesteaded in 1872 a few miles south at Variadero where Abelino was born in 1885. Still retaining their original land, they moved to Trementina about 1892.

"Nobody rich, everybody worked hard, nobody went hungry," Abelino told me. "A few horses, some cows, sheep or goats to pasture the grasslands. On the random low benches of fertile land strung out along Trementina Creek we raised corn, beans, *chile*, watermelons, tomatoes, and most of all, sorghum cane."

"Cane?" In this altitude and latitude it seemed to me incredible.

"*Seguro que sí!* A hardy variety, very juicy. From it we pressed the good Trementina molasses well known in those days. We used to haul barrels of it and other produce all the way up to Mora, Chacón, Guadalupita—all the higher country—to trade for wheat, potatoes, apples or anything else we needed, even lumber. Nobody had money. It was all barter. Often when we traded for wheat we would have it ground on shares at the Sanchez mill in Mora. One time my father left Trementina with a barrel of molasses and came home driving a nice bunch of cows. He had traded off his whole outfit as well as the syrup. Sometimes one wagon would go alone, sometimes several in caravan, then split up to trade at different *placitas*. We got along as good neighbors—*nada de lucha*. Sometimes some of us also worked as cowboys on the big Bell Ranch nearby."

Once Abelino and his father were stranded at Chacón by a deep snowfall. Then a boy of fifteen, Abelino volunteered to go with a local boy not much older to rescue some snowbound horses far back in the mountains. It was a hazardous undertaking, but they found the horses and brought them in safely, so starved that they had eaten the hair off each other's tails.

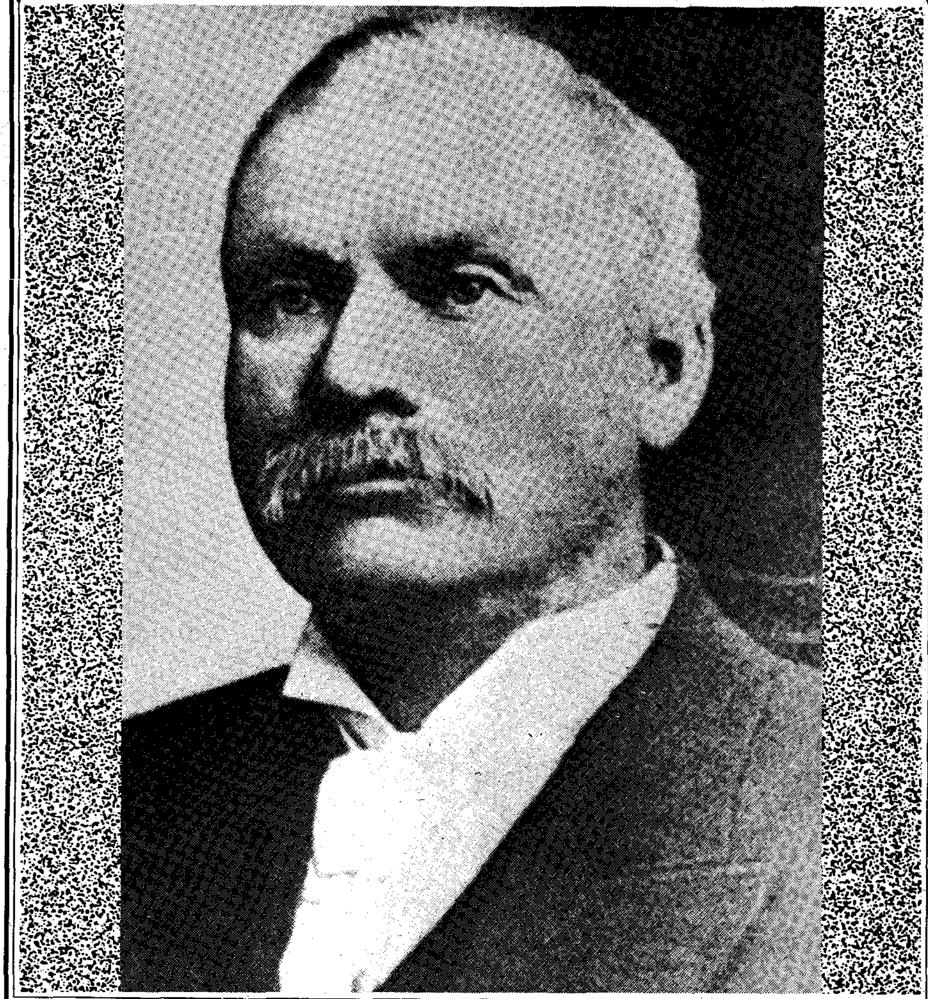
Abelino was making trading trips on his own while still just a kid. With a chuckle he told me about one horse trade he was proud of. Camped in the wagon yard of the Charles Ilfeld Company in Las Vegas, he noticed that Juan Vigil of Guadalupita was driving an ill-matched team—one big horse and one little one.

(Continued on page 56)

KING of the

Jack McQuesten

≪ BY THELMA KIMMEL ≫



Left: Leroy Napoleon "Jack" McQuesten in later years.

FAR UP in the frozen North on a New Year's Day almost a century ago, a group of native women crowded about, amid a confusion of giggles and chatter, at the annual Blanket Toss. They had come to the trading post to celebrate, and now it was their turn to toss the men high and vigorously in a big moose skin. The first choice was their favorite—the trader himself—white man "Jack" McQuesten. After pretended escape and mock battle, the big man was "caught" and thrown onto the taut skin. But no matter how high or enthusiastically they jerked the moose skin, their victim laughed lustily with them and came down feet first.

Once when he had fallen from the attic of his trading post, Jack had not landed so easily and had suffered severe injury. The natives nursed him back to health with all the means—physical and spiritual—in their power, rather than hurrying him to the Happy Hunting Ground as was sometimes the lot of less kindly or less honest white fortune-hunters. All loved McQuesten, the blond giant whose figure was used as a model for the Gold Statue in the Klondike display at the Paris Exhibition.

This almost forgotten man, Leroy Napoleon McQuesten, opened up Alaska to white man's occupation. His is a long story—starting back in the days of '49 when the California Gold Rush brought four New England teen-agers (all named McQuesten) around the Horn on a sailing ship. William and Wingate and their cousins Varnum and Leroy did not find their fortunes in the mad confusion of 1849. Wingate and William returned home; Varnum wandered about until he took a mining claim in Deer Lodge, Montana where he died. Leroy volunteered for service in the Indian wars of the '50s before going to Canada, after which his family lost all trace of him for forty years.

Later, a son of Wingate McQuesten was bitten by the same bug as his elders, having listened to their stories and played about the home of Horace Greeley. When he was fifteen, G. Dowe McQuesten packed all of his clothes in a fiddle case and with seven dollars in his pocket set out for California. He did not reach his destination for several years, but one day he read in the paper about a Jack McQuesten, the first white trader in the Yukon.

Remembering his father's stories of the "lost" cousin, G. Dowe sent the paper to his father. Immediately a letter was on its way, taking thirteen months to reach Jack, who was indeed the lost Leroy Napoleon. As soon as Jack received the letter he answered by return mail, promising to visit the family via the last boat out before winter. So at last, three boys of the courageous four who had gone to California, had a heart-warming reunion.

The story of Jack McQuesten probably will never be known in its entirety. He left a modest journal, but it was up to relatives, friends and acquaintances to fill in the blanks about the incredible wanderer, the man who built a log city

reigned over the largest log city in the world!

Photos Courtesy Author
Crystal McQuesten Morgan Collection

Yukon

in the North and made it possible for white men to brave the ruthless land and survive. Jack London so admired the other "Jack," after staying with McQuesten in the Yukon, that he made him the main character of a novel.

MCQUESTEN began his northern adventure with the Hudson's Bay Company. One writer expressed the view that Jack was a "frustrated voyageur"; after a long series of physical exercises, the tall, willowy, young man from the East was still unable to carry the pack of these boatmen. He wandered about trapping and prospecting, with headquarters for a while at Great Slave Lake.

Six years after the United States had bought Alaska, McQuesten and his partners came drifting down the magnificent Porcupine River into Fort Yukon. With the party came four sled dogs and 1,400 pounds of provisions. The old fort had been abandoned by the Hudson's Bay Company when surveyors placed it within Seward's purchase. Moise Mercier was running a trading post there when the visitors arrived.

After resting awhile they moved on to Rampart Canyon where they built a cabin against winter and killed three moose and a bear to augment the standard diet of fish, fowl, and snow rabbit. Finding trapping and trading of little profit here, the adventurers returned to Fort Yukon in the spring, and built a scow to take them downriver to St. Michael.

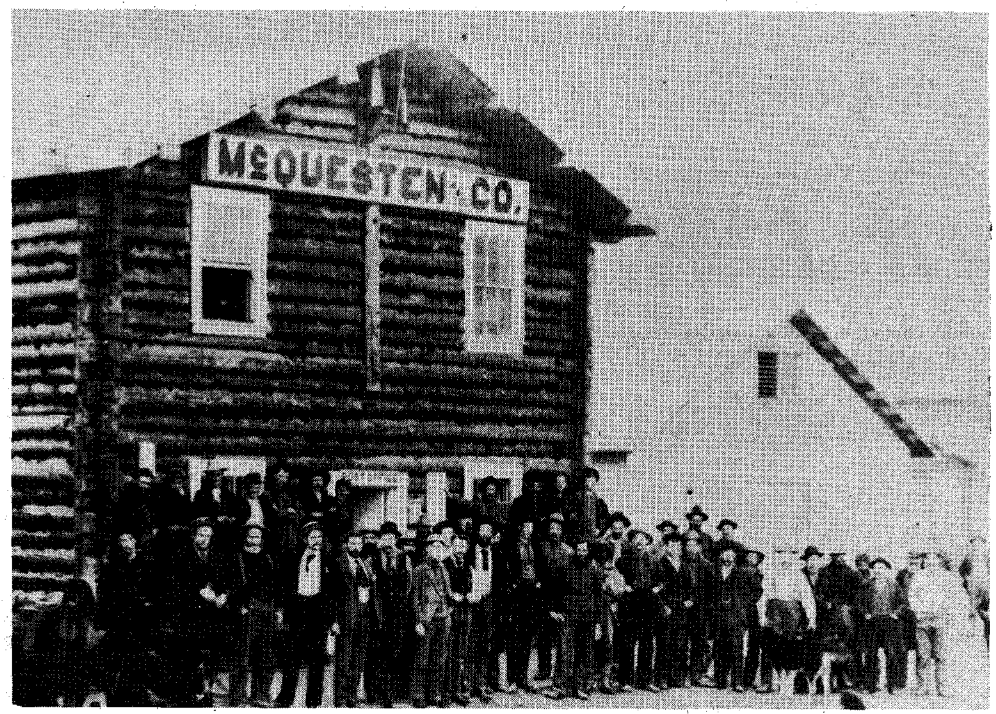
Here the Alaskan Commercial Company had already gained a toe-hold and was ready to supply anyone brave enough to face the Territory's inner wilderness. Jack and his helpers loaded a tiny steamer, the *Yukon*—first of its kind on the Yukon waters—and returned upriver with trade goods. The small vessel had come piggy-back from San Francisco on a sailing ship. Although the new owners knew nothing about steamboat operations, McQuesten was undaunted as they tackled the long river run.

Into a land of not over-friendly natives (what contact they had had with white men, if any, had been bloody encounters with the Russians) but also into the land of the caribou, grizzly bears, foxes, wolves, martens, wolverines—and possibly gold—the little craft puffed its way through uncertain waters. It was a land in which one could travel a thousand miles without seeing a white man, and go years—as McQuesten had done—without eating white flour (or any kind of flour) or sugar.

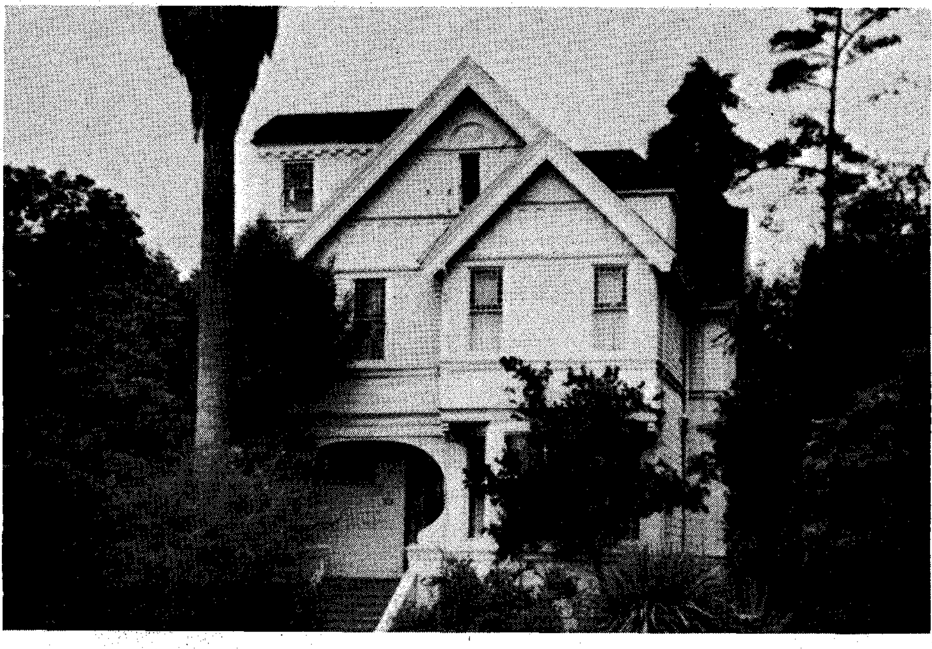
Jack built a cabin at a place called Fort Reliance and traded his goods to the natives for furs. Again he and his partners returned to St. Michael where McQuesten and Al Mayo—a former circus acrobat—were given a franchise for trade on all the river country above Fort Yukon, an almost unexplored region.

For over twenty years Jack engaged in fur trading and prospecting. He had no trouble with the natives though others often had. There was a James Bean who took his wife—the first white woman in the area—upriver to the mouth of the Tanana, and in spite of warnings established a trading post. Bean was not a friendly man, and when Mrs. Bean was shot—probably mistakenly in place of her

(Continued on page 66)


McQUESTEN CO.

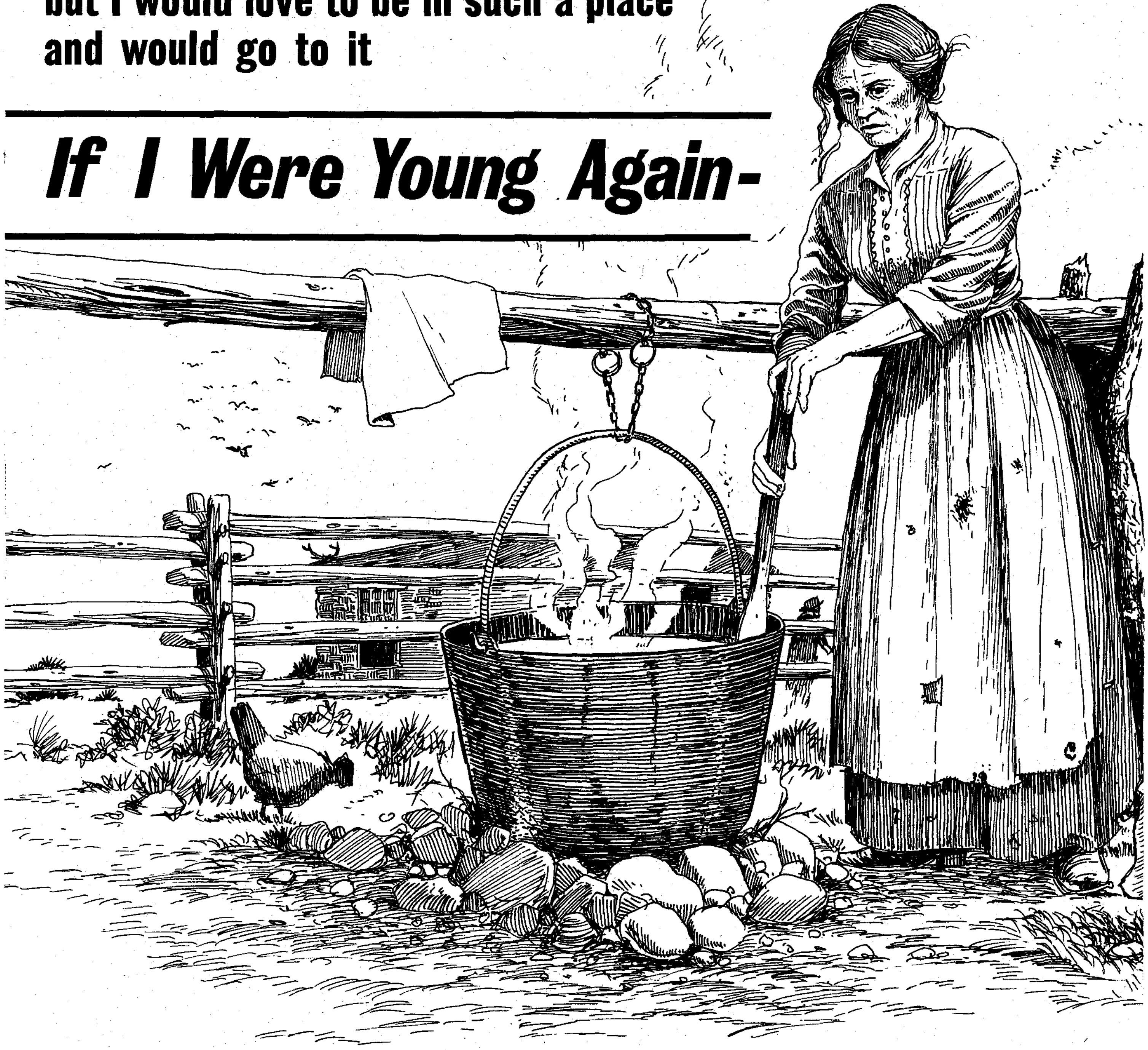
McQuesten's Trading Post in Circle City, the log "Paris" he built.



The home McQuesten built for his family in San Francisco as it looks today. The original tower is gone.

I know some say they would not like such hard times
as we old-timers had,
but I would love to be in such a place
and would go to it

If I Were Young Again-



BY JEAN EHLY

Photos Courtesy Author

Illustrated by Ernest Lisle Reedstrom

WOMEN IN THE WEST had daily opportunity to test their strength, courage and ingenuity. They often were alone for months at a time; they kept house in the crudest of dwellings with the most makeshift furnishings; they spun and wove their own cloth, endured a temperamental climate, and were frequently called upon to be extremely brave in the face of peril. They loved to go to church, whenever they could find one, to bolster the faith that helped them endure.

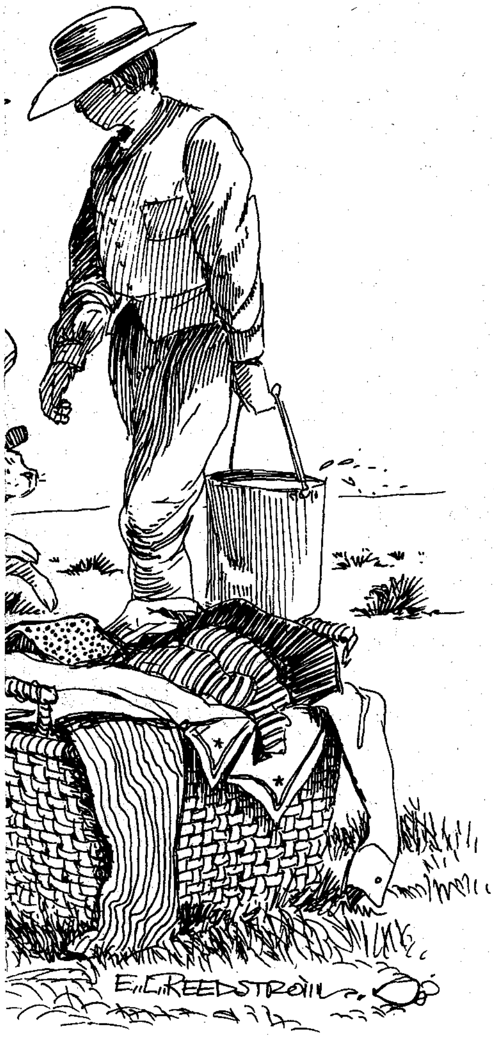
Here are a few excerpts from the pens of such women who in 1909 wrote of their frontier experiences for a history on pioneers.

Mrs. Mary A. Nunley of Thorp Springs, Texas was born in 1848 in Virginia and came to Texas with her family at the age of four to settle in Palo Pinto County.

"My father hired a man and they made two small cabins in which we lived through the winter. There was no lumber so we lived on dirt floors and cooked and ate and slept in the same room . . . .

"We were always on the alert for Indians. If we children went to the Spring to get a bucket of water, we watched to see if an Indian came out from behind a tree or bush. We lived in constant dread of being killed. If the dogs barked, we thought of Indians at once. I was a little girl, but I remember those agonizing fears we lived under. Nobody but those who have had this experience can imagine the fears.

"A neighbor, William Eubank, enclosed his house and yard with tall pickets as a protection against the Indians. One day the men folks were away at work in the field when some of the women or children discovered Indians approaching the house, so they quickly set a bench by the wall and Miss Mary Eubanks put a man's hat on her head, got up on the bench so her hat could be seen by the Indians, then she pointed a gun at them: when they saw the gun, they halted, then turned and went away. Perhaps she saved the whole family by her brave act. Many other women have defended their families from being butchered . . . .



"Women often taught school . . . my mother did in a little log house; the floor was the ground; and logs split open and holes bored in the round side of the log where legs were put in were the benches. We had a plank along one side of the room for a desk and a big crack in the wall gave us light. We also had preaching here by whoever would preach to us . . . .

"After our mother died, we children had to learn to card and spin all the cloth our clothes were made out of. We used bark and leaves from oak and walnut to color the thread with; walnut leaves made such a pretty dark brown and broom weeds made a pretty yellow; we used moss and other things to color with.

"We had to do without lots of conveniences and necessities; for tumblers we would take a long, smooth bottle either black or clear and take a buckskin string and see-saw it around the bottle till it got hot, then drop a little cold water on it and it would come apart. We were quite proud of them to drink milk out of. For forks, we would twist wires together. For soda we would boil weak lye down to a potash after we made a pot of soap, it was a poor makeshift but it was better than nothing. We parched wheat for coffee. I remember we gave $30 for a pair of cotton cards and $5 for a yard of calico, very poor calico at that. We didn't use hardly anything that wasn't homemade. We used to sit up till ten or eleven o'clock carding, spinning and knitting.

"My father found a sabre . . . and made a graining knife out of it. 'What is that?' some of you young people say. It is a lay knife to take the hair and grain from the deer hide when dressing one; they then put the hide in a strong suds made of lye soap and water and a spoon of lard; they let it remain all night by the fire to keep it warm, then they would wring it out as dry as possible, then pull, stretch, and rub till perfectly dry and soft as a cloth and ready for us women to make gloves or pants. I made a shirt out of a fawn skin and colored it yellow with chaparral root . . . .

"We moved to Menard County the fall of 1864. The Indians were troublesome. They came to Fort McKavitt and killed one man and stuck a spear in a girl, she pulled the spear out herself . . . then they stole a large bunch of cattle and drove them off . . . .

"Women never knew when they would have to move. One day after I was married and we were living in Menard County on a ranch, we heard the dogs bark and knew it was Indians. They were slipping into our corral to steal our horses and we'd hear their footsteps. Then we saw about fifteen of them in a war dance a few hundred yards away; we could hear them whooping and yelling and I can't describe my feelings. I had never heard an Indian yell before. There were only two women, two babies and two men in our house and there we were on a ranch five miles out from Menardville. For fear the Indians would come back and burn the house, kill or capture us, we abandoned the ranch and went to Burnet . . . where my husband worked in a store for one year and then we returned to Menardville . . . .

"In Llano County is the story of a woman, Mrs. Friend, who was in a house visiting when the Indians attacked. Mrs. Friend fought the Indians with a smoothing iron and they left her for dead. When they left she was weak from loss of blood but raised up and pulled a quilt from off the bed and laid her head on it. In a short time the Indians returned but she laid just like she was dead so they departed. The next morning when the owner of the house, a Mr. Bradford, returned, she was sitting up smoking . . . ."

MARY A. BLACKBURN.

TALITHA WILSON ENGLISH who contributed to this history, stated, "I wish to step in and say a few words on old times in Texas . . . .

(Continued on page 50)

TALITHA WILSON ENGLISH.

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

BIG THICKET

The Big Thicket (Jenkins Publishing Co., Box 2015, Austin, Texas 78767, $12.50) is by Dr. A. Y. (Pete) Gunter, President of the Big Thicket Association and chairman of the Department of Philosophy at North Texas State University. The sub-title, "a challenge for conservation" is well chosen since this great wilderness area of about 350,000 acrês in southeast Texas is the center of a major national conservation debate. The proposal of a national park in the Big Thicket is not really new and even those in favor of the park do not agree on the size or location of it within the wilderness. The author knows his subject—he writes well of the natural wonders of the area and pays tribute to R. E. Jackson of Silsbee, Lance Rosier, and Senator Ralph W. Yarborough, all leaders in the fight for preservation. The enemy is duly noted and the call for renewing the battle with vigor is loud and clear.

Over and above presenting the problem, this book has much to recommend it. The history of the area is recorded—the ecology of the Thicket is a great story and the numerous photos by Roy Hambric are marvelous indeed. It should be read by all Americans.

BLACK PICTORIAL

John M. Carroll assembled a remarkably effective collection of drawings to illustrate his book *The Black Military Experience* (1917). When he started his quest, he found that only Frederic Remington had been a consistent chronicler of the four great black regiments (the 9th and 10th Cavalry and the 24th and 25th Infantry) that had fought so well on the frontier. Carroll commissioned a number of top contemporary artist-illustrators including Jose Cisneros, Lorence Bjorklund, Nick Eggenhofer and Joe Grandee to prepare the essential illustrations. Not all drawings were used in the book and this led to the publication of *Buffalo Soldiers West* (Old Army Press, $7.00)—a pictorial history of the black military experience in the West. Fifty-two fine illustrations, including many that did appear in *The Black Military Experience in the American West*; brief captions by Carroll; short biographical sketches of the thirteen artists whose works are reproduced, and a brief foreword by the compiler plus an attractive format and good printing make this a bargin. Recommended.

COLORADO SPA

Author Lena M. Urguhart's *Glenwood Springs: Spa in the Mountains* (Pruett, $2.50) is a very good volume of local history. Every phase of the founding and growth of the popular Colorado health center is covered and supported with fine reproductions of a large number of photos. Worthwhile.

INDIAN HISTORY

Robert H. Ruby and John A. Brown, a winning team of authors who wrote *The Spokane Indians* and *A Biography of Chief Moses*, have scored again with another book on Northwest Indians. Their latest, The *Cayuse Indians, Imperial Tribesmen of Old Oregon* (University of Oklahoma Press, $8.95) summarizes the history of this once warlike race now extinct. Living originally in the Blue Mountains of eastern Oregon, the tribe welcomed the first white missionaries, especially Dr. Marcus Whitman and wife Narcissa who established an Indian Mission on the Walla Walla River. Measles killed many Cayuses, and their leaders blamed Whitman and his medicine. Later, in November 1847, some of the tribesmen murdered the Whitmans and twelve others. Following wars, with whites and other Indian tribes, killed off most of the Cayuses and remnants were later absorbed largely by the Nez Perces. The book comes supplemented with several contemporary photographs and drawings, a number of appendices and a large bibliography. Very good.

MOUNTAIN WILD FLOWERS

Those with vacation plans for the Cascades and adjacent mountain ranges can add to their knowledge and pleasure with a copy of *Wildflowers* (Touchstone Press, Beaverton, Oregon 97005, $6.95) by Elizabeth L. Horn. Simple descriptions on plants plus numerous clear colored photographs will help even a rank amateur recognize the showy blooms of wild vegetation that decorate the landscape. Nature lovers wishing to learn about the native flowers are provided a glossary, designs of flower patterns, leaf types and shapes, bibliography plus an excellent guide for photographing wild blooms. Very good.

REMARKABLE WOMAN

Great Plains history buffs and members of the Women's Liberation Front will be charmed by *Frontier Woman, The Life of a Woman on the Dakota Frontier* (University of Wisconsin, River Falls Press, $4.95 hard cover, $3.50 wraps). The story is retold from the original notes and letters of Grace Fairchild, a Wisconsin teacher who went to South Dakota in 1898, by historian Walker D. Wyman. Grace married Shiloh Fairchild, a widower much older than she. They worked their way to the old Sioux Indian cession near Phillip, South Dakota where they homesteaded 160 acres. Virtually imprisoned on the dry farm where cold, drought, heat and grasshoppers would down a quitter, she worked like a horse, bore children nearly every year and slowly accumulated some livestock and 1,440 acres of land. Further handicapped by her poor-managing, horse-trading husband, she finally turned Shiloh out to pasture, reared and educated her family by herself, and became a leader in her county. Good folk history.

GRINNELL MEMOIRS

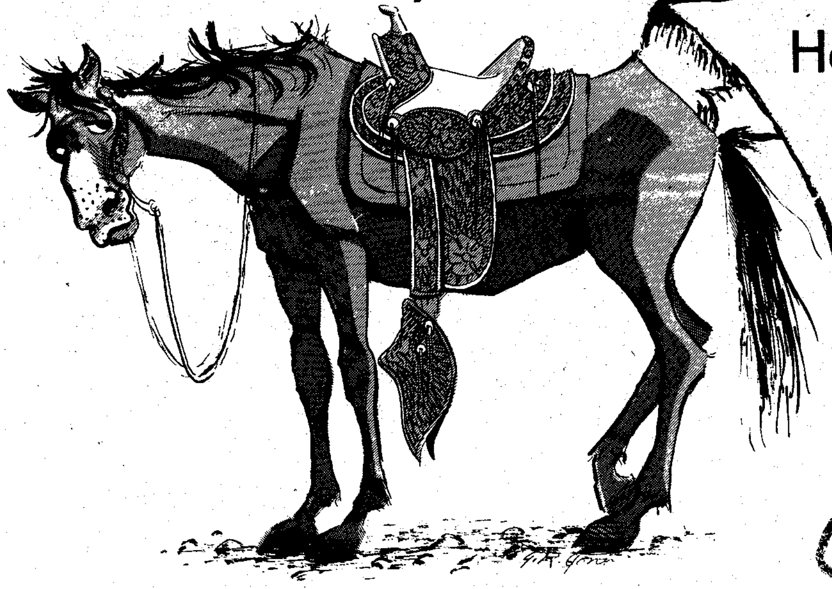
The Passing of the Great West—Selected Papers of George Bird Grinnell (Winchester Press, $8.95) edited by John F. Reiger has been described as a valuable source book for those interested in the Old West and the development of the conservation movement. Much of the volume comes from Grinnell's own previously unpublished manuscript memoir. Son of an admirable family, George Bird Grinnell, (1849-1938), became a big-game hunter, explorer, rancher, naturalist, conservationist, author, and editor of *Forest and Stream*. He joined Othniel C. Marsh's geological expedition, was with Custer in the Black Hills in 1874, and went with Captain William Ludlow, Army Corps of Engineers, on his reconnaissance of Yellowstone Park. Grinnell avidly sponsored fair treatment of Indians and lived with the Cheyennes prior to writing his excellent book on the tribe. Very good.

IDADO MINES

The Ballyhoo Bonanza; Charles Sweeny and the Idaho Mines (University of Washington Press, $10.00) by John Fahey is the biography of a smooth talking Irishman and the evolution of his business, financial and legal efforts which culminated in the Federal Mining and Smelting Company. Fahey's book is based on comprehensive research of personal letters, newspaper files, personal interviews, mining records and legal files. His book, the extensive notes, bibliography, and index will serve as a source reference to students and historians interested in the Northern Idaho and Pacific Northwest mining region. Sweeny, born in New York in 1849, lied about his age and served with the Union Army during the Civil War. He later lied about the age of his fifteen-year-old bride and ended up in jail until he won the sympathy of his in-laws. Never one to be discouraged, he drifted to Mexico, California and Nevada, always returning to the mines though he tried sawmilling and other enterprises. Sweeny arrived in the Coeur d'Alene area of Northern Idaho soon after the gold rush in the area. Using his ability as a talker he was a merchant, claim owner, marshal, and financier. But according to Fahey,

(Continued on page 51)

CHEER UP, PODNAH!



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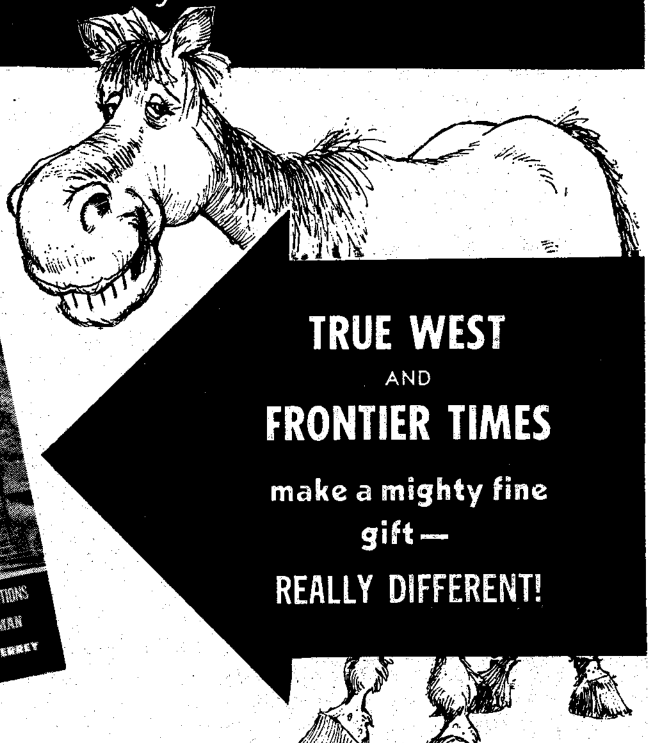
I PACKED AL MORROW OUT OF THE SUPERSTITIONS
THE PHILOSOPHY OF A PIONEER LAWMAN
THE LONE RANGER
LOST LOOT OF MONTERREY



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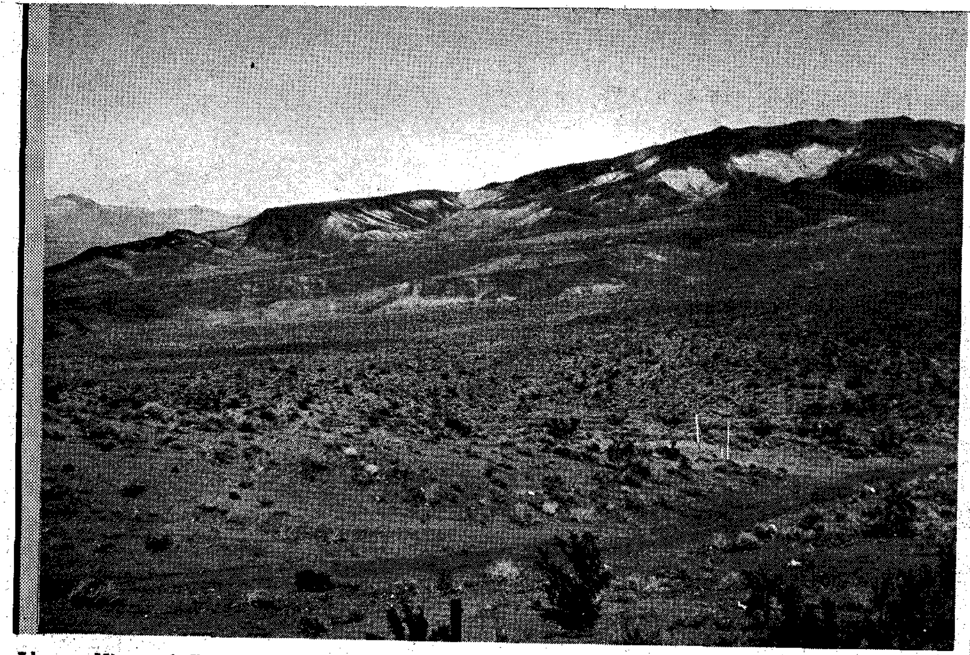


Above: View of Copper Basin from near the entrance to Burro Schmidt's tunnel. Middle top: Tunnel entrance with ore car in foreground that he pushed back and forth through the shaft. Middle bottom: One of the roads leading to the tunnel. Despite the appearance, the road is passable most of the year. Hills in the background have brilliant streaks of yellow, pink, silver and grey. Right top: The exit of Burro Schmidt's remarkable tunnel is examined by two small boys and their dog. Right bottom: Another road to the tunnel. Bottom left: A tourist viewing the entrance from tunnel shaft.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA'S upper Mojave Desert has a colorful past, but for sheer determination and relentless drive no story of the region eclipses that of "Burro" Schmidt. All alone he chiseled and blasted a 2,100-foot tunnel completely through the hard rock of the El Paso Mountains. It seems almost incredible that one man, with no outside help and only a jack hammer and paltry amounts of explosives, could have accomplished such a project.

Schmidt had no money and knew nothing of hard rock mining when he started, yet he was able to dig a precise, horizontal shaft, five feet wide and seven feet high, completely through a granite mountain and to exit exactly where he planned. It took thirty-two years of toil and perseverance.

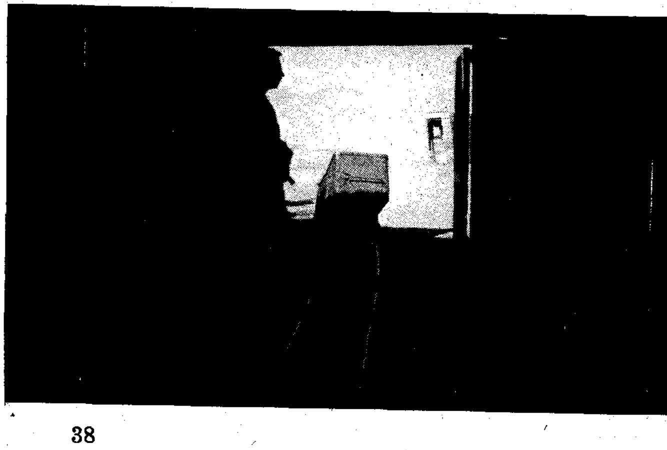
Shortly after locating several promising claims on the "inside" of the El Paso Range he realized that transporting any ore he mined to the few smelters in the area would require miles of road building over rugged terrain. A tunnel through Copper Mountain to a spot overlooking a road in the open Mojave Desert seemed a sensible solution. But after starting work on the tunnel he did very little work on his claims, seemingly becoming obsessed with his one-man tunnel project.

Although it was known to only a few in the West, his proper name was William Henry Schmidt. He acquired the sobriquet "Burro" because for about twenty-five years his only real companions were the same two burros. He was born in Rhode Island in 1871 into a family plagued with tuberculosis. Six brothers and sisters died of the disease and when he thought he also might have it, he worked his way to California looking for the high, dry climate that was then called "the only cure." Within a year he decided that he was well and went back East. He did not remain long. Either fear of the malady or the lure of the wide open West brought him back to the Mojave Desert about 1900.

By this time most of the sensational mining activities farther north in Bodie, Coso, Cerro Gordo, Darwin, Panamint, and other places had dwindled to almost nothing. The 1890s had witnessed some activitiy in the El Paso Range at Last Chance Canyon and nearby Redrock Canyon, Bonanza Gulch, and Summit Dry Digging, but the finding of the fabulous Yellow Aster mine at Randsburg—about 175 miles north of Los Angeles—in 1895 was the strike that brought prospectors by the thousands to the area, Schmidt among them.

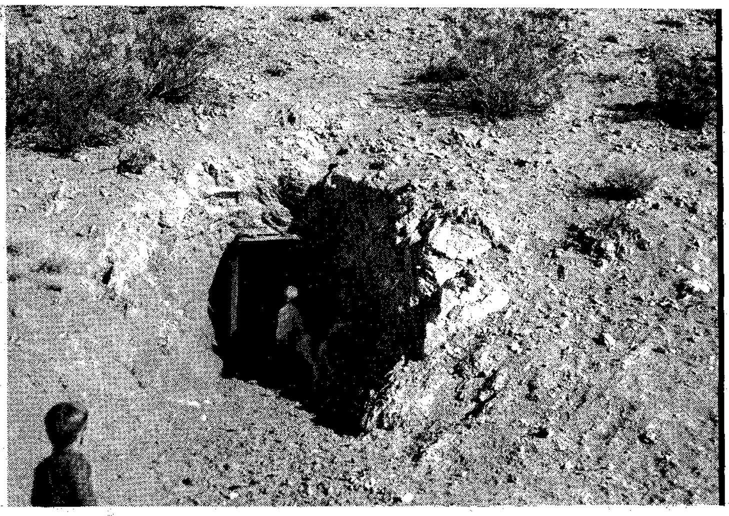
He knew little of prospecting for precious metals but he located several claims on what he later named Copper Mountain. A few of them he leased to a mining development company but they failed to show promise and the lease was abandoned. The claims lay unworked for several years while Schmidt prospected elsewhere, but eventually—still believing them to be worthwhile—he decided to dig through the mountain.

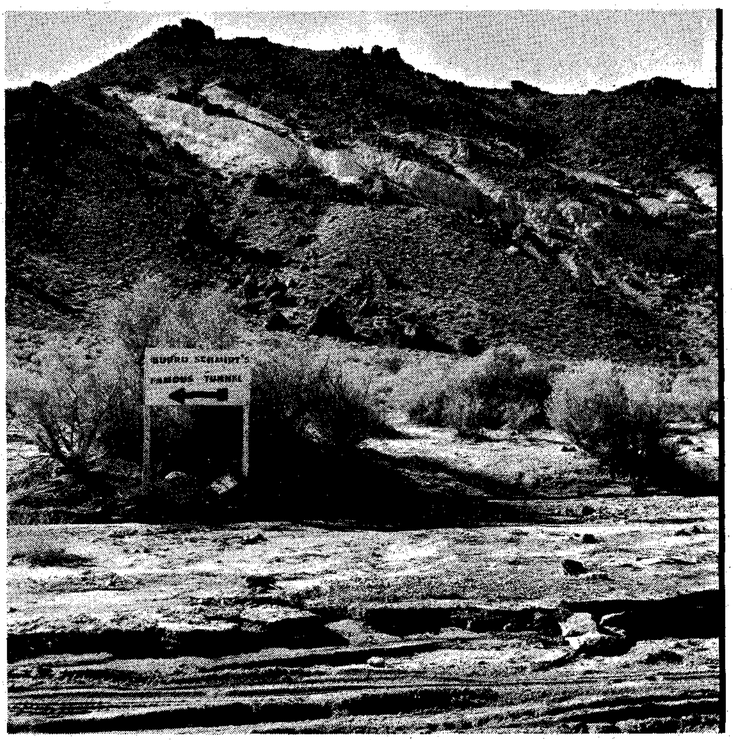
IT was 1906; Theodore Roosevelt was President of the United States; a great earthquake and fire had just about leveled San Francisco; Death Valley Scotty was making arrangements for his (then) fast train ride across the United

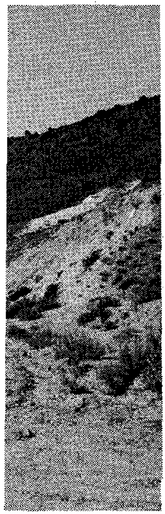


BURRO

—it may b







BY
GEORGE
F.
JACKSON

Photos Courtesy Author

States, a ride that was to bring him fame as "an incredible desert character with a secret gold mine." And in the rocky wilderness of the El Pasos, another desert character was starting an unbelievable task—a task which would take him the rest of his life to complete, and one which would stamp him as one of the most tenacious individuals the West has ever known.

He started with a four-pound hammer and a hand drill he made himself, peck-

(Continued on page 56)

T'S TUNNEL

a one-man mining venture

ONE GREEN ACRE OF DREARY EARTH

What made Glen seem lovelier than other places the people couldn't say. It was only a tiny settlement—a child-like town that would die young . . .

BY TOM BARKDULL

Photos Courtesy Author

THE desolate ghost towns of this country's Midwest—those few that have eluded the plow, withstood devastating winter blizzards and searing summer chinooks—are the loneliest, most forsaken ghosts of all. Glen, South Dakota—a crumbling souvenir of frontier days on the Great Plains—is a classic reflection of that era when dreamers challenged the unbroken grasslands of America's midsection—and won.

Glen took root as a prairie community in the 1880s, primarily to serve the sodbusters who had settled too far from the nearest town to obtain necessary provisions and services. Soon a school, called Pleasant Hill, was established just north of town. Although the schoolhouse was small, the popularity of the teacher—John F. Wicks—was great enough to attract an initial enrollment of nineteen pupils, representing more than half the children in the entire county.

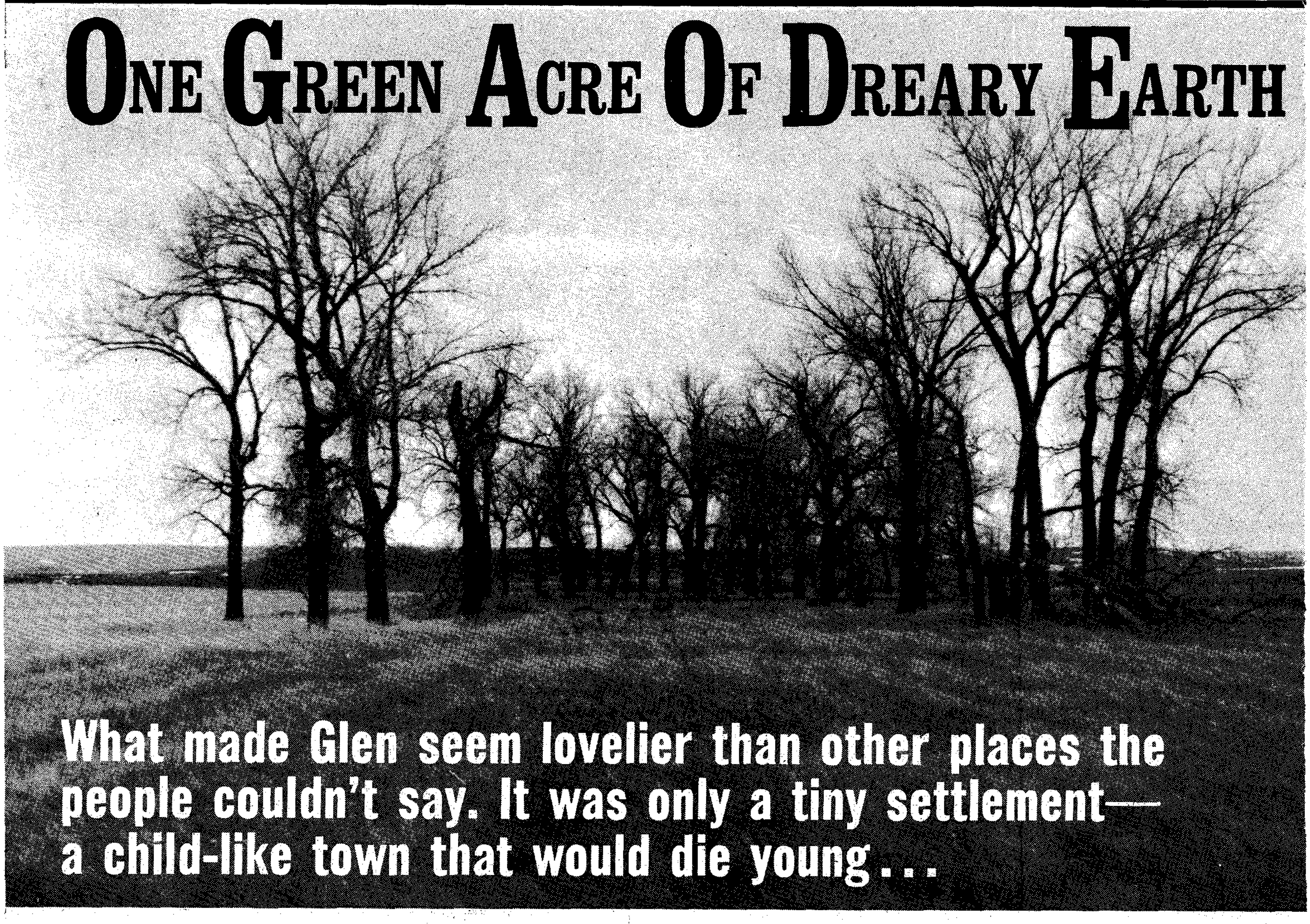
So it was that the tiny, isolated settlement and its school were still striplings when the Great Blizzard of January 1888 swept over the bleak land, most certainly taking its greatest toll in the Glen area. That terrifying experience is best described by Wicks' own notes, written a few days after the storm.

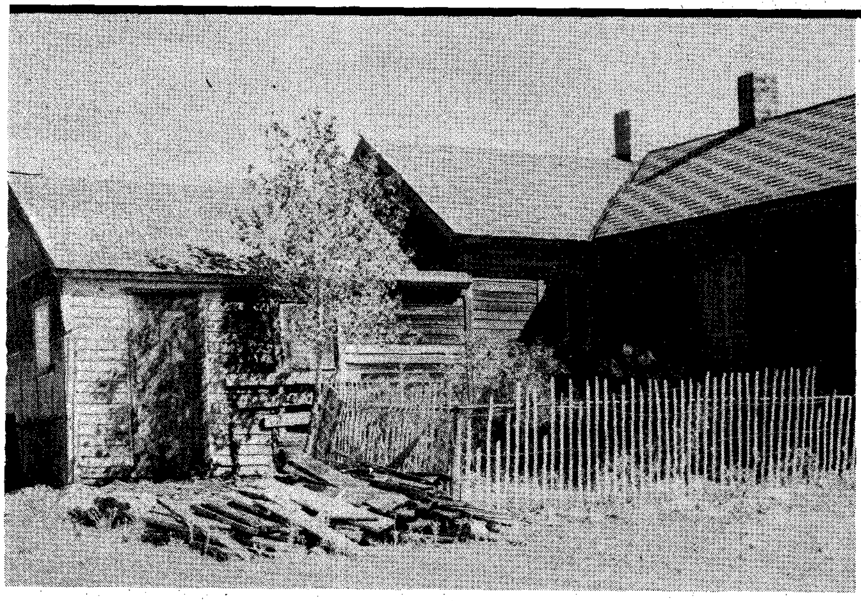
"The day preceding, it snowed and drifted all day, wind in the south. Thursday morning there was a double ring visible around the sun, a light wind from the south, a dull, obscure, hazy atmosphere, with the temperature about freezing. The children all reached school earlier than usual on account of a storm coming from the northwest, working up against the wind. After school was called I did not notice the storm until it struck the house. The wind suddenly shifted to the northwest and in an instant we were in a fierce, blinding storm of snow and sleet. Ten feet was beyond the limit of vision unless you looked the way the wind was blowing. The temperature fell rapidly, the wind blew the snow under the door, up from the floor, in the windows and even from above, so that with careful and constant attention the room was kept barely comfortable.

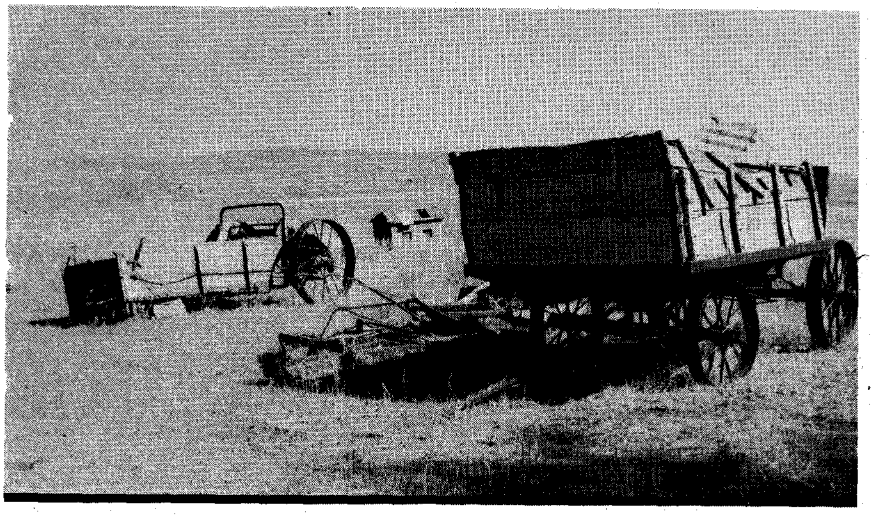
"Noon came—no abatement. Very few ventured out of the house. Spent all noon in getting coal in and shoveling snow from the coal house, which was nearly full of snow. Recess—gale increased, if anything. Night came—no stop whatever in the storm, and we came to the conclusion to stay in the schoolhouse all night. I asked the boys to help do chores, bring in enough coal to last all night, while I went to a neighbor's house (150 yards away) and see what arrangements could be made, leaving orders for no one to leave the house till I came back.

"Started for the neighbor's (side wind) which I reached without difficulty, obtained wraps for the children, then returned. Travelled by guess, for seeing was out of the question; the wind was no guide—as shifting and deceitful as the Will-o-the-wisp. My scheme was to get the girls to the neighbor's, then the boys and I would bunk in the schoolhouse. Told the boys to get more coal in so not to go out in the night, and be sure not to leave the house while I took the girls to the neighbor's. Nine girls and one big boy (19 years old) joined hand-in-hand to follow me, thus leaving me free to lead the way, the big boy behind.

"Halfway over I turned to see if all were coming and found the line broken and children scattered. Stopped, got all together and tried to keep together, but by turning lost my bearings (put yourself in my place). Placed wraps over them and told them not to move until we knew which way to go. In a few moments I found the big rocks (130 feet due east of the house), and moved the girls there and bunched them again. They were crying with the cold then and the big boy said he was freezing. The snow and sleet cut our faces so we would almost smother and yet couldn't see a particle; the wind would whirl every way, yet we all knew







Opposite page: Stark, autumn trees still stand along Buttermilk Street. Top left: The last house in Glen, South Dakota. Top right: Burials date from 1891 to 1906 in the Glen cemetery. Left: Long abandoned wagon and manure spreader. Above: Foundation and cellar of old Glen store.

we were less than 150 feet from the house. But which way was west? Horror of horrors!

"I placed the boy as far from the girls as he could see, then I went as much farther from him. This was done several times in different directions, and at last I found the cuttings near the house; got down on my hands and knees, found the row and followed that until I knew I was near, or ought to be near, the house; pulled the ice from my face and beheld the house not more than twenty feet from where I stood. I lost no time in getting the children in, who were all crying piteously with the cold.

"We were about fifteen minutes outside, but nearly all were frosted, several pretty badly, so much so that fingers, faces and feet were blistered. I undid the wraps, put frozen limbs in water and did all I could before I knew that the boy had been 'touched.'

"The lady spread bread and butter for the boys, and we started back. While those doings were going on the sun had gone down, the boy was afraid to go, and the best policy being not to risk chances again of a night on the prairie, with the snow for a winding sheet if we went back. Nobody cared for supper; all went to bed to keep warm; 14 persons in a 14 x 20 house; sleep was out of the question. Between midnight and 1 a.m. the wind lulled for a few minutes. I arose, dressed and started for the schoolhouse, which I reached without mishap. All were safe around the fire where we stayed till broad daylight. The thermometer registered 30 degrees below zero, with a stiff wind blowing from the northwest. A truly happy man, thinking what was and what might have been, I thank the Father of all Mercies for care and guidance.

"My mitten had been wet when shoveling snow and getting in coal, so when I first pulled it off it became stiff as a board, at least I could not get my hand in it. That hand, the right, was frozen badly, blisters on my wrist as large as a dollar; face 'touched' a little, hand is still sore so I can hardly use it with any comfort, and everything hits it.

"Saturday I turned out to help hunt for the dead, was gone all day. Mr. Byers (C. H. will remember him) was found four miles from home, frozen stiff."

(signed)
John F. Wicks, January 12, 1888

THE BLIZZARD exacted a like toll from every part of the country. Five were found frozen to death, with many more having to undergo amputations of fingers, toes, hands, arms and legs. But the rugged little community didn't falter; it buried its dead, then turned to the task of forgetting.

In 1893 Glen was granted a post office. Then in 1898 the Glen Creamery was opened, and soon enjoyed such regional fame that the main street was known throughout the area as Buttermilk Street.

Because records of Glen are few and scattered, much credit is due N. J. Dunham, early-day county attorney who left, among his diaries and notes, informative and descriptive word-pictures of the village when its future seemed assured.

In one of his accounts Mr. Dunham wrote: "I was at Glen, really the loveliest spot it has been my good luck to see in the state. Glen is certainly a beautiful place. Why it is more lovely than other places, or what makes it seem so, I cannot tell. The grass is no greener, the soil no better, the crops no more abundant, the sun no brighter, the hills no higher, nor the valley no smoother. Yet, all these things are combined in such a way that one can't help saying, 'Delightful.' Someday when the railroad reaches it, tired men and women will go there to lounge in the shade, fish in the pools, and rest."

He also noted that Glen was only one acre in size, but had a spacious town hall. Of course his vision of the railroad's ar-

(Continued on page 60)

NUGGETS

THE OLD ASH HOPPER

By Rhoda Anderson Smith

WHEN I was a little girl we lived in the Ozark Mountains where my father, James William Anderson, had a sawmill. As there was no lye available in those days (in the 1890s and early 1900s), Papa always made an ash hopper wherever we moved the sawmill. All the men who worked for him did the same.

The top box of the ash hopper was built on the order of a pig trough. It was about thirty inches long with both ends closed and a small crack was left in the bottom. The bottom box was about thirty-six inches long by eighteen inches wide and eighteen inches deep. The whole was made of rough lumber, of course, and then the cracks in the lower box were sealed with pine pitch. It was held together with posts of oak or hickory, crossed in the middle and nailed securely to the boxes.

All the ashes from the stoves or fireplaces (preferably oak or hickory ash) were put in the top box; if there had been no rain, then water had to be poured in on the ashes. The water that dropped through into the lower box was lye water and used for washing clothes and for making homemade lye soap.

We had a big black iron pot and when they butchered hogs they put all the fat trimmings into the black pot and built a slow fire under it so it wouldn't scorch. We had a wooden paddle with holes in it and used to stir the fat until the fat was boiled out of the cracklings. That night the fire was pulled away from the pot and it cooled out and the cracklings came to the top.

These would be skimmed off and the lard taken out of the kettle and put in stone jars for future use. They put the cracklings back in the pot, put a fire under it, and a lot of lye water. I don't remember how much, but they boiled it hard until all the cracklings were eaten up, after which they pulled the fire away and let the mixture cool again until morning. All that was left to do was cut the soap out in bars. In later years when borax became available we could have white soap; before, it was always yellow.

Papa's sawmill at that time was southeast of Salina in Indian Territory. The big black pot we used was from the salt lick on the banks of Grand River where Indians and old-timers boiled down the water which bubbled up a couple of feet. There were dozens of these salt geysers. When the salt makers left they abandoned the large pots. One is now on display at the Salina, Oklahoma park.

When Grand Lake was made the geysers disappeared. I was there four years ago and things had changed completely. It sure spoiled old memories.

Ash hopper with builder, J. M. Smith.

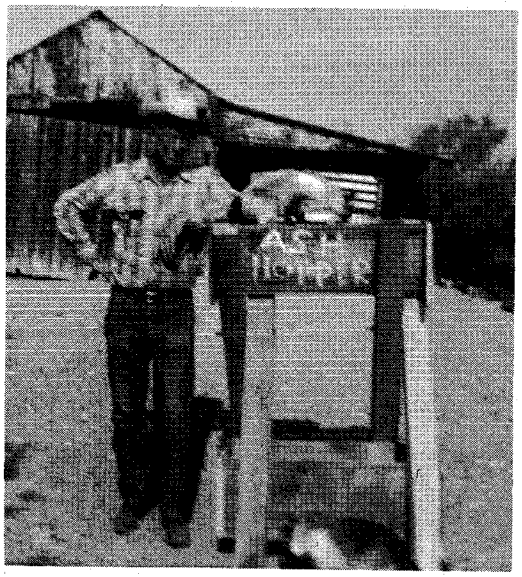


Photo Courtesy Author

The little house built on the homestead.

MY FRIEND THE WOLF

By E. N. Turnquist

FROM age seventeen to twenty I served three years as an apprentice brick mason in the United States, and soon thereafter left for Canada to work at my trade in the western provinces. It was about 1912.

The winters are cold in most of Canada and building almost comes to a halt, so I returned to Winnepeg from the West, and intended to return to the States until I made friends with Harry White, another brick mason. He knew some men who were homesteading in northern Manitoba, and suggested that we file near them and spend the winter up there, then we could stay on or go back to our trade in the spring.

We filed on a quarter-section of land on the Canadian Northern R.R. at Camper, Manitoba about 110 miles north of Winnepeg, between Lake Winnepeg and Lake Manitoba, south of Hudson's Bay. We built a nice shack of windfall trees and lumber, which we brought in from the railroad five miles away with our friends' team of oxen. All life, we soon found, was geared to the gait of the oxen, and anyone can walk faster than they do. They never even trot, let alone run, just walk.

We dug a hole beneath the floor of the

The neighbor family and their oxen.

shack, about six feet across and six feet deep, as our game cellar; nature provided refrigeration. We also built a fireplace of stone boulders and installed an old fashioned wood-burning cookstove. Plenty of windfall trees were there for cutting into firewood. We made a bed, table, chairs, and everything else we needed; we also obtained some things at the one general store at Camper—mostly staples. Soon we were ready to stock our game cellar and to have our friends over for our shack-warming.

There was Walter; he was the law in our new and interesting area, a man afraid of no one, neither man nor beast, but gentle and fair always. There was Bob, another brick mason; and Charles, a remittance man from England; and Scottie the Scotsman—all homesteaders, all bachelors.

Small game was most plentiful just outside our own door—rabbits that were snow white in winter, partridges, and prairie chickens. We oiled our shotguns, made a circle of our 160 acres, and had all the rabbits that we could carry. These we skinned and cleaned, and hung in our cellar to freeze for future use. For partridges and prairie chickens we used .22 rifles, and the latter were hard to get; it was not easy to get close enough. Most of the time the temperature was around 40 below zero, and at times went down to 60 below. It usually was around 30 below in our shack in the morning if our fireplace was banked for the night, and the cookstove was out. Either Harry or I would jump out of bed, spread the live coals in the fireplace and add wood, light the cook stove which we had laid the night before, and jump back into bed and await the warmup. We wore tassel caps in bed to keep our heads warm.

Our clothing was regular long woolen underwear, with a suit of chamois skin underwear over that, four pairs of wool socks, moccasins, sweaters, mackinaw coats, and tassel caps. We removed our chamois skin suit when we went to bed, but the woolen underwear was on for good—for the entire winter.

Somehow I got stuck with the cooking, as Harry pleaded no experience. I even learned to bake bread. We had to improvise to get the white bread to rise, as it was so cold during the night. We obtained a barrel and drilled some holes around it for ventilation, then set a lighted lantern turned real low in the barrel to burn all night to keep the dough warm. It worked. In the morning the dough was oozing over the pan edges, as the pan fit into the barrel top.

Photos Courtesy Author

We had coffee bread painted with butter, and sprinkled with sugar and cinnamon on top. The Hudson's Bay Company had a product known as cracked wheat flour—very coarse, the whole wheat kernel crushed. We purchased this and obtained milk from one of the homesteaders who had a cow. We let the milk stand on the back of the stove to sour, then mixed it with the flour, soda and salt, and popped it into the oven. No yeast action, just mix and bake, wonderful!

WE were now ready to get our supply of elk steaks for the winter, so the .30-30 rifles were brought out. The good old oxen-drawn bobsled was loaded with a tent, collapsible stove, hay, and some other food. It would take a day or more to get where we were going, and we could have walked it faster but needed the oxen to haul our meat back.

We arrived on time and set up camp. There was Walter, Bob, Charles, Scottie, Harry and me. No one wanted to sleep, and the stove made it too hot to stay in the tent although it was 40 below outside. At daybreak the hunt started and in a short time we had enough elk. We dressed them out and cooked a steak dinner, then the trek home was on.

Our shack became a gathering place for the boys, and many an evening and far into the night we would sit in front of the fireplace, telling our stories, experiences, and adventures. News was only word of mouth. Now and then a newspaper or magazine might show up when one of us went to the store at the siding, a ten-mile round trip walk. We did read Robert Service. In fact, I still can recite "The Cremation of Sam McGee" by heart. We also sang a few old songs as best we could, sour notes and all.

Where there was much small game, such as rabbits; there also were many coyotes; they lived off the rabbits, as we did in part. All night long they would run rabbits and howl us to sleep. When we opened our door in the morning, rabbits would run in all directions. They were there to eat anything we might throw out during the day, and they liked anything salty.

Christmas was soon to be with us; sure, we had Christmas trees and Northern Lights and much to be thankful for, but boys will be boys and we wanted to have a Christmas party. Since Christmas "cheer" was more than 100 miles away in Winnepeg, I left early one morning right after midnight, to walk to the siding at Camper to board a mixed train for the city. I carried an empty suitcase. It took most all day to get there but I was standing once again under a light in front of the Queens Hotel and watching the horses and carriages go by, as well as pretty girls who by now had become quite a novelty.

In the morning I had my suitcase filled with Canadian Club; the price then was eighty cents per full quart—so this was one advantage to being alive sixty years ago! I also gathered together some reading matter before heading back home.

The boys and the oxen were at the siding to meet me, we went to our shack, and the party got underway. Reading the papers and magazines was a treat to one and all. It was a grand Christmas week, one I always remembered.

WATER was a constant problem for us, as the snow was so light it had very little water content. The sun would be out brightly for the short daylight that we had in winter but it seemed to have no warmth, so the snow did not melt and pack. We could melt snow for coffee, but for other uses it was slow, indeed. One day Scottie and I loaded our water barrel on the bobsled and headed the oxen for a slough about a mile from our shack to get some water and to give the oxen a drink while there. We had a small hatchet with us to chop a hole in the ice.

We arrived at the slough, cut a hole in the ice and watered the oxen, and were about to fill our barrel when we saw what we at first thought was a coyote leaving the timber and trotting toward us in a direct line. This was unusual, for they run the other way from humans. As the animal came nearer we saw it was a timber wolf, the size of a large dog. I had the hatchet in my right hand and the oxen just stood as they always do, paying no attention.

The wolf came right along at the same dog trot to within ten feet of me, and there he stopped. We just stood still, looking at one another; he made no noise, did not seem angry, did not show his teeth. After about two long minutes of this silent treatment, I held out my left hand (the hatchet was in my right), and said as gently as I could, "Come, let's be friends."

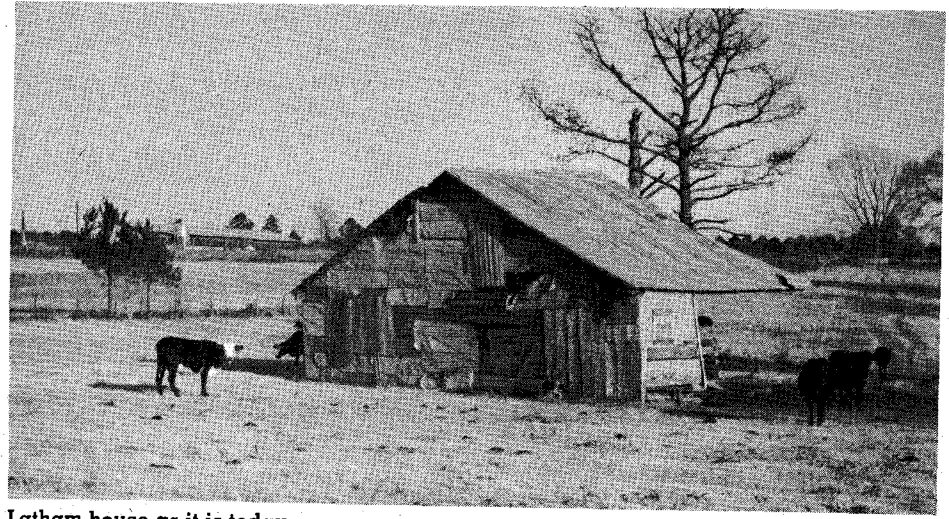
All of the time I was apprehensive that he could be the forerunner of a wolf pack that was waiting in the timber and, if so, we were in trouble. But the wolf took one step forward, stopped, stood still in silence, then turned and trotted off in another direction, not back into the timber. To this day I think he understood and possibly was lonely, as we also were at times, out in our cold wide-open spaces. If he had attacked with a high spring upon me, it is questionable if I would be here to relate this adventure, as a man with a small hatchet is no match for a wolf; but he did not attack, he was my friend.

THE LATHAM HOUSE

By Hazel Miller Brittain

HIGHWAY 139 winds through the rolling green hills of the Toledo Lake country in Shelby County, Texas. Motorists in this new recreation area will note the neat modern homes that dot the countryside. But directly across the road from one of these homes stands an old log barn partially covered with siding. Few will give it a second glance.

This building has an interesting history. Many insist that it is the oldest home—still standing—in Texas. Certainly it is *one* of the oldest. This was the first home of John and Susan Latham, the first Anglo-Saxons to establish a permanent residence in the entire Teneha



Latham house as it is today. Photo Courtesy Author

Territory of East Texas. Various history books agree with local tradition on this fact.

John Latham came to Tenaha Territory (now Shelby County) in 1817. He was from Tennessee. Two years later he built the house. About four years later he married Susan, whose family was from Kentucky. My own great-great-grandparents, Moses and Amanda Roberts, moved from Tennessee in the 1830s and became their neighbors.

The Latham cabin, moved in recent years, once occupied the choice site across the road where the new house now stands. It was unusually well built—strong enough to withstand the assaults of the Indians who still occupied much of the area and were nervous over the encroachment of the whites. A stairway led to a small attic room. The most remarkable feature of the house was a hidden trapdoor that led to a large cellar room carved from solid rock common to the soil of that area. This room was used by the Lathams and others as a refuge during Indian attacks. Notable men stopped by the Latham cabin as they traveled through the wilderness—Sam Houston, Adolphus Sterne, and Alexander Hamilton when he came to establish a trading post on the Sabine River a few miles away.

The cellar became a refuge many times from 1839 to 1844. This was during that grievous time of the Regulator-Moderator Feud. Joe Goodbread, husband of my great-aunt Susan Todd, was the first man to be killed. There was little of right and much that was wrong on both sides. Almost 200 of these stubborn frontiersmen were killed (accounts vary) before peace was restored when General Travis J. Broocks and 600 troops arrived on the scene. President Sam Houston followed them a short time later.

John and Susan lived in the log house many years. Later as their family grew they built a larger place, but the old house was cherished as their first home and was kept in good repair. For a century, various ones of their children occupied it. The last of these was their son Sam Houston Latham and his wife Rebecca Payne Latham. Rebecca outlived her husband by many years. Known affectionately by all of us—her neighbors— as "Aunt Becky" she was proud of her neat little home with its big shady yard, and enjoyed telling something of its history. She died May 17, 1918 a few months before her eightieth birthday and was buried in the family graveyard near the old cabin. All of the land has passed now into other hands. Mrs. Ruby Bell owns most of the farm. Several historical and civic organizations have shown an interest in preserving this old cabin for future generations; there was talk of moving it to the Log Cabin Village in Fort Worth or to another state park, but so far nothing has come of these plans.

Meanwhile the old displaced landmark stands forlornly in the pasture with its memories—while many of us keep hoping that Aunt Becky's little house may yet find a home.

THE MONTANA HIDE LAW

By W. R. Miller

BACK in the late 1890s and the early 1900s the big cattle spreads of the Northwest began selling out, especially the big eastern and foreign syndicates who owned the majority of the larger outfits. The millions of acres of free government land they had been using for grazing purposes was being checkerboarded with squatters and homesteaders.

It wasn't a question of the land involved—there was still enough land for all concerned—but these early settlers were not of the dirt farming variety. They were in most part ex-cowboys whose employment by the big ranchers was limited mostly to spring and fall roundup operations, which left the cowboy with a lot of idle, very unprofitable time on his hands. So, as there was no one else to work for, these cowboys cut loose on their own. They either squatted on or homesteaded a tract of land, built a dirt-roofed log cabin or a dugout, then with a cottonwood pole corral and a fenced-in horse pasture they were all set up for business.

The only business that large country was engaged in at the time was either cattle, horses or sheep. There was no money in horses, and sheep to a cattleman was just a dirty word. There were, however, thousands of cattle on the open range to which these ambitious ex-cow waddies began to turn their attention.

Some of them worked for the big outfits at roundup time and while riding circle would by-pass a bunch of cows and calves in the breaks, then after the calves were weaned they would slip back and slap their own brand on them.

In the cow country any unbranded animal— calf or colt—that was weaned from its mother was a maverick, and belonged to the first person who burned a brand on it.

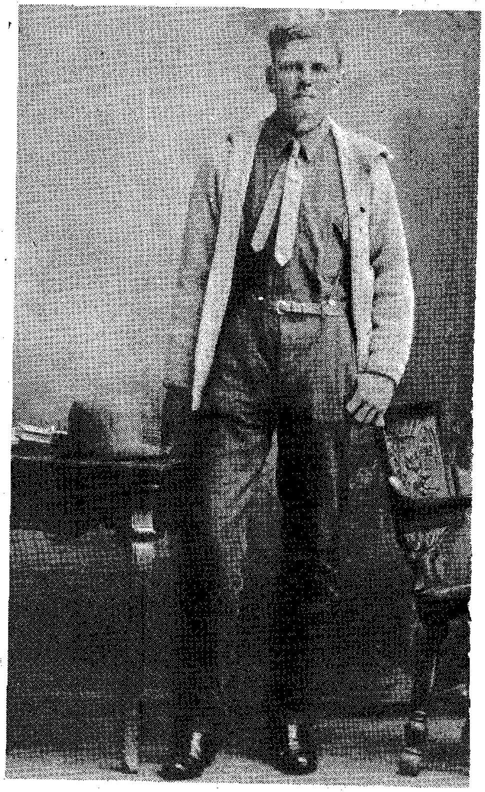
These boys managed to get by in the summer time, but when winter set in it was tough sledding and they sought another source of income. This problem they solved by rustling some more of the big men's cattle, butchering them, and peddling the meat in town. The buyer got a quarter of frozen beef for a whole lot less than he would have paid for it at the meat market; and the meat peddler went back home with a load of supplies.

THE ranchers soon felt the pinch and put up a squawk, and the Montana State Legislature passed a law making it unlawful for anyone to sell butchered beef without producing the hide so that the meat buyer, officer of the law, or anyone else could examine the hide and see what brand it bore. This law was generally referred to as the "hide law."

As often happens, however, there was a loophole in this law big enough for a bull to walk through. It didn't say anything about disposing of the hide after the meat was sold, so the meat peddler took the hide back home with him and used it over and over again.

The general practice of these cow thieves was to butcher one of their own animals in the fall with their brand on it; the hide was folded up and placed in the wagon with the meat when he went to town. The next animal he killed would belong to someone else, so the brand would be cut out and burned and the rest of the hide cut into strips and scattered about.

The author, photographed in Helena, Montana in the spring of 1916, shortly before he joined the army. Photo Courtesy Author



Coyotes would help scatter it even farther. The original hide in the wagon would freeze hard as a rock and no one would bother to examine it. One cow thief was heard to complain, "Guess I will have to kill another of my own critters; all the hair has wore off that hide I been hauling around."

There was one old-timer who ran a stopping place on the Jordan Trail north of Miles City, who was reputed to have stolen more cattle one way or another than any other man in Montana.

In 1909 he wasn't too young anymore. To look at him, he reminded you more of a fat old storekeeper than the badman he really was—he was credited with killing three or four men in his time. The old man supplemented his small income from running a road ranch by butchering and selling stolen beef. The sheriff put a deputy to riding circle around his place, trying to catch him bringing in stolen cattle, but no luck.

One day a young man came walking along the road and asked for a job. The old man said he didn't need any help. The stranger then asked if he could work for his board until someone came along who would give him a job. That was agreeable.

A few days later the old man brought in a fat heifer wearing someone else's brand, and he and the young man butchered her. "Bury the hide in the manure pile," were the orders. Early next morning the young man complained of not feeling well and hitched a ride into town to get some medicine. That evening the young man, who turned out to be a stock detective, came riding back big as life at the head of a posse of deputy sheriffs. (No lawman ever came after the old man alone.)

"Dig in the manure pile," said the young man in an authoritative voice. They dug, and soon dragged out a hide which they spread out for inspection.

"Why, this hide's got your brand on it. Why bury it in the manure pile?" exclaimed one of the deputies.

The old man, who had been standing by idly replied, "Any law ag'in it?" Evidently he had became suspicious of his new hand's trip to town, and had hurriedly butchered one of his own heifers and switched hides.

As time went on, he became careless, and one day found himself in court where he was ordered to produce the hides of some beef he had butchered and sold. The old man finally accounted for all but about six head, saying that if he had a little more time he could find the hides. The judge gave him thirty days in which to produce them. As the crusty old character left the courtroom he was heard to remark that he could *make* six hides in thirty days. Some old-timers who knew of his ability with a branding iron agreed that he could do it, too.

The hide law has since been amended, and although it is now more rigid and more strictly enforced, a lot of cattle are still stolen in Montana. As for the old man (whose name I well remember) I left that part of Montana not long after and I don't know how he came out with the law.

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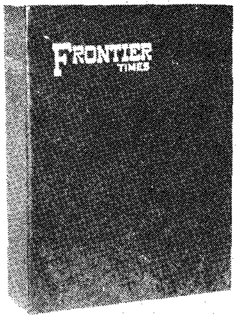

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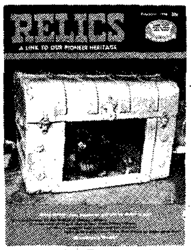
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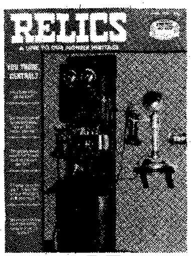
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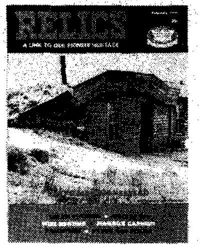
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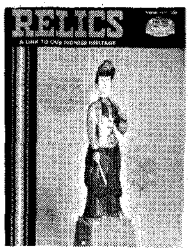
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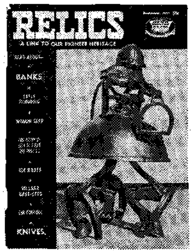
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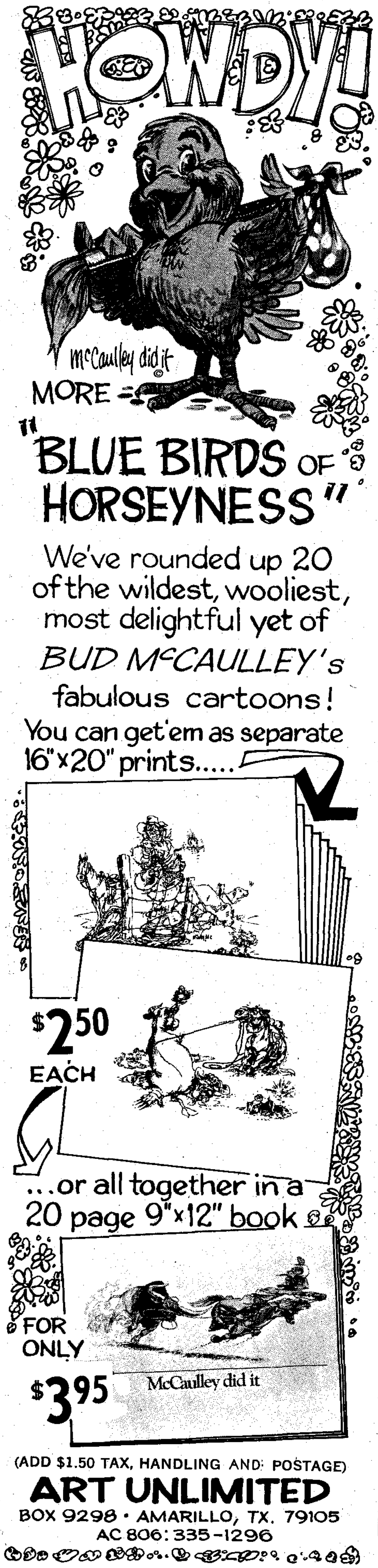

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If I Live To Be a Hundred . . .

(Continued from page 26)

"I was put in the baggage car. It was a hot summer night and the baggage man had his back to me. I was getting desperate with that hot blanket over my head so I took it off and rolled over and said to the baggage man, 'Will you roll me a smoke?' He, of course, had thought I was dead and I guess if the train had been going slower he would have jumped off.

"'What in hell is the matter with you?' he said. I told him I had a broken leg. He said, 'Can you wiggle your toes?' I could, on my right foot. 'Your leg isn't broke,' he said. But I told him I had to get to a hospital anyway, so they took me up to the Mercy Hospital.

"The doctors came that night, about four of them, and said my left leg was broken in six places. One doctor said he would have to cut it off but I said, 'No!' He said, 'Well, it will rot off.' But I talked him out of the idea. 'A one-legged cowpuncher is no good, so we can all go down the same hole. I don't want my leg cut off!'

"I was in the hospital a long time and finally got sick of this doctor saying constantly that he had to cut off that leg. I ordered him out of my room and got old Doc Looney in Prescott and told him, 'Now, Doc, I know you doctors hang together, but this other fellow wanted to cut off my leg and don't you talk to me about cutting it off; I won't have it!'

"He put a different cast on it, and said, 'Someday you won't know which leg was broken.'

"After a long time I was able to ride with a cast on my leg and when Doc at last took it off I could put just a little weight on my leg at a time; but gradually it got stronger. A man up there by the name of Ed Block, a Christian Scientist, asked me to come to church with him so I could be healed, and I went. But my leg didn't get any better so I went back to the ranch.

"There was a small Indian village nearby and one of those Indians came by one day and wanted to help me with my leg. He said, 'You savvy Gila monster?' I told him I did. So he caught a Gila monster and chopped it up and cooked it an made a poultice. This was put on my leg Well, I did get better—guess I just gre me a new leg. It's a little shorter tha the other one but I get around on it oka They had to cut my boot off when went to the hospital but I ordered a ne pair from Shipley."

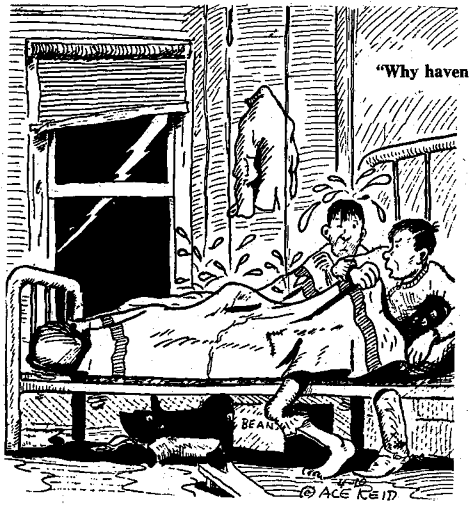
BILL SIMON spun another yarn. " had a cow ranch on the Hassayamp River at Walnut Grove in 1939 and used to break colts for other people an do my own work too. I was riding a bi sorrel colt that weighed about 1,20 pounds; got him from Harry Irving—h raised good horses.

"I had a man working for me, Le Weathers, and we rode into a school section one day behind the ranch. We wer going to a little spring. In order to ge there we had to go on a narrow trail o the side of a cliff where it was abou fifteen feet to the bottom. I started in th lead with Lee following. About half-wa around this narrow trail my hors spooked and decided to turn around an go back. There wasn't room for that bu he turned back anyway. He was a bi lantern-jawed thing so I just jumpe overboard out the window; that was th only thing to do because he was goin over the bluff.

"I landed down below on some rock and as soon as I hit I started crawling a fast as I could for I knew that horse wa coming over. I got out of there just i time to see him land on his side righ where I had hit the ground. It knocke him colder than a wedge on a frost morning. I had nearly fainted myself.

"I thought the horse was dead but h had come to by the time Lee got down t where I was. Lee had taken off his ha and was smoothing his hair down. 'M hair ain't goin' to lay down for a month, he said. Then he said, 'I quit! You ar just too reckless for me.' And he di quit.

"The fall didn't hurt the horse much he batted his eyes like a horned toad i a hailstorm, but he didn't break an bones."



"Why haven't you fixed the roof? Told you three years ago it was gonna rain!"

Palomino Spirit Horse

(Continued from page 21)

up and put a watch on it! If we don't get our trade back this outfit is busted anyway."

The rifle was not sent soon. Instead, a letter was written to the Indian Agent at Fort Defiance suggesting that his white stockman dispose of the horse the Navajos feared. His answer was very abrupt to the effect that his stockman had more important things to do than fooling with Indian superstitions.

So nothing was resolved. While Denetso's friends rallied to his support, a greater number aligned against him. Sooner or later these two factions would come to blows.

Most days only one or two customers came to trade. Denetso's large family moved north with their sheep to the side of Canyon de Chelly. Their larger livestock was left on the home range at Pine Springs. When discharged from the hospital, Denetso joined his family.

A Savage rifle finally reached me on a Saturday. It had been sent by a hide buyer. Though desperate for trade, I still had not made up my mind to try killing the golden horse. Doing so seemed such a waste. Mere coincidences had condemned him. It was outrageous that his running near a hogan could cause someone to die.

The stallion had not left the area: he still continued to invade various sites nightly—only now the hogans were empty. Then he approached close to one where people were present. It was several miles to the northwest, supposedly in a region safe for him. A woman, hearing his terrible screaming, apparently died of sheer fright in the belief that she had been condemned by his evil spirit.

This was unknown to me when late that afternoon Denetso, his two elderly sons, and a medicine man rode in behind the post on lathered horses. They had come all the way from Canyon de Chelly since daylight that morning. Denetso's wound was not yet healed but he had rushed to me for protection despite the risk of opening it up again.

"You kill the *chindi* now!" he exclaimed, confident that I would in order to save his life and to regain the valuable post trade. What else could be done? No one else would go after the stallion; patently I had to do so for Denetso's sake as well as my employer's.

"I'll show you where he is seen most, near Fox Springs," the oldest son, Bahe assured me gravely.

THEIR HORSES were allowed to cool off and rest until ten o'clock that night, after which we tied a sack of grub and sleeping blankets on our saddles and set forth. It surprised me that Bahe would venture to seek the feared horse. But he did, riding without speaking a single word.

Fox Springs was at the base of a canyon wall running north and south. Both ends of the canyon were open, an ideal place for a horse to make his escape. Its level, sharp-edged rims were dotted by an occasional cedar tree.

Unshod horses' tracks were thick over the sandy canyon floor. The grass had been stomped out wide from the springs where the stallion watered his *manada* every two or three days. At daylight we retreated half a mile and camped in a stand of cedars at the foot of a rounded hill.

"Horse not afraid," Bahe muttered grimly when the suggestion was made that we shouldn't camp so near or we might spook him away.

After breakfast I rode up the canyon. Only the usual range horses were scattered through it. They usually stayed there because the grass was good. Nowhere was there evidence of the golden stallion, and the following day passed with the same result.

That night we were awakened about dawn by the spirit horse's screams. That was my first time to hear them, and in all my life I had never heard a horse scream as he did. The eerie sound chilled the blood, echoing from the high canyon walls as the stallion plunged north between them. Small wonder that the Indians were terrified when such a noise was coupled with an ancient belief in *chindi*. It took the stallion about three minutes to get so far away the echoes did not bounce back to camp.

At daylight when we stirred out, Bahe complained of his insides feeling sore. Plainly he feared becoming the spirit stallion's next and immediate victim. His breakfast of fried mutton was doused literally with cayenne pepper. He was then assured that I had added a sure-cure medicine for whatever ailed him despite any machinations of the spirit horse.

Mounting up, the Savage rifle across my saddle, I set out following the stallion's hoofmarks. The right forefoot contained an imperfection as if the outer edge had been chipped off in the rocks.

Leading out of the upper end of the canyon, the tracks passed through a stand of cedars into some rocky hills. Before noon they were lost. I then rode south toward a series of grama grass flats and reined up on a ridge. Below, and scattered over about three hundred acres, were some fifty mares with colts. The stallion stood on another ridge to the east keeping watch over the peaceful scene. The magnificent animal nearly took my breath away, standing with arched neck high, pointing small ears in my direction. The sun shone on a glossy, yellow coat with mane and tail fading creamy into silky white.

After studying him for ten minutes or so, I reluctantly decided to try for him. His end would prevent untold grief and despair.

Touching my spurs lightly I rode off the ridge, setting forth in a jog trot. When I was about half way to him the big stallion wheeled right, skimming across the range with long-legged ease. My horse wasn't going to come up with such a speedy animal.

Still following his tracks at mid-day and seeming to be getting no closer. I decided to break off and return to camp. Swinging north, then east, I re-entered

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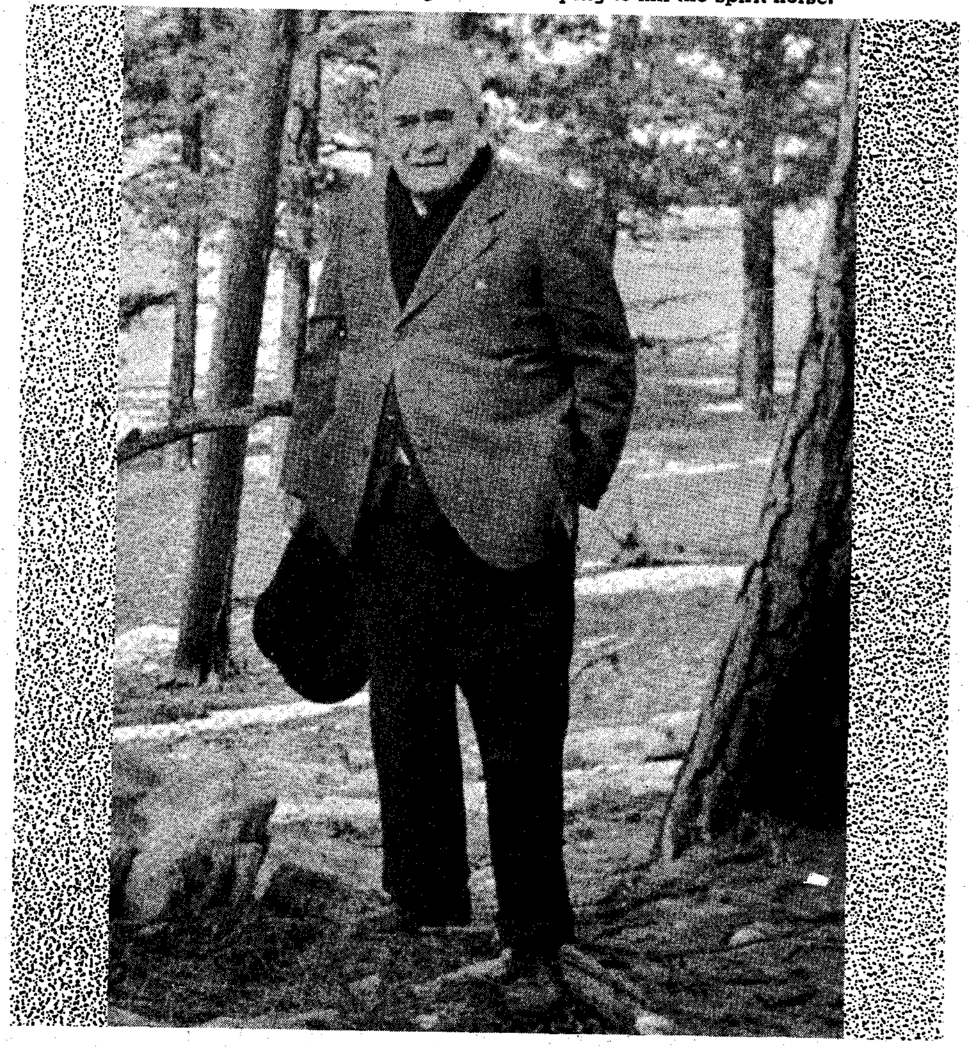
the canyon at a trot. Soon, there stood the great stallion watching from the rim, wind whipping his glistening mane. Small wonder that Denetso once coveted so grand a mount.

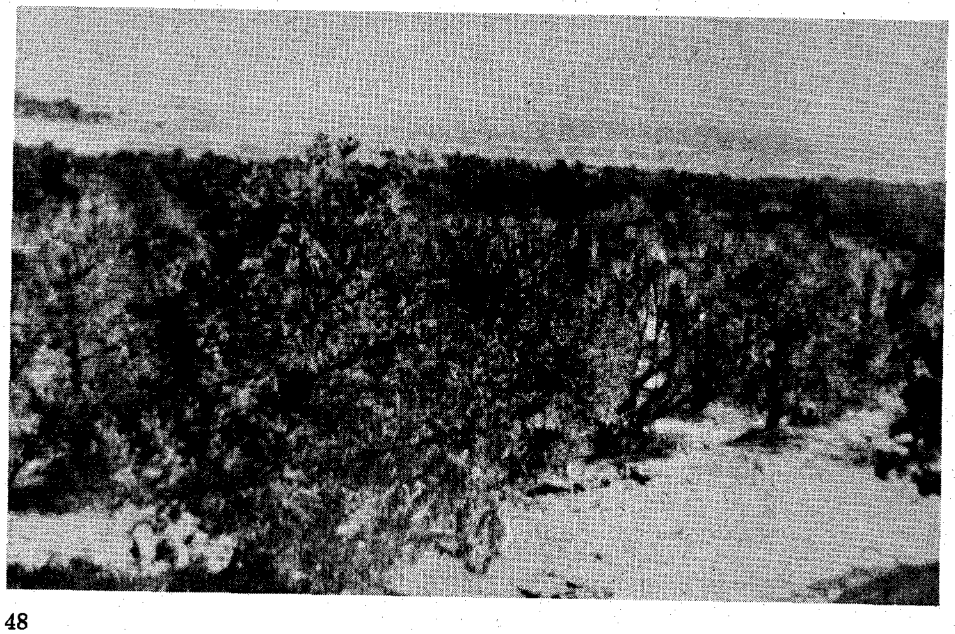
Lifting the Savage I aimed a foot above the arched neck, firing three rapid shots. I just couldn't bring myself to kill him. The last bullet was on the way before the stallion moved. He reared upright and around, his forefeet hitting the ground in a run.

I had started on through the canyon when the stallion reappeared close to the rim around the point. Still mad over the whining lead, his screams echoed into the canyon from overhead. It seemed he moved along the sharp edge for half a mile before swinging out of sight for good.

Frank Walker who came to grief while trying to kill the spirit horse.



Cedar forest around Pine Springs.



Dusk had fallen when I rode in to camp. Bahe, up and around, must have concluded that he wouldn't die after all. His first words were, "You suicide the *chindi* horse? I heard distant firing of rifle."

He had to be satisfied with, "Who knows?" for I wasn't about to admit that I had chickened out.

After supper we packed up and rode back to the trading post. There, Bahe informed his father that the spirit stallion was no more. Denetso's face instantly came alive, so great was his relief at having his burdensome responsibility removed. It caused me to cringe inwardly for he would surely learn the truth soon.

The Indians departed at sunrise telling everyone they passed that the horse was dead. By noon Navajos began returning to their former homes. Trade at Pine Springs became brisk.

Wondering how soon someone would report seeing the stallion alive, I waited for terror to seize Navajos anew. But days dragged into weeks. Indians coming to the store laughed and talked easily now that the danger was over. As more time passed I speculated on what had happened to keep the stallion away.

When the post owner arrived with an auditor to inventory the store I borrowed an Indian's horse and rode to the west rim of the canyon. Of course, no dead horse was there. Not by the merest chance could he have been wounded. Circling south to the cedars and the grama grass flats, I found the stallion looking as beautiful as ever.

Another month had passed when one day Denetso appeared at the post. "You must have wounded him to death," he told me. "The *chindi* horse went all the way south to near Hosteen Sagney's cornfield. He died in the brush behind the fence."

The stallion had been alive and well when I'd seen him in the flats, so as soon as I had a chance I rode over to the cornfield. By then, the dried-out carcass had been hung on the fence where it could be seen from afar.

I assume that the horse must have been stricken with some disease. Whatever brought his end, he was gone and that concluded his being a part of further tragic circumstances.

Denetso had no more trouble with his tribesmen, was again respected, and lived to be a very old man. When past eighty years old he moved to Gallup, New Mexico with his family. Denetso was not a drinking man but the police arrested him on the street one night while he was alone. When he protested about entering the paddy wagon, for he had committed no crime, he was very badly treated. His sons found him in jail the next morning, paying court costs and a fifty-dollar fine for being drunk and disorderly. Through an interpreter he protested his arrest again.

Taken home, Denetso never recovered from the manhandling resulting from his unjust arrest. Denetso lived about a week after returning to his hogan. The "spirit horse" of a white man's town finally ran him down.

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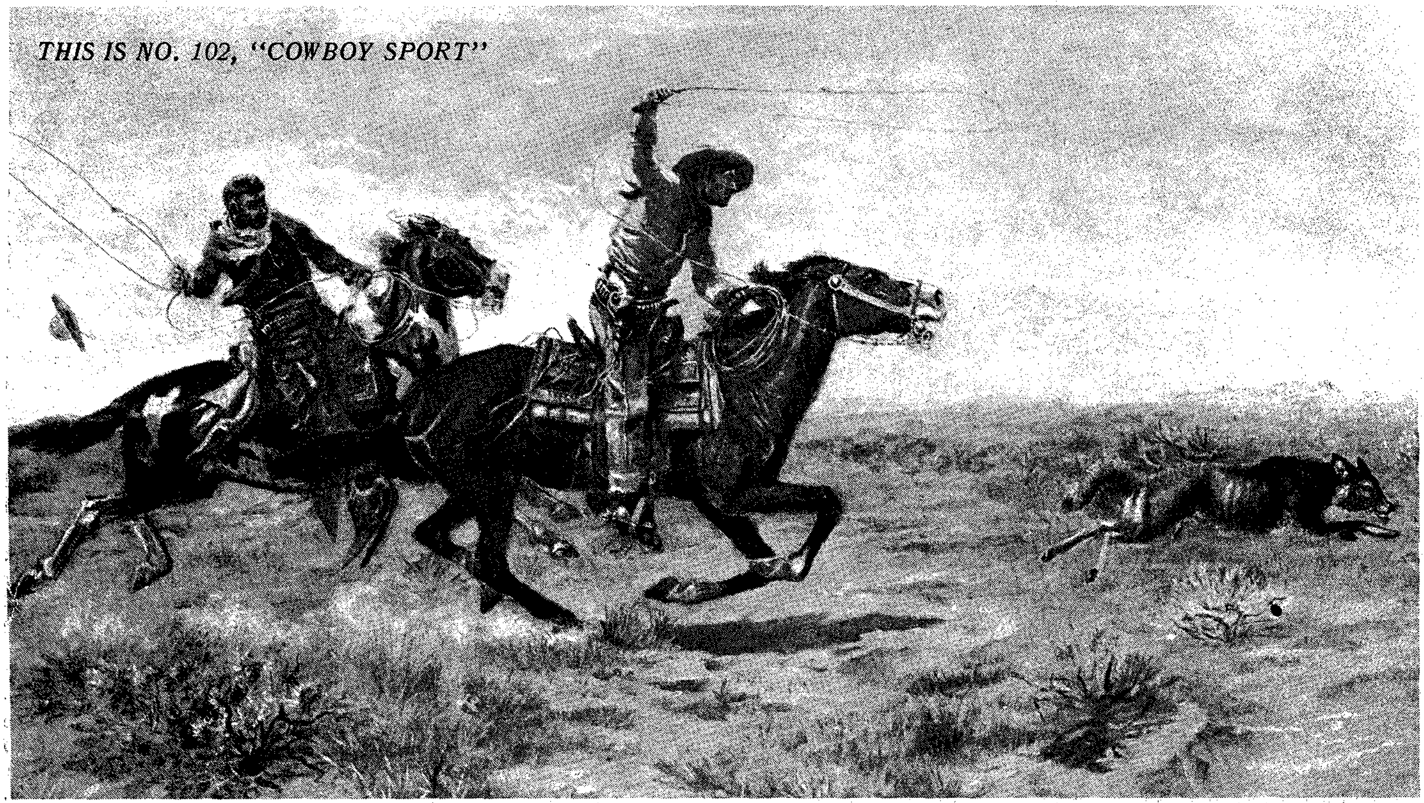

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8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 16x11½
15—At Close Quarters 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—Buffalo on the Move, 16x11½
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—In Without Knocking, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Innocent Allies, 14x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Meat's Not Meat Till It's in the Pan, 13½x9½
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x9½
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 14x11½
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 16x11½
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—When the Trail Was Long Between Camps, 10½x6½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—A Nobleman of the Plains, 9x12
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Land of Good Hunting, 16x11½
106—The Fire Boat, 16x11½
107—Our Warriors Return, 16x11½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½

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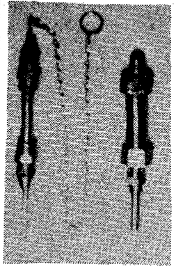

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If I Were Young Again

(Continued from page 35)

"My father and sister and brother-in-law all started to Texas when I was a young woman. We came to Fannin County at Christmas and our oxen began to die. They all died except one of my father's, so he got a job for himself and my brother making rails and they soon paid for another ox. The day they got through paying for him, he died and we were left again . . . .

"We moved to Grayson County and my father took up 640 acres of land given to settlers then. Father bought his bacon—and what kind of meat was it? It was bear bacon and real good. There was no miller nearer than Bonham, so most everyone got a little steel mill and ground their corn at home, sifted out the fine and used it for bread, and cooked the rest for hominy. They did not raise any wheat for a few years, but when people got their land in cultivation they raised lots of wheat but hardly knew what money was; everybody was poor who came to get homes . . . .

"When they wanted a rope, if they had a rawhide they made it out of that, but if they did not have it they would spin coarse thread and made rope out of cotton. We had rope works we made them on. I have spun and helped make many a rope and bed cord. Father made all our shoes and made looms for the women. All the way we had to go to church was to walk or go in an ox wagon, or on a slide. Some had no wagon, and they would make a big slide and put a floor in the bottom, and cross-pieces to sit on, and hitch a yoke of oxen to it and go wherever they pleased.

"There was not much preaching those days but if we heard of preaching anywhere near, we would go. I have walked five miles to church and back the same day, and wore home-made dresses, bonnets and shoes. My father sometimes made buckskin and sometimes cloth, and sometimes leather shoes—just anything he could get to make them out of, and we would be mighty proud of them, and most everybody dressed alike.

"People loved each other then; it was not like it is now. Pride and style have taken the place of religion. I am an old spinner and weaver. I have had to quilt, card, spin and weave ever since I was large enough. We had to pick out all the seed from our cotton with our fingers for several years after we came to Texas, make up our own clothing and raise our own indigo to color the cloth. I never saw a sewing machine or cook stove until after the war. I was married and had three children before I ever saw a cook stove. In making up our cloth after we got it, we would sew it all with our fingers and make the buttons out of thread. You think, no doubt, that we had a hard time and so I reckon we did, but we enjoyed it and it was happiness to us all, for we loved each other. When one got sick, we would go eight or ten miles to see them or sit up with them, if needed . . . .

"I know some say they would not like such hard times as we old-timers had, but if I was young again, I would love to be in such a place and would go to i if there was such a place.

"The only thing I would not like woul be no schools and churches, as I am lover of church. I could not live whe there was no church, for all the real e joyment I have is going to church . . . .

"My husband was freighting for tl government, hauling cotton down i Southern Texas. The longest time he wa gone was fifteen months. My neighbo were all good to me, as they chopped an hauled my wood. My two little boys we large enough to carry it in, go to the mil feed the hogs and other things. I had t spin and weave our clothing as alway but I heard of so many who had wors times I felt sorry for them and I felt tl Lord blessed me and I was doing well . .

"I will tell you what kind of furnitu we had when I went to keeping house . . Our bedsteads only had one leg. W hewed out a square stick and bored a bi hole in it and one in the log of the hous and put in a pole for a side rail and or across the back, laid boards on that, an our bedstead was done. Our table wa four sticks with small boards around t make the frame, the boards nailed on fo a top, if we had nails; if not, they we put on with little wooden pegs.

"Our china closet was holes bored i the logs of the house, pins put in them, board laid on that and another above tha and so on until we had as many shelve as we needed. Clothes shelves were mad in the same way. Our chairs were whee sawed off the end of a log, the bark take off, and one side basined out in the bac and our chair was done. That was th principal part of our furniture.

"We raised gourds to use for almos everything—big gourds (we called the fat gourds). Lots of them would hold half-bushel. We put lard in them or an thing we wished. Spanish gourds wer large at both ends and small in the mic dle. We would saw off both ends abou half way, clean them out good, tie cloth over one end, and it made a goo strainer. We had gourds to milk i drink water out of and other things . . .

"When our fire would go out we had t go to a neighbor and get fire or catch i some way. I have many times taken skillet lid and an old case knife an knocked out fire from it . . . . I have spu fire many times and I will tell you how

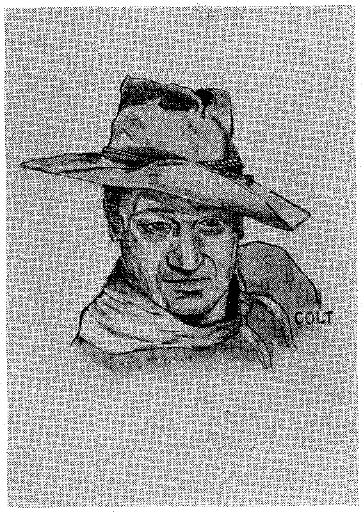
"I took deep copper thread and double it several times, and twisted it a littl then held it in the whirl of the wheel an turned the wheel right fast, and it woul mighty quick set it on fire. I would hav some cotton ready and stick in it. I woul soon have plenty of fire . . . .

"I have heard people weaving galluse with button holes already in them. have woven tape for galluses, bridle rein and saddle girths, but I never learned t weave holes in them. I used to knit m folks' galluses and knit the button hole in them. I used to plait wheat straw an make my men folks' summer hats, an make home-made jeans and make cap for winter. In time of war I plaited whea straw and made a Baptist preacher hat. He was proud of it and wore it t church . . . .

"When we came to Texas in 1845 th country was full of wild game—turke leer, bear, panthers, antelopes, wild cats, nost anything . . . .

"There were plenty of bees in the voods in those days. People could go and ind a bee tree anytime they tried and ut it down and gets lots of honey, and ave the bees if they wished, so we soon ıad plenty of bees . . . . We raised a lot f pumpkins and that was a big part of he people's living. We had no flour for everal years, so we would stew our pumpin done and put it in meal and salt it, f we chanced to have salt, and work it p into dough, making it into small thin akes called pumpkin bread.

"We had hog meat and would fry a few ieces, take the grease and crumble cornread in it, putting in water and salt, nd we had a pot of soup called 'poor do.' eople think they live hard nowadays, ut they don't know anything about hard imes . . . . Most everyone lived the same. Ve have sat down to eat many times and ıad nothing but cornbread, meal, and offee, but we were satisfied and would vork away trying hard to get a start, nd did . . . ."



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MARY A. BLACKBURN wrote, "At one time while I was alone some peron called 'hello' at the gate and I went o the door and Charley Elms had come o tell me that the Indians were on owhouse Creek killing everyone.

"I took my four little girls and went o my husband's mother, a half-mile way and she took us all to William halk's as fast as we could run; got bout half a mile away, looked around nd saw fourteen Indians on their horses. They took out after a bunch of other orses and forgot us; the last I saw of hem they had two other little white girls s captives up behind them on the orses . . . .

We took a lease on Bear Creek [Hamlton County, Texas], thinking to better urselves, but this lease was nothing on arth but a wilderness full of wild beasts. Mr. Blackburn was compelled to go to a nill about thirty miles distant, and durng his absence I was left entirely alone vith my four little girls, the oldest about ix and the youngest, twins of six months. t night panthers, wolves and bears all athered around the house and were so ierce and ravenous, I was compelled to ar the door with heavy furniture to keep hem from breaking in and eating my hildren and possibly myself. For six lays and nights I was left in this conlition, not knowing at what minute the ndians or wild beasts might kill us . . . .

"One day I had to have water and I lrove my wild oxen Tom and Dolly; they an away with me, threw me off and inured my foot. They ran on to a deep hole f water and in they went, slide, barrel nd all . . . .

"One night on our way home from Bear reek, I had one baby and my husband vas carrying the other. The baby my usband carried was crying, and two anthers took out after us, and ran us alf a mile and I thought every minute hey would pull the babies out of our rms. When we got to the creek our faithful old dog, Cash, met us and ran them ff.

"When we lived on the Saline our brother-in-law and wife came to see if we were in need of anything. My husband and brother-in-law went fishing and caught a lot of fish and ate all but the head of one large one, and next day we only had this large fish head to make soup for dinner; so fish head was all we had, but we made merry over it and enjoyed it very much. We did not know where we would get the next meal, but that evening our good old friend Buckskin Smith brought us a quarter of fat venison . . . .

"I was sitting in the room one day and heard the dogs coming across the prairie; looked out and a big bear was coming straight for the house. I was so frightened I left my baby sitting on the bed, and climbed the wall of the house. I left the door open; the house was made of split logs. The bear climbed a tree within twenty steps of the door. Our good old dog Cash pulled the bear out of the tree and my husband came home and shot it . . . .

"The war broke out in 1861. My husband went out in 1864 and was gone eighteen months. I was left alone with five little girls on the prairies. There were but three old white men in our settlement and a few Negroes and I was afraid as I could be. I had a very hard time . . . worked the corn field all day, sat up till midnight, carding, spinning and weaving. My oldest little girl held the candle for me while I made a blanket and gloves for the soldiers, and cloth for my family. We had a pair of oxen with which I had to haul wood and water, go to the mill and to church. They appointed a man to kill beef for the women. I would take my oxen and wagon and go four miles for beef. I worked so hard in the corn field that year I never got over it . . . .

"Confederate money wasn't any account. I paid $75 for four yards of calico and my first baby cradle was made out of a hollow post oak tree, sawed down and split open, and planks nailed in the ends, and rockers put on. My first churn was made out of a pine box and my table out of three-foot post oak boards; my bedstead had one leg. Holes were made in the walls and poles put in, and then fastened to the one leg.

"I tell all the girls my piano was my spinning wheel. The year we lived on Bear Creek we had no meat but wild meat; the old Tennessee gray squirrel immigrated from Arkansas; every bush and tree was full for two weeks; we had squirrel for breakfast, dinner and supper. They disappeared then.

"We had no railroads; took our butter and eggs to market at Kosse, Texas (500 pounds of butter in two barrels, and 100 dozen eggs). Butter was 40 cents a pound and eggs 40 cents per dozen, at wholesale. Then the railroad came to Austin, Texas and we went there to market. I took a big whiskey barrel of butter and sold it all to one hotel man for 20 cents a pound (all 500 pounds of it).

"We had one thousand head of cattle at one time, in the dry year of 1879, so we drove to Coleman. The winter was so severe it killed and drifted them so that we did not have many left; some drifted back home to Bell County. We increased them again in 1882; stock cattle sold for $25.00 per head. In 1887 we drove to pasture and the winter was so severe we lost nearly all of them again. We would brand 150 calves every year. You see, we are very old Texans; my husband is seventy-five and I am seventy-six years old. . . ."

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 36)

"Above all, Sweeny was a promoter, a ballyhooer, whose words, it was said, could charm the birds from the trees." The Coeur d'Alene area became an important mining area, eventually producing one-third of the nation's lead production. Labor fights, legal battles, and financial skirmishes, all intense, marked Sweeny's rise to President of Federal Mining. Fahey makes no claim to covering all the story of Northern Idaho mining, but his *Ballyhoo Bonanza* is a sizeable contribution to the history and understanding of the area and the era.

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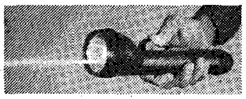

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WONDERING HOW TO SUBSCRIBE TO THIS RAG? SEE PAGE 37.

MONTANA

Twentieth-Century Montana, A State of Extremes (University of Oklahoma Press, $7.95) is the latest from the prolific pen of K. Ross Toole, former rancher and director of the Montana Historical Society and presently Professor of Western History, University of Montana. Toole examines the major Montana events of the last seventy years with emphasis on the stormy era from 1900 to 1930 and recent problems from 1960 to 1970. The author describes the scramble for homesteads by poorly equipped Easterners and European immigrants between 1900 to 1916, and the drifting of deserting homesteaders eastward from farms burned out by drought. Included are accounts of the rabid disagreements and violence between miners and the Anaconda Copper Mining Company, as well as harassment of citizens of German ancestry during World War I. Politics and political leaders have ever been part of the Montana scene and Burton K. Wheeler, Jeannette Rankin and Thomas J. Walsh come in for a well-deserved share of the discussion. Numerour black and white photos of contemporary scenes aid in presenting the Montana story.

PLAINS LIES

Tall stories are part of the folklore that give distinctive coloration to the people of a region. They magnify the accomplishments of heroes who survived disaster, outwitted opponents and overcame hardships imposed by a contrary local environment. *Shingling the Fog and Other Plains Lies* (Sage Books, $6.00) by Roger Welsch is a new book full of the tall tales bearing the trademark of the great Plains. The vagaries of weather yield a rich source of subjects for imaginative liars and yarners, and a long string of juicy ones will hold the reader's interest. Hills, rivers, towns, big men, strange animals, and hard times also provide grist for numerous tales to challenge windy spielers and listeners. Champion liars are named and some of their windies are published. Those from North, East, West and South may note a similarity to their own regional tales. This is because most American pioneers originated in the eastern United States or Europe and local people merely adopted their ancestral folk stories to their own environment. Fun reading.

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 4)

"Park Hill, Indian Territory, March 22, 1861.—Thousands of fierce Indians are waiting the verdict of their chieftains on which side to join in case of war between the United States and the new Confederate States government.

"The final decision apparently will rest with Chief John Ross of the Cherokees, at 72 still the recognized leader of the so-called 'civilized tribes' of the Five Nations. Creeks, Seminoles, Chickasaws and Choctaws are looking to him for guidance.

"A small, dignifed man of great wealth, Ross lives luxuriously on his estate, Rose Hill, a mansion set admidst rolling fiel and orchards tended by 100 Negro slav The house accommodates 40 guests, richly decorated with furniture import from the East at a cost of $10,000, and approached along a half-mile drive lin by rose gardens leading to an imposi colonnade."

Grandfather was a Methodist minist and one half Cherokee. My cousin, Geor J. Crump, was U.S. Marshal at Fo Smith for the Indian Territory and r father was a peace officer from 1894 u til his retirement in 1941. I am in n thirty-eighth year as a peace offic My father knew many of the old-tir peace officers as well as a lot of the ou laws and characters and told me ma stories which I did not have the presen of mind to make note of, or write do the dates of events that he told me abo He introduced me to Wyatt Earp in 19 when I was nine years old and I nev gave it a thought at the time. If I h known then how famous he would b come I certainly would have tried to ha my picture taken with him.—Jim Crum 318 South Whitcomb, Fort Collins, Col rado 80521

Wants Old Gun Identified

I have a single barrel 16-gauge "Mo 1885" shotgun which no one I have talk to around here knows anything abo Am hoping somebody may have some i formation on it. This is all the writi the gun has on it: "W. W. Davenp Firearms Co., Norwich, Conn." It has t patent dates on the barrel: "Oct. 2. 189 and "August 11, 1896." And it sa "Model 1885."

Anything I can find out about t company, when they were in existen how many guns they made, or any info mation, will be greatly appreciated.—J E. Woodall, Lower River Road, Gallipol Ohio 45631

Regarding Treasure Stories

We very much enjoy most of yo publications, particularly the real-li stuff on frontier notables of the past. W consider ourselves supremely fortuna to have been able to live here in an ar so steeped in Western and Frontier Hi tory, and hope to be buried here.

We strongly suggest, however, th you cull your "treasure" stories. T many folks believe that they can get ri by digging up our priceless historic sites. They are firmly convinced th the landowner's reluctance to have h place dug up indicates his evil desire selfishly keep the "treasure" for himse No wonder that, all over the West, ranc ers are more and more closing off the land to *anybody*.

I saw a miner's cabin—in pristine co dition in 1968, with kitchen utensils the shelf, overalls hung on the peg, a old wooden cookstove in like-new co dition—evidently untouched for decade In 1970, there was a pile of broken ru ble where the cabin had stood, and hol dug all over the place. WE HATE THA SORT OF THING! !

Mr. Small, please do not contribute t this destruction of America.—Charles J cob, Jr., Box 426, Rocky Ford, Colora 81067

Needs Help on Sioux Artist

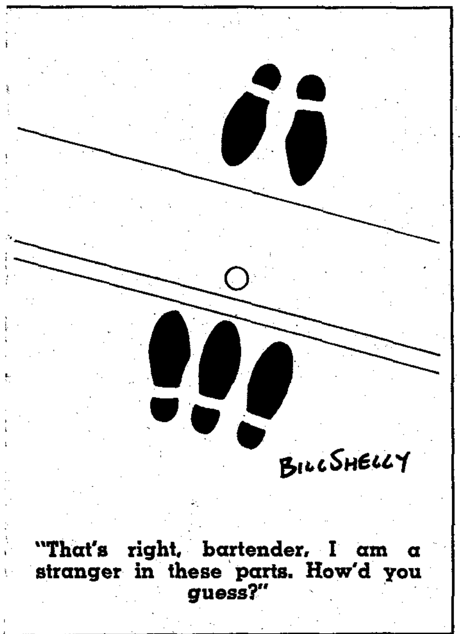
I am interested in gathering informa-
:on concerning the life of an especially
alented Sioux artist, Moses Stranger
lorse, also known as "Sundown, the
ightning-Speed Artist."

He was born in 1890 on the Rosebud
eservation in South Dakota and attend-
l school at Carlisle. During the first
Vorld War he served with the U.S. Army
nd was stationed in France. After the
rmistice, he stayed in Paris to study oil
ainting, becoming the first Sioux artist
 master the European style of paint-
ig. After his return to the United States,
e toured the western states with Wild
Vest shows and rodeos, giving demon-
trations of his amazing painting dexter-
y. He could paint a complete picture in
iree-and-a-half minutes—sometimes us-
ig both hands, and working on an up-
ide-down canvas!

Some of the things I would especially
ke to learn about are his family, father,
iother, brothers, sisters, wife, children
nd grandchildren. What shows did he
our with, when, where etc.? Was he
eally in early Hollywood films? I would
reatly appreciate hearing from any of
our readers who could tell me some-
ing about him.—Mrs. Jo Ann Jones,
oute 2, Box 50 "B", Augusta, Kansas
7010

Family Papers

It has been a good many years since I
ave writen you but I have been a sub-
criber to all three of your magazines
r a mighty long time. TRUE WEST,
RONTIER TIMES and OLD WEST are
ed in bundles and stored in my attic—
ozens and dozens of them. I open up a
undle every now and then and reread
ie magazines from cover to cover.



"That's right, bartender, I am a stranger in these parts. How'd you guess?"

I love the West and have traveled all over it state by state many times in my younger days. I am now seventy-nine years old and I mean *old!* I lived near Klamath Falls, Oregon at one time and have regretted the day I sold out and moved back to Missouri and bought a farm a great many times. But, family ties have prevented me from ever returning to that beautiful state to live and now my age prevents me from traveling as I love to do.

Before you toss this in the waste basket, I must hurry to tell you the main purpose of this letter.

In your April 1972 issue appears an article by Gary L. Roberts under the title of "Family Papers" that should be read by every family in this great land of ours. It is especially well written and the subject is of such grave importance that it should be copied and reprinted in every newspaper in the United States.

Your publications are to be commended for your efforts to record so much true information about the development of our great West. I have read countless articles of the history of many places I have passed through years ago, that had I been informed at that time, I could have spent days of enjoyable visitation to museums or sites of ghost towns or beautiful valleys, etc., that I passed by at fifty, sixty or seventy miles per hour.

I want to thank you for the privilege of being able to read your magazines and I intend to read about the country I love so much as you print it as long as I live and am able to see to read.

I have a good many friends in Oregon, Washington, Idaho and California that I have lost contact with, so if you print this letter and any of them read it, I would sure like to hear from them.—Lloyd R. Cort, Sr., Route 1, Nelson, Missouri 65347

I was extremely interested in the article that appeared in the April '72 issue entitled "Family Papers . . . What's Going to Happen to Them?" by Gary L. Roberts. What he says is so true, that there are agencies and institutions interested in the papers of families but so often they are considered valueless by families and are simply tossed away.

However, I must take exception to the implications that the Special Collections Division of the Brigham Young University Library is the one agency in Utah interested in the preservation of such items. On the contrary, there are several institutions which would welcome materials described by Mr. Roberts. Among them is the Western Americana Department of the University of Utah Library. We already have thousands of items but are always looking for important pieces and collections.

So I am writing to suggest that there may be a statement to the effect that other institutions in Utah are equally interested in the preservation of these family papers. We are enclosing a little brochure on our collecting interest and area.—Everett L. Cooley, Curator, Western Americana, The University of Utah, Salt Lake City, Utah 84112

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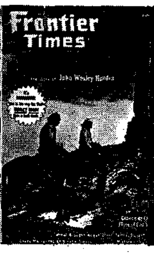
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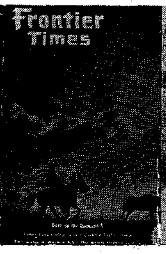
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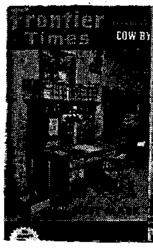
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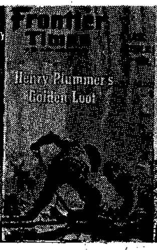
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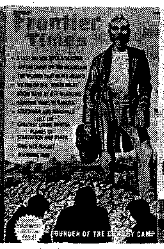
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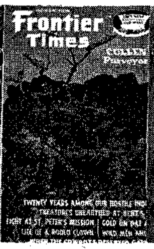
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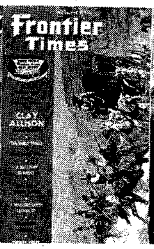
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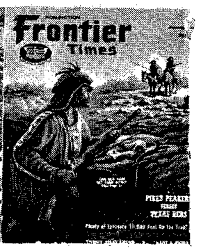
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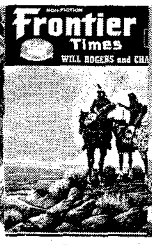
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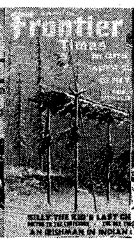
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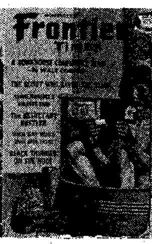
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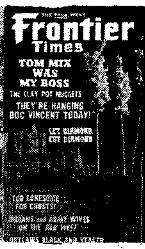
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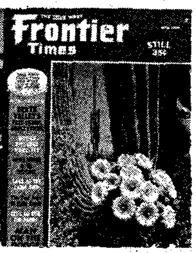
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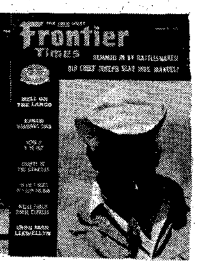
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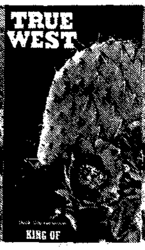
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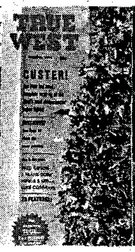
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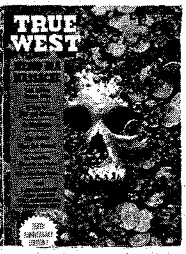

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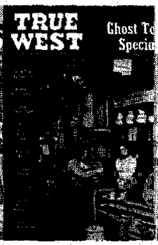
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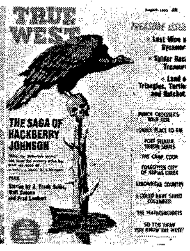
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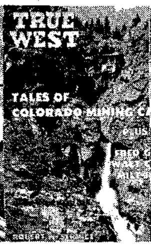
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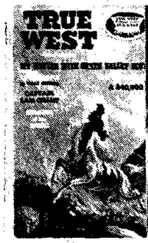

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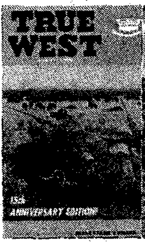

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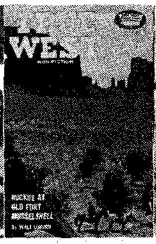

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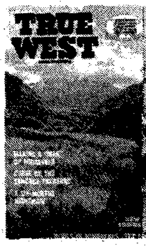

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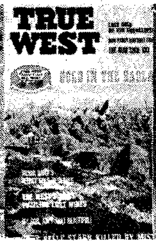

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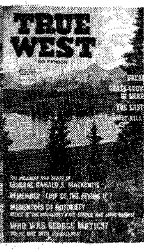

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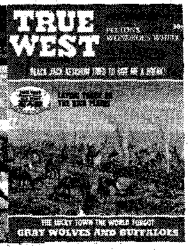
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GRAY WOLVES AND BUFFALOES
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Vanished Spas

(Continued from page 17)

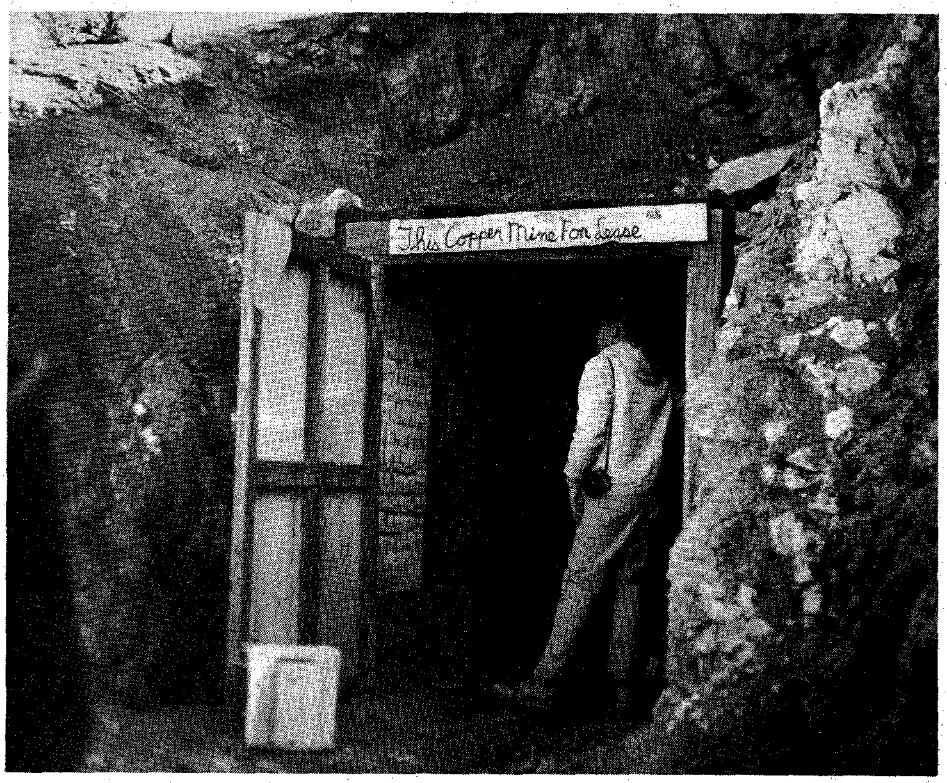
Few of this generation of park visitors are aware of the story of the three spas and the reputed cures taking place there, nor can they imagine the elegance of two of them—an elegance now returning to the original grandeur of nature.

Burro Schmidt's Tunnel

(Continued from page 39)

ing away at the partially disintegrated granite of the mountain. The rock was stable enough to stand up well without shoring and only at the entrance—and later the exit—did Schmidt do any timbering. When he began blasting he found that the rock shattered well. This enabled him to save money by pulling down all loose rock with a hand pick. As his work progressed he scrounged any kind of metal he could find and sharpened it for drills (as he said later, by the trial and error method).

The entrance to Burro Schmidt's one-man tunnel through a granite mountain. Tourist indicates height of shaft.



At the start he used kerosene lanterns for illumination, but when the price of coal oil went up a few cents, he changed to candles, buying them at three for five cents. He tried to make one candle last all day long by using it in his old lantern. He also economized by using the shortest possible fuse for each blast. There are many stories of his narrow escapes from death. Once, badly bruised and covered with blood, he stumbled a long distance to a neighbor and said, "She nearly got me that time!"

A short distance into the mountain he struck the only commercial possibilities in the entire length of his tunnel. He found gold, silver, copper and iron ores and took out about twenty tons which he sold for $60.00 a ton. No one knows why he did not try to further develop the find. When asked about this he would simply smile, shrug, and go back to his tunnel digging.

The farther he went into the mountain the more laborious and time-consuming the work became, for removing the fallen rock was more trouble than the actual digging. Somehow, someway, he managed to get an ore car and enough steel rails to lay a track into the tunnel. He would load the car by hand, push it out to the dump, unload it, then slowly push it back into the shaft again. The longer the tunnel grew the longer the trip to the outside, until toward the last the complete trip was almost a mile of hard pushing!

For the first twenty-five years of his work his "friends" were two burros and each fall he would drive them to Randsburg—twenty miles away—for winter supplies. In town, when asked about human companionship, he always said he was too busy to get lonely, that he had too much to do to be bothered with "helpers." It is said that most of his supplies were beans, flour, blasting caps and powder. Eventually he managed to sell a few of the claims, the meager capital enabling him to work even harder at his seemingly impossible task of digging through a mountain.

BY THE TIME he reached the half-way point the tunnel's purpose became obsolete. A railroad was put through nearby Indian Wells Valley and a highway graded around some of the lower mountains. This did not encourage Schmid to start working his claims, howeve Most of those who knew him believe tha after Schmidt started the tunnel he los all interest in mining and that the tremendous project of driving a one-ma hole completely through a mountain became his life's ambition.

Burro Schmidt reached his goal i 1938 and was rewarded by a brief articl in *Time* magazine and a cartoon in "Believe-it-or-Not" by Robert Ripley, wh called him the "Human Mole." He die in 1954, aged eighty-three, but his tunn remains and will remain—according t estimates—for thousands of years. It is fitting tribute to a man whose shee tenacity prompted him to drill his ow monument and memorial.

The scrap-lumber shack that was Burro's home still stands near the tunnel entrance. It is papered with faded newspapers and magazine pages. The stove for which he paid $4.00 and on whic he said he had cooked more than 25,00 meals, stands dirty and neglected alon one wall.

The tunnel itself is as solid, dry an stable as when completed. The ste rails and their short wooden ties look a if they might have been laid yesterday Inside there is little temperature chang from winter to summer. Ventilation i good.

For 1,600 feet the shaft extend straight into the mountain, then makes curve and soon ends 2,100 feet and mountain-top away from where it started. From the exit there is a fine view of the desert floor hundreds of feet below and in the distance the serrate peaks of the mighty Sierra Nevad watch majestically over all.

Trementina

(Continued from page 31)

"My team was also a big horse and little one," Abelino recalled, "so I managed to trade him my big horse for hi little one. Then we both had matche teams—and I got two good cows and tw yearling heifers to boot!"

Some years, between breeding seasons sheep owners as far away as Coron rented Trementina grazing for thei *carneros* (bucks), even though drivin them that distance sometimes took tw months.

"It was not a time of hurrying," Abelino said. "Not an easy life, but we wer happy. Our lives were made even happie by the coming of the mission. It brough so many of us close together, both i residence and in religious brotherhood We found joy in hearing the Gospel an in singing the Lord's praise in our ow language. The bell in the church towe [later stolen by vandals] made a heartcheering sound in what had been a lonely land.

"The mission brought many youn folks together, not only our own kids bu others from some distance away. Som boarded at the mission; others lived wit local families to attend the school. Whil much Spanish was used in religious serv-

s, Miss Blake saw to it that the kids
rned English in school. I myself went
rough its six grades, preparing me for
rther schooling at Menaul School in
buquerque. It was not a public school,
t the mission charged no tuition, and
children were turned away. We were
ught reading, writing, arithmetic, some
story and nature study and, of course,
e Scriptures. Miss Blake believed in
rict discipline, but she and her assist-
t teachers were kind. They liked to
ve older students help the younger
es. Local women gave freely of their
ne for whatever work was needed to
ke care of the mission buildings, clean-
g, renewing the mud plaster when
eded, using their bare hands as
owels."

Abelino could not recall the names of
e various teacher-missionary assistants
rough the years, and the only two
mes I have been able to verify are
ura Menvoor and Jean McConn.

MISS BLAKE liked to organize socials," my friend continued. "Par-
es in the community house where we
ayed games, sang songs and had fun
gether, young and old. Although she
dn't very much favor dancing, *bailes*
ere not forbidden. Lots of time prac-
cally everybody old enough to walk and
t too old to stand would dance for
urs to guitars and fiddles.

"There was the time the mission bought
secondhand piano. A piano tuner came
ith it over seventy-six miles of rough
ad from Tucumcari. It arrived on a
unday morning. Some of us had never
en a piano. While the tuner went to
ork, the community room filled up with
eople eager to see and hear the wonder-
l instrument. In his work clothes,
aggy hair and need of a shave you
ight have taken the tuner for a bum.
ut when he finished tuning, he sat at
e piano, played and sang some of the
d hymns in such a sweet voice that
ere were tears in many eyes.

"Let me tell you a story about Rev-
end Gabino Rendón. He was a leading
inister-missionary who sometimes
rved Trementina. Gabino and I were
ose friends. One time when he was
bout eighty he became very sick at his
ome in Las Vegas. When I went to see
im, he took my hand and said: 'Abelino,
y brother, I must tell you I am on my
eathbed. Soon the Lord will take me.'

"'Don't talk foolish!' I told him. 'I
romise you I'll help celebrate your
e hundredth birthday!' Well, Gabino
as living in Denver when I received the
vitation. My son Tony arranged to take
e; but just three days before his hun-
redth birthday, my beloved Christian
iend passed away. I was one of those
ho helped lay him to rest in Las Vegas."

OR A LONG TIME, Abelino told me,
water for both village and mission
as laboriously hauled or carried from
earby Trementina Creek which is little
ore than a seep except in rainy weather.
ater a well was dug for the mission. Not
ng after the first mission church
urned, destroying all mission records,
new church was built with this dedi-

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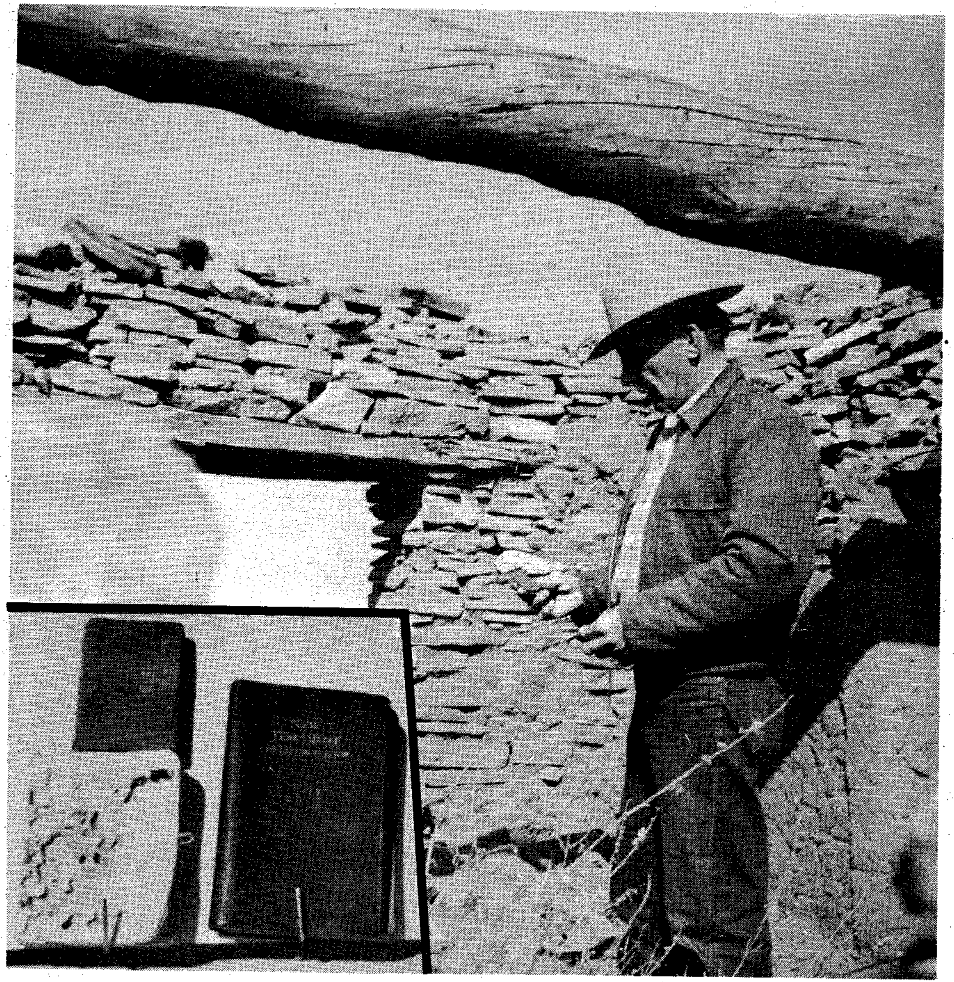
The "Angel of Trementina," Miss Alice Blake in her later years.

Charlie Middleton finds a small prayer book in the mission ruins about 1959. Note size of the lone remaining viga overhead. Closeup of the three books (inset).



cation inscribed on a big stone at its entrance: *Erejido a la Memoria de Santiago Blea y Juana T. de Blea 1912.*" The Bleas had been loved and respected leaders in the community and had owned the land on which mission buildings stood—land now owned by Abelino's sister-in-law, Mrs. Jose L. Estrada.

At one time four families of Estradas resided at Trementina, those of Abelino, Juan, Julián, and José L. Among other respected Trementina names, either as ministers, elders or residents at one time or another were Córdova, Valdez, Durán, Castillo, Maes, Gonzales, Medina, Cruz, Salazar, Jaramillo, Valverde, Madrid, Sandoval, Apodaca, Esquibel, Encinias. Their many descendants, some of them born there, are now widely scattered, but their fond memories of Trementina seem to be unanimous.

Year after year crops failed during the dust bowl drouth of 1929 and the 1930s. No more delicious watermelons, no more molasses. Wagons drawn by grass-and-hay-fed horses were giving way to gasoline-fed automobiles that required money. Barter, even if there had been anything to trade, would no longer provide a living. One by one, families began moving away from the dying village and mission. With the change, Alice Blake retired and went to live out her last years in Denver.

"Thus it was finished," Abelino told me with a nostalgic sigh.

Reverend Julián Durán, now living in Albuquerque, succeeded Miss Blake an served as the last custodian of the mission from 1930 to 1933. His wife, Rosa daughter of a former minister-missionary, Reverend Emiterio Cruz, had bee one of the many Trementina babie brought into this world by Alice Blake

Although the church continued in limited use until its dwindling congregatio merged with the two Presbyteria churches in Las Vegas, the Trementin of "the good old days" was no more.

In 1959 Charlie and Nina Middleto and Elsa and I visited Trementina. Th church still stood in fairly good order One house was still occupied and ther were still roofs on two or three others But even then the mission ruins looked at least a hundred years old.

Poking among the rubble we unearthed a weathered New Testament, a Montgomery Ward catalogue, a very old prayer book with two inscriptions still legible "Laura Menvoor by M. E. E. S. Dec. 31 1858" and "Estephania Elvira Gonzales, (no date), and a worm-eaten hymn book in which excellent Spanish versions o familiar hymns were still quite readable Among them were *Tal Como Soy* ("Jus As I Am"), *Estad Por Cristo Firme* ("Stand up for Jesus"), *Diós Os Guard* ("God Be with You"), and even *Nitida Rayo Por Cristo* ("I'll Be a Sunbeam")

On impulse we stood on the rim of Trementina Creek and sang a few Spanish hymns, trying to imagine how poignant they must have sounded in the worship of days gone by.

Now in 1972 the church itself and al buildings in the village are roofless tumbled rubble. There have been several published articles about the "mysterious Trementina ruins." There is no mystery about them except why they have come to look so ancient in such a short time The explanation is simple. Departing villagers, ranch neighbors from roundabout and in many cases vandals, hauled away roofing, lumber, roof beams, doors, windows, even some building stones—everything usable elsewhere—leaving mud-mortared walls vulnerable to the weathering of sun, wind, rain, snow and frost. Time has taken its toll in an unbelievable hurry.

One minor mystery may still remain: whence came the village name? No one seems to know for sure, except that *trementina* (turpentine) is also New Mexico Spanish for the gum or resin exuding from all kinds of pine trees. In the old days this was often mixed with mutton tallow and used as a salve for chapped or work-roughened hands. There are *piñon* pines at Trementina, and up on the rimrock at the head of Trementina Creek there are many big Ponderosas oozing pine gum.

Whatever the reason for its musical name, Trementina brought a song to the hearts of the many good folk who called it home.

See Page 5

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 6)

orn but it states "it was taken in South Dakota seventy-five miles from where he lives." The other states, "here is Dick, Catys boy, he is one of the best riders in South Dakota. he takes the prize wherever he goes. He makes a great deal of money at the contests. This is Novas place." The last photo states, "This is Orval, Catys boy. they call him Cruso."

I would appreciate any help on identification.—Mrs. Stanley Hoopes, Box 579, aron, California 93516

Robertson Brothers

Help! Information needed on W. G. Robertson, born in Hickory County, Missouri in 1848; occupation, attorney, counselor and judge in Muskogee, Oklahoma in 1895. John D. Robertson, born 1851; occupation, attorney and counselor at law in Eufaula, Oklahoma in 1896. D. A. Robertson, born 1797 in Tennessee. Lived in Hickory County, Missouri in 1815 with Daniel Boone's party. Any and all information will be appreciated.—C. W. Lopp, 15 Elm, Missoula, Montana 59801

Holt

H. A. Holt, son of Arthur Holt, is one of ten boys—two half-brothers, Jim and alhune. Other brothers are: John Bell, Tom, Jack, Edd, and Albert. Would like to locate Jim. The family came to Arkansas from Usjay, Georgia. Anyone having information on Jim Holt, please write.—H. A. Holt, Wicks, Arkansas 71743

Puckett

I would appreciate any information concerning my second great-grandfather Benjamin Gordon Puckett and his family. He was born in Morgan County, Kentucky about 1832 and was married to Emeline Howard, who was also from Kentucky. Their children were: Elizabeth (Lizzy), Hulda, Farilda, Mellisow B., Ben Frank, Edwin Walter, or Walter C., and Etta. My records indicate that Benjamin Gordon Puckett was in the vicinity of Lawrence, Kansas about 1860-1870 and was engaged in mining operations at Silverton, Colorado about 1880. He is also supposed to have been in North Dakota after 1870.—Michael Puckett, 209 Appaloosa, Pocatello, Idaho 83201

Ferguson-Taylor-Waterhouse Huckaby-Trollinger

John Alvin Ferguson, son of James Henry, was born in Tennessee in 1817. He moved to Texas and married Lottie Mae Wills.

Would like to know the movements of the Taylor family in Texas, particularly William and wife Matilda Trammell and son William Allen who married Sarah Jane Cates.

Any information on William Waterhouse, born in Louisiana in 1884 would be appreciated. Also, Charles Huckaby, born in Mississippi in the 1840s and Elizabeth, born in Texas in 1863; and Cynthia Trollinger, born in 1826 in South Carolina.—M. Z. Stout, 1922 East Jackson, Harlingen, Texas 78550

Roberts-Peck-Thornburg

______________ Peck was blind. He had two known sons, John Peck (his son is Dr. Peck of St. Francis, Kansas), and Sam Peck, born 1871 near Osceola, Iowa. There may have been some younger daughters.

Lydia Jane Roberts was born December 25, 1874 near Osceola, Iowa. Her brothers were: Pleasant F., born March 14, 1867, died July 26, 1949 in Lincoln or Albion, Nebraska; Lunn, who went to the Klondike; Henry Mc(Clell), born May 15, 1864 and married Edith (last name unknown) August 10, 1887. Lydia's sister was Laura Etta, born January 9, 1874. Laura's first husband is unknown and they had no children. Her second husband was George Putnam of Lincoln, Nebraska who died September 29, 1941. He had a son, David Putnam, by a previous marriage.

John Thornburg was born December 6, 1852. He was Reverend of the United Brethren Church in Western (Saline County) Nebraska. He married Cynthia Ellen Roberts who was born November 23, 1852 (supposedly no relation to Lydia Jane Roberts). Both are from Mount Pleasant, Iowa. They had two children: Leonard, who went to Chicago, married, had one son, and disappeared; and Myrtle, who married John Elftman and had four children. They are: Norma, Jackie, Dale and Arlene.

Sam Peck left Nebraska for Missouri and was never heard from again. It was reported that he had been killed. Lydia Jane Roberts had married him in 1892 in Elwood, Nebraska. They had one daughter, Vera Ethel Peck, born July 27, 1894 near Arapahoe, Nebraska.

Vera Ethel Peck Thornburg married Cecil William Sawyer in Benkelman, Nebraska August 3, 1916. They are my grandparents. Would like very much to find out about her real parents.—Mrs. Janice K. Bryan, 2214 South Hemlock Strav., Tucson, Arizona 85713

(Continued on page 62)

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SEE SPECIAL
CHRISTMAS GIFT OFFER
ON PAGE 37

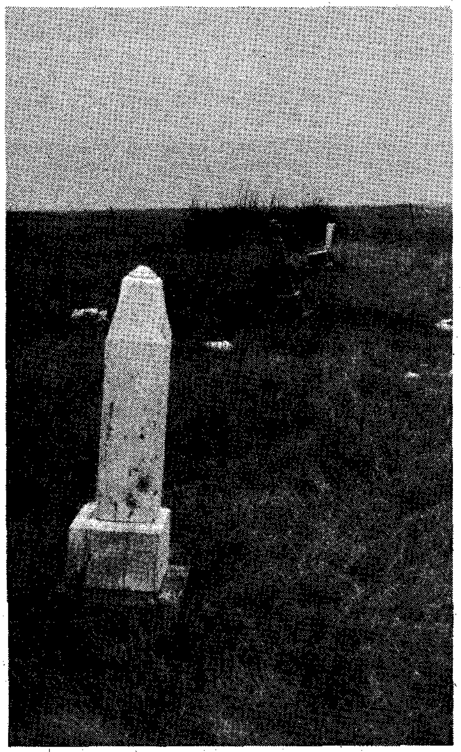
One Green Acre of Dreary Earth

(Continued from page 41)

rival never materialized. In fact, the town died in 1908 when the post office was discontinued.

Today the remnants of Glen are sparse. An unmortared stone foundation, collapsing into a shallow cellar, outlines a former general store. A double row of massive cottonwoods borders old Buttermilk Street. Damp and moldering planks mark the village springhouse where cool, sweet water still stands at ground level. At the upper end of town a scraggy picket fence surrounds a homestead-house, complete with weary wagon and antiquated manure spreader abandoned in the yard decades ago.

Another view of cemetery that "died" in 1906, Glen, South Dakota.



North of Glen's outskirts, in a weedy country graveyard, rest its pioneers. The names inscribed on still-standing headstones are those of community leaders of the '80s. Some stones have toppled; a few were buried until I uncovered them to read the brief stories of life spans. That is the Glen of today—lost, forgotten, weeping a little perhaps—but formerly a place of beauty on the bleakness of the Dakota plains.

Christmas Was Slim in Bullfrog

(Continued from page 23)

and prospectors gathered to wait their turn at the box. Each man picked out what belonged to him and left the rest for the next fellow. When letters became illegible from frequent handling they were tied in a bundle and placed in a barrel where infrequent visitors could search for word from home. Eventually the bundles were destroyed. How many
lonesome prospectors waited and ne
received word from loved ones, can o
be surmised.

The mail in a box system continued
til February 1905 when "Bill" Par
opened the Nye County grocery and
improved letter distribution develop
"Upon the arrival of the stage every m
woman and child would gather aro
the store, and after making sure eve
one was there Bill would mount a
and call off the names on the letter
When he became tired, a volunteer wo
mount the box and continue until the
was finished. All waited "until the l
letter." Lucky recipients were the e
of everybody even though the postm
would indicate that the mail was fr
two weeks to two months overdue.

Once a month a collection was taken
among the citizens to pay the stage co
pany for bringing in mail. When
mines were doing well the amount colle
ed usually ran around $200. The serv
covered only routine mail delivery a
pick up. A person wanting to insure
register mail, or who was expecti
special mail, walked five miles to Beat
where there was a post office. If a reg
tered letter was expected, many trips h
to be made before it finally arrived;
Beatty postmaster had no way to let
man know his message—usually mor
from home—had finally arrived.

In June 1905 the postoffice departme
established a post office at Rhyolite
a 10′ x 12′ tent. Distribution of mail
mained the same; names were called
as soon as the stage got in, which f
quently was as late as 10 p.m. Mail
livery by name often took two or thr
hours. Papers were left in a box to
picked up the next day.

Three months after the opening of t
legal post office, 200 letter boxes arriv
via freight wagon from Las Veg
Nevada. The postmaster, Mrs. Anna
Moore, was out of pocket 11¢ per pou
for the boxes which had been eighte
days on the road. Their arrival almo
sparked a celebration until it became e
dent that if the boxes were put in t
tent there would be no room for patro
or for sorting mail. Everyone th
pitched in and helped move the rece
tacles to a larger tent which a benevole
miner donated.

By night all the boxes were rented a
fancy prices were being offered to an
one willing to give his up. The populati
had jumped, and postal demands f
outreached the facilities. By Christm
1906 the citizens had taken up anoth
collection and financed the building of
15′ x 30′ structure, which attached to t
tent gave a combined floor space of 15′
54′.

SPACE wasn't the only proble
Stamps and supplies couldn't fi
their way to the new post office, a
only when the Goldfield postmaster i
creased his own order and then sent t
surplus by stage to Rhyolite was the
any way to mail letters out. When Gol
field ran short, Rhyolite just had to
without until the Department saw fit
supply the distant town. (That Christma
many greetings didn't get on their wa
until February.)

By July 1906 the government had recognized the fact that there were a lot of people at a place called Rhyolite even f it wasn't on the map. The postmaster's pay was increased from $83.33 a month to $125 a month, out of which Mrs. Moore paid two clerks the going wage of $5.00 a day and hoped that sometime the Department would repay her.

Great strides had been made by Christmas 1907 and the *Bullfrog Miner* noted that 100 more boxes had been installed; there was also a money-order and registry department, a 2,000-pound burglar-proof safe, a canceling machine, and sorting boxes. The postmaster admitted that this was a time of depression but added that 6,116 pounds of mail had come n the previous month and 7,240 pounds had gone out. There was expectation (unfounded) that it would become the third argest office in Nevada.

But people were leaving the camp as fast as they had come only two years earlier. A person couldn't even send a etter home for money if all he had to pay for the stamps was scrip.

Santa found it hard sledding when he hit the desert in December 1907; it was a very slim Christmas. Mines which had produced approximately $3,000,000 in gold were pinching out, and the town's future looked bleak. Less than a year later the town was becoming a ghost and Santa had to look elsewhere for the young people who had felt the pinch of mines shutting down, a father out of work but still hoping a big strike would be made nearby, or was at work but being paid by scrip which wasn't honored for postage, a railroad ticket to get out of town, or for a turkey at the Bullfrog Dressed Meat Company.

"Dear Santa: Please bring the burros some hay,"—and before another Christmas the burros were about all that was left.

Ghost Town of the Indians

(Continued from page 27)

smith shop, wagonmaker and a wheelwright. A church has been erected . . . a temperance society is organized which numbers a large portion of the most respectable Choctaws and Chickasaws, as well as our own population. I have been in this village a week at a time without seeing anything like ardent spirits or a drunken Indian."

Of the Choctaw people Armstrong reported, "The Choctaws have long since acquired themselves, not only from the government of the United States but from citizens with whom they have intercourse, a name of honesty and fidelity at least not surpassed by any of our Indian tribes. They have by steady attention to their own businesses since they immigrated to their present homes, greatly increased in wealth . . . . This favorable change is indicated more clearly on Red river than with that portion of the Nation on the Arkansas."

It was only two years later, in November 1844, that the Rev. William H. Goode, writing in his "Outposts of Zion," described a gathering at Doaksville. The occasion was an Annuity Day.

"Some thousands of Indians are scattered over a tract of nearly or not quite a mile square around the payhouse," he wrote. "There are cabins, tents, booths, stores, shanties; wagons, carts, campfires; ponies, mules, oxen and dogs; men, women and children; white, red, black and mixed in every imaginable shade and proportion and dressed in every conceivable style from the tasty American fop to the wild costume of the savage. They're buying, selling, swapping, betting, shooting, strutting, sauntering, talking, laughing, fiddling, eating, drinking, smoking, sleeping, seeing, and being seen —all huddled together in one promiscuous and undistinguishable mass."

DOAKSVILLE'S continued growth over the 25-year peak of its lifetime is indicated from time to time by other early-day writers.

Familiar names to lovers of long ago are those of the Frenchman, Joseph Berthelet, of the firm of Berthelet, Heald and Company; and Berthelet and (Robert M.) Jones; Pitman Colbert, another merchant of the Indian community; and J. R. Bryant and Company, manufacturers of saddles and harness; Irvin and Riddle, the wagonmakers; Henry Hadden, who did sheet metal work and made cook stoves; and F. J. Murphy, who made daguerreotypes.

In the Doaksville heyday of the early 1850s two newspapers were published, the *Choctaw Telegraph* which was short-lived, and later, the *Choctaw Intelligencer.*

It was in the early 1850s—the date no longer is of record due to evidence of being destroyed in two long-ago fires at two different places at different times—that Indian Territory's first Masonic Lodge was instituted at Doaksville. It was under dispensation of the Grand Lodge of Arkansas, and given the name and number of Doaksville Lodge No. 279. About twenty or more years later it was reinstituted as Doaksville Lodge No. 2 of Indian Territory, the number 2 being a reflection of its old number of 279.

By 1884 Doaksville had faded to what H. B. Cushman, in his book entitled *History of the Indians,* described as "the quiet and unostentatious village, but a relic of the past, with 'ichabod' as an appropriate epitaph, having only one small dry goods store and eight or ten residence houses." Even those are gone now. All that marks the exact site of a once colorful community is the Oklahoma Historical Society marker placed in 1960 with its inscription:

Doaksville, noted town in Indian Territory. This site is at the north end of Main street, called 'Commercial Row,' in this town begun in 1831. Name of the nearby post office, Ft. Towson, was changed to Doaksville Nov. 11, 1842.

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Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 59)

Harrison-Bunting-Scamp

Samuel Harrison came from England to Frederick County, Maryland in 1720. From the large family he had, only one name is known—Richard, born in 1714 in England. Richard married and had sons: Richard Jr., William and Peter, born 1767 at Londonville, Virginia. Peter and William married sisters, Sarah and Hannah, daughters of John and Patience Bunting of Maryland. From about 1790-1810 the three brothers lived at Uniontown, Pennsylvania. Richard, Jr., with a large family, moved to Covington, Kentucky where all family contact was lost. Peter left Pennsylvania for Harrison County, Ohio. Members of his family were: Elisha; John, who married Margaret Dysart first, then Hannah Shreve; William, who moved to Kansas; Unity, who married Abel J. Pallot and moved to Kansas; Richard, who lived in Holmes County, Ohio; Hannah, who married George Davison; Patience, who married James White; Barzilla, who lived in Holmes County, Ohio; Enoch, who married Mary ?; Daniel, who married Sarah Sidell; Benjamin, who married Phoebe Sidell; Lydia Ann, who married ? James and lived in Kansas; and George Washington.

George W. was my deceased husband's great-grandfather. He was born 1818 at Cadiz, Ohio and married Hulda Scamp, born 1816. Their children included Peter, Ida, John, Reason, Len and Margaret—who married a man named Covil and lived at Winfield, Kansas. George died in 1880 and Hulda died in 1891, both at Moccasin, Illinois.

William and Hannah (Mary) had children: Daniel; Sarah who married James Waters; Rebecca, who married a McDonald; Patience, who married Asford O'Dell; Mary, who married her cousin Elisha; Wm. Henry, Jr., who married Elizabeth Peddicard; Ruth who married James Russell; John who married Jane Miller first, and Mary Brown Smith second and lived in Iowa and Oregon; Sophia; Elizabeth, who married John McMahon; Hannah, who married G. D. Moreland; and Susannah, who married Charles Young.

I will correspond with anyone having data on the above names, especially Harrison, Bunting or Scamp.—Mrs. Lela Harrison, 303 East 5th Street, McCook, Nebraska 69001

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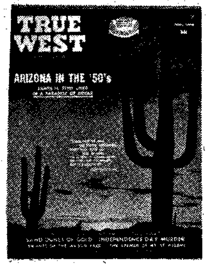

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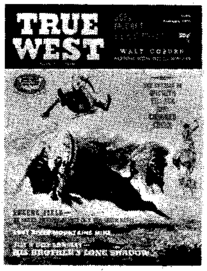

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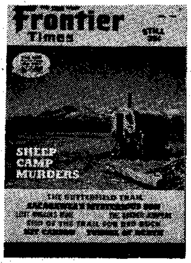

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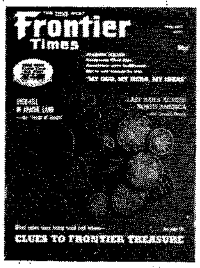

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Brisbin

William (Bill) L. Brisbin was born May 2, 1865 in New York. He had a sister, Rebecca Mary, and a brother, Joseph Adolph, whose descendants may have information which may have been passed on and be helpful to this request.

William pioneered in ore mining in South Dakota and Alaska gold mines. He did ranch work in Wyoming and trailed into Colorado (silver). His most important lost years are from 1880 to 1900. Any information or leads about his travels during those years would be most helpful and appreciated.—R. M. Purcell, Box 613, San Carlos, California 94070

Neal

I would like any information on Sergeant Solon D. Neal. He was born in 1846 at Hanover, New Hampshire and died November 1, 1920. He fought against the Kiowa and Comanches in Texas during the Indian Wars in 1870. He spent most of his life in the Army and was at Fort Douglas, Arizona Territory in 1893. He is buried at San Antonio National Cemetery which leads me to believe he resided in the San Antonio, Texas area after leaving the army.—Charles M. Neal, Jr., 1607 Gault Road, Houston, Texas 77039

Lytal

Would like information on my great-grandparents, W.M. and Martha Lytal. They lived in Arkansas, possibly in Crawford County, around 1914. Also would like to hear from anyone with the surname Lytal or anyone who has known any Lytals. All letters will be promptly answered.—Melinda Lytal, 82-335 Oleander, Indio, California 92201

Schroeder

I would like any information regarding John Frederick Schroeder. He was born and reared in the province of Hesse, Germany. He married Elizabeth Ann Rehul and migrated to this country, living near Madison, Wisconsin until his death. I have information regarding his children, the eldest born October 25, 1849.—Mrs. Naomi Schroeder Ericson, 1520 Spruce Street, Denver, Colorado 80220

Walker-Lewis-Hack

I would like to correspond with persons who are related to my great-grandfather, William Giffen Walker, born June 6, 1840 in Georgia. He was reared, married, and served in the Civil War there. He had black hair and dark eyes and I was told he was one-quarter Cherokee. His mother (unknown) was one-half Cherokee. His mother's relatives were the Buckhannon family from Georgia. He married a Martha Jane Lewis, born March 24, 1836 in Alabama, about 1863. Their children were Rebecca, John, Nancy, William Bunion, Joseph Zachris and Margaret. Believe that the first three were born in Georgia but the last three were born around Big Buffalo Creek or Horsehead Creek in Newton County, Arkansas. Martha Jane's father was George Lewis. His children were William, James and Martha. The family owned a grist mill on the mouth of Horsehead Creek in Horsehead Canyon in the 1900s.

I am also seeking information on my great-grandparents. George Hack lived in Warren County, Kentucky until 1850 and then went to Fountain County, Indiana. He married Rhoda Harrell in 1822 in Warren County. Believe his father was Phillip Hack who lived in Accomac, Virginia before 1800, then took his family of George, Jonathan, Joseph, Andrew, William, and wife and four daughters to live on Indian Creek, Warren County, Kentucky by 1810.—Mrs. Phyllis Hack McMicheal, 4009 N. W. 27th, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73107

Bradley

William (Will) Bradley was a veteran of the Confederate Army. He was born about 1828 in the British Isles and came to this country in the 1840s. His army record indicates he enlisted in the Confederate forces at Selma, Alabama in April 1861. He is believed to have returned to Selma after military service and remained in that area the rest of his life. The children of his family were named Earl and Loretta and there may have been others. It is believed that Earl and possibly his father Will were connected with the railroads in the Alabama area. I would appreciate hearing from any descendants or persons having knowledge of this family.—John W. Bradley, 2033 North Harlem Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60635

Heron

Am searching for Mary Ella Heron (called "Little Ella" by the family). She was born about 1902. I am not sure of the place but think it was Silver City, New Mexico or Clifton, Arizona. She was the daughter of Ella Stout Harkins who died in Prescott, Arizona in 1914 and Andrew Harkins who died in 1904 in Clifton, Arizona, I believe. The last time anyone heard from her was about 1930. She left Silver city and went to Little Rock, Arkansas. It is not known if she married again after separating from her husband, Gene Heron, who is deceased. Am anxious to contact her if alive, or any persons who knew her in Silver City or Little Rock. Her mother, Ella, and my mother, Addie Stout Reeves, were sisters. —Mrs. Harriet Reeves George, Box 19, Sanders, Arizona 86512

Wells

I would appreciate information on my great-grandmother, Annie Wells. I believe she was born in Poplar, Montana in 1882. Her father was a storekeeper by the name of Williams. His store burned down after she was born. Her mother had a brother named Steven Wells by a second marriage. Steven was a cattle and horse rancher and owned his own ranch in Box Elder, Montana. He died sometime between 1935 and 1971.

Annie's mother was married three times—once to Mr. Williams; second to a Mr. Wells, a Blackfoot Indian; and third to a Cree Indian whose name I have forgotten. Annie also had sisters, Rosa Wells, Yvonne or Evanne Wells, Margaret Wells and Antoinette Wells.—Mrs. Freda Racette, Box 11, Abernethy, Saskatchewan, Canada

Carden-Smalley

I'd like to hear from anyone who can give me information about the first wife of George Washington Carden, born about 1811 in Granville, North Carolina. His first marriage produced three or four children. Temperance Howard was his second wife whom he married in 1841 in Tennessee.

I'd also like to learn more about Nancy Smalley, born in Pennsylvania about 1756. She had a son Phillip, born in North Carolina in 1789. Nancy came with Phillip and his family from Sullivan County, Tennessee to Roane County, Tennessee in early 1825.—Mrs. H. L. Lackey, Box 607, Brady, Texas 76825

Wilhelm

From the Land Commissioner in Austin, Texas—"Richard Wilhelm, forty-five years of age; Sarah, his wife, age forty-two; five daughters and two sons; just arrived from Illinois; passport from Consul of St. Louis, date September 15, 1832."

Richard Wilhelm, one of my great-great-grandfathers, died or was killed before 1838, perhaps in the struggle for Texas Independence. His widow had land in Milam County known as the "Sarah Wilhelm League." Sarah remarried sometime after Richard's death. I would like to find out how, when and where Richard died, as well as whom and when Sarah married.

I am not a descendant of any of the seven children who arrived in Texas but descend from the eldest daughter who remained in Illinois married to Henry Jacobs.

Those children who married and could have had families that I wish to learn more about were: Martha A. Wilhelm, married a Pearce; Mary Wilhelm, who married a Thomas; Hulda Wilhelm, who married T. Y. Gilbert December 2, 1837; and Amanda M. F. Wilhelm, who married John P. Black March 8, 1843. This latter marriage is recorded in Washington County, Texas under the name of Minerva Wilhelm. Can anyone tell me about any of the descendants of any of these four girls?—Zane E. Jacobs, 2075 Mariposa Street, Seaside, California 93955

Daniel-Jones

My father, John William Daniel, was born December 29, 1873 to Peter Hatch Daniel and Margaret Emilie (Hicks) Daniel. He died July 4, 1946. My grandfather, Peter, was born in 1822. He came to Arkansas in 1849 driving a team of oxen. A Civil War veteran, he died in 1900 in Clarksville, Arkansas. I would like to know who his parents were and where they were from. Peter had brothers, but I only know the names of two—John Dillon Daniel and William (Will) Daniel. Were there any sisters?

My mother was born Cleo Patricia Ann Cowan January 8, 1877. She died February 2, 1938. Her parents were William Marion Cowan, born 1858 and died 1936 at Carterville, Missouri; and Mary (Molly) Jones. Molly was one-quarter Cherokee, born in 1852 and died in Arkansas in 1890. Would like to know who Molly's parents were. She had a sister, Nancy, who married Jim Creel of Harrison, (Hughy), and Sam Jones. Hughy and

(Continued on page 68)

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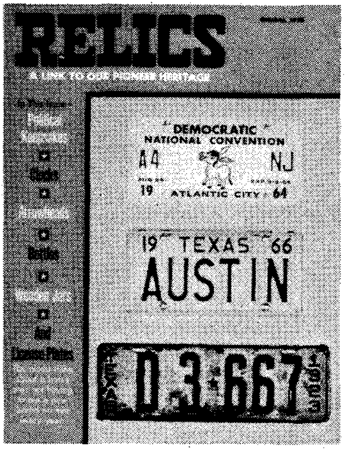
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King of the Yukon

(Continued from page 33)

husband—Jack helped the frightened trader bring her body out for burial, along with their baby who was the first white child born in the upper Yukon. No reparations were asked from the guilty natives.

While at Fort Reliance, McQuesten spent considerable time freighting to other outposts on the river with the little *Yukon* of which he was often pilot, captain, mechanic, fireman and engineer—the only white man on board. As he claimed no knowledge of the skills required, no one marveled more than he at the success of his transportation system.

Fort Reliance would have been a lonely place except for the visits of miners and trappers. At Christmas the natives celebrated the Feast of the Dead, and on New Years the Blanket Toss. If the miners and trappers came to join in there were also foot races, snow-shoveling contests, card games, feasting, and story telling.

McQuesten abandoned Fort Reliance for Fortymile after a gold strike was made in that area. From then on his store contained more shovels, gold pans, beans, bacon, and canned goods than it did glass beads, powder and salt. He had a saloon in his store that was far more popular than the other six in town. By this time Jack was the "Big Man of the North—the King of the Yukon."

His credit to miners was endless. He let no man, woman, or child go hungry. McQuesten had none of the tricks of the common trader; he was human first and capitalist second. William Ogilvie, chief surveyor and future commissioner, rated McQuesten highly, and the Alaska Commercial Company never stopped supplying him even though his store was filled with credit slips.

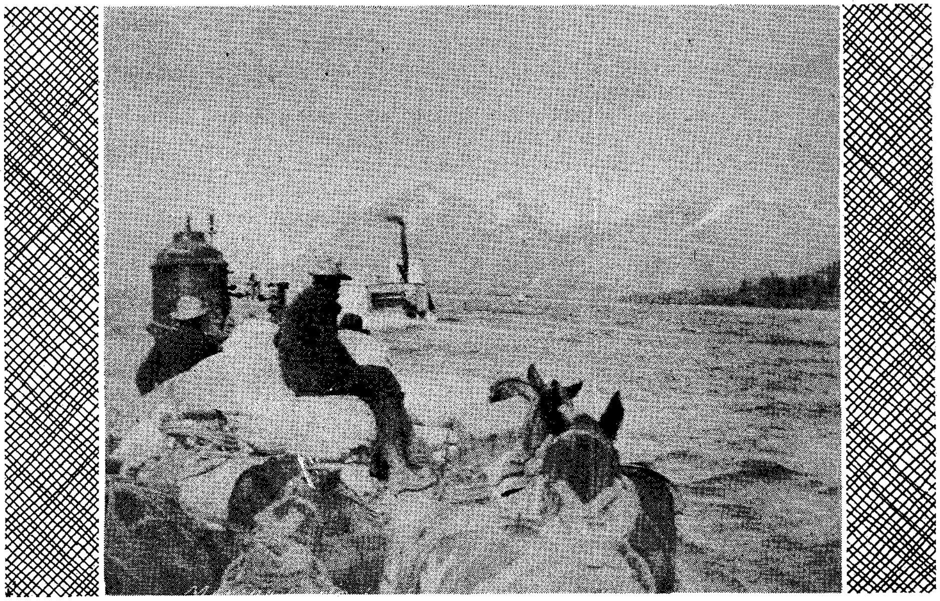
Without McQuesten and his helpers as sponsors and guides, few miners would have reached the gold fields—or returned. It is said that Jack was seldom shortchanged though he never presented a bill. With the gold mines a semblance of civilization came to Fortymile—a missionary, Chippendale chairs in the saloons, and plum pudding and *pate de foie gras* on the store shelves. Paris styles were reproduced by a local dressmaker and dance hall girls arrived from San Francisco.

IN 1893 two Indians, whom McQuesten had grubstaked, struck gold. This was the turning point in the "King's" life—he had already spent the best years of it in the wilderness; now he could build a city of his own. He plotted a town 170 miles downstream from Fortymile and named it Circle City—thinking he was on the Arctic Circle. It was the Paris of the North until Dawson stole the residents and the title.

At the mouth of Birch Creek and on the trail to the producing mines, McQuesten built a large two-story trading post. During the ten years of their married life he had given his wife—a native woman of Russian extraction—the best home he could build, and his many children, the best care. It is said that he hired a teacher both for his wife and children. In its first year Circle City had no priest, school, church, jail or courtroom, but it had the men from Robert Service's poems, some of them with Oxford degrees, and it had a working code of "Do As You'd Be Done By." Jack sent to San Francisco for a library that contained the Bible, the Encyclopedia Britannica, and the works of Darwin, Huxley, Carlyle, Macaulay, Ruskin, and Irving.

By 1896 Circle City—the largest log city in the world—had almost two thousand residents, a music hall, eight dance halls, twenty-eight saloons and a correspondent from the Chicago *Daily Record*. Each year one million dollars in gold went out of this capital of the Yukon. Then one never-to-be-forgotten day another young and restless adventurer from California came floating down from Fortymile with his native wife and news of a fabulous gold strike on the upper Yukon. By 1897 Carmack's message of "Gold" went around the world and the

Miners headed up the Yukon.



Trail of '98 had begun. Dawson City became almost overnight the new "Paris," as thousands of gold-crazed men struggled over all but impassable trails to reach the promised land. Riverboats were oaded but shorter routes were sought for men and horses. Thousands of the animals died on the trail—so many that a marker rises today above their myriad bones. Men died, too, as they later would on the oil boom trail. A railroad was carved hastily out of the mountainside.

Jack stayed on for a while to help the few miners still faithful to the Birch Creek diggings, and to watch his dream city die. Then leaving the battle to younger men, he gathered his family and his fortune (some two million dollars) and moved to San Francisco. Here he built an imposing three-story home with a scenic tower overlooking spacious gardens, and here he gave his children opportunity for higher education.

In San Francisco Leroy Napoleon McQuesten continued to be honored as the Father of Alaska. In 1898, the *California Historical Review Illustrated*—an elaborate edition—carried these words: 'There is no man living more familiar with the rich resources of the Northwest. He has personally explored and investigated a larger area of the Territory and its conditions than any other living man. He is familiar with the geography and the topography of Alaska, and no expedition bent upon commercial or scientific research enters the country without the advice and aid of Mr. McQuesten."

A big modern city to be called Seward's Success is being planned for Alaska. It has little resemblance to Circle City in its heydey. Now only an Indian village, McQuesten's log-built Paris of the North has about fifty residents. But the Black Gold Boom may eventually revive the once famous outposts where brave men and women battled the long winters of night and the seemingly endless cold and ice. The Blanket Toss has become a drawing card for tourists, who sometimes participate in jerking the stretched hides.

Jack McQuesten died sixty years ago but in the far reaches of the Yukon his name lingers on many a creek and camp, and in imagination one can hear his laughter ring as his Indian friends tossed him high on their moose hide with love in their hearts.

Terrible Jim McLaughlin

(Continued from page 29)

had pulled himself painfully erect. Then, although "groggy on his pins," as he expressed it, he had resumed his duties, viewing his customers balefully through swollen eyes.

But the Jim McLaughlin who now waited on a quavering clientele was a changed man. Not an insult escaped his bruised lips; where before his fist had accounted for half the weight registered on his scale, he now carved generous cuts with scarcely a glance at the registered poundage.

"Every trace of ruffianism had oozed out through his wounds, and in place of the bully whom everyone feared and hated there stood a polite and decent man whose manners were almost obsequious and who never again was known to browbeat or insult a customer."

Once women, children and dogs had been the principal targets of his invective; now he could not do enough for one and all. Sending for McDermott, he urged the Scottish miner to send his dog to the shop, that he might feed him daily. As word of the unbelievable reformation circulated, the beaming butcher's popularity soared. Those who had fearfully addressed him as "Mr. McLaughlin" soon began calling him "Jim" and "Mac."

Almost as extraordinary as McLaughlin's change of disposition was his desertion of favorite pastimes. Swearing, gambling and drinking were all in the past. "Boys," said he to his former cronies, "I've drunk my last drink and I'm going to save my money from this time on forevermore till Kingdom Come—so don't tempt me, for I won't go."

When a Methodist missionary paddled into town a year later, it was Big Jim McLaughlin who greeted him with open hand and heart and attended the first sermon. He even joined in singing the hymns. "You know," he had blushed, crushing his hat awkwardly in calloused hands, "I used to belong to a choir when I was a young fellow back in Maine."

But the strangest part of the affair, marveled Higgins in 1904, was that he never once referred to the pounding he had received at the hands of Power.

When asked how he received the injuries on his face he attributed them to running against a side of beef in the dark. His memory of Power's mauling seemed a complete blank. "All he knew was that he had been hurt, he believed, by accident, and that was all there was to be said," reported Higgins.

AS FOR Mrs. Burroughs, her sad story was not ended. Months later, a miner rushed into town with word that a companion had shot himself in the leg while climbing over a fallen tree. By the time a doctor reached the scene down the trail, the man had bled to death. A search of his clothes revealed $700 in gold dust and letters bearing a Yale postmark, addressed to "Charles Burroughs, Lytton."

Inquiry failed to locate a single person who had known the deceased, until Jim McLaughlin suggested asking Mrs. Burroughs. Sadly, as some had come to fear, Charles Burroughs was her husband. He had been returning with his purse of hard-won gold when the accident occurred. One of the men with him on the trail later told Higgins that Burroughs had been in gay spirits, whistling and singing "The Girl I Left Behind Me" just before disaster struck.

When Burroughs was interred in Yale's little cemetery, Higgins and McLaughlin led the pallbearers. After the ceremony, it had been Jim who humbly stepped forward and took a child in each arm as Power offered his arm to the grieving widow. A week later Mrs. Burroughs left Yale for California, never to return.

In 1860 Higgins moved to Victoria, which was to be his home for the remainder of his life. Over the years he lost touch with his former friends in Yale.

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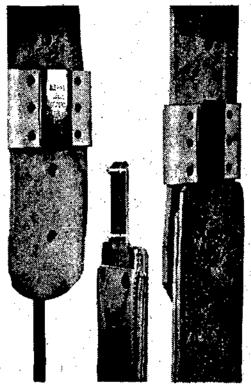

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Pioneer B. C. journalist David W. Higgins who recorded Terrible Jim McLaughlin's reformation.

Among this vanished company was Jim McLaughlin. Fifty years after, the journalist had wondered: "Was the regeneration of Jim McLaughlin permanent? I do not know. I hope that it was, for at the bottom he was a good sort and was capable of noble actions.

"Let us trust that he never relapsed into evil courses, and that as he must have long since gone the way of all flesh he continued to grow in grace until when the end came he won a starry crown."

Unknown to the retired newsman, in 1872 the Victoria *Colonist* had published a brief summary of the activities of the province's more successful citizens who had gone on to bigger and better things. Among the list was the name, James McLaughlin, of Yale. He was in San Francisco, and doing well.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 63)

Nancy died in Oklahoma in the late 1930s. Sam is believed to have moved to Texas.

I'd appreciate information about the above people.—Mrs. George Bruce, 505 West Ralston, Ontario, California 91761

Cabinet-Jackson-Boston-Miller

Would appreciate any information on my husband's grandparents, Emily Elizabeth Cabinet and James Henry Jackson. They had a daughter, Minnie Adeline who married Neal Snyder. Their sons were Herbert and William Theodore. I believe this was near Ennis or Smithfield, Texas around 1884. After his mother's death and his father's re-marriage, my husband's father William Theodore left home and all contact with his family was lost. Would enjoy hearing from descendants.

Would also appreciate information on the families of Jasper Marion Boston and Susan Miller. Her grandparents were named Conn and were from Clay County, Missouri. Jasper was in the Union Army with the Missouri Volunteers at age sixteen. They were my grandparents and had six children: Harley Ray (my father); Marion Clay; Robert Conn; Dudley; Martha Ann; and Grace. They lived in Kansas near Cherryvale. Jasper had a brother Will who stayed in Kansas with my grandfather and his family made the run for land in the opening of the Chero-

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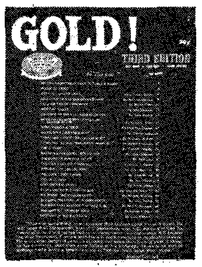
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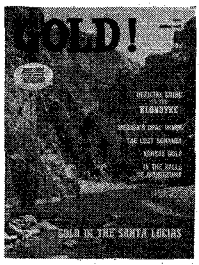
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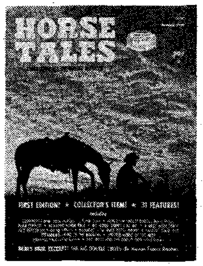
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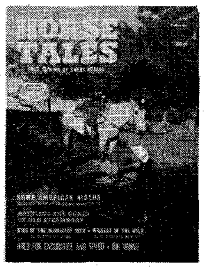
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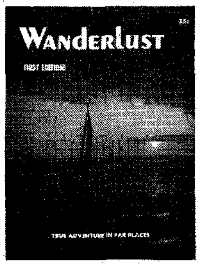
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SPECIAL ANNUALS
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ee Strip, settling near Marshall, Oklaoma. Would appreciate hearing anyhing about them, especially before they eft Missouri.—Betty Jackson, 2016 outh Magnolia, Tallahassee, Florida 2301

Gusceran-Nichols

Would appreciate information on a Iatilda Gusceran who married John A. Iichols in Bell County, Texas May 4, 866. My grandfather was John A. Iichols and was married to my grandother, Sarah Elizabeth Nichols, August , 1870. I would like to know if this is the ame man. He left home one time and as gone some seven years. No one knew where e was during that time. He came back ome and raised a family.—Mrs. J. D. humake, 1615 South 25th Street, Waco, exas 76706

Hoover

My great-great-grandfather, Christoher Hoover, was listed in the 1850 cenus of Sullivan County, Missouri with his amily. In the 1860 census just his wife nd children were listed. According to amily legend Christopher Hoover started ith a party from Missouri to go to alifornia for the gold rush. Someplace n the way, probably Nebraska, dysenery swept through the camp and a numer of people, including Christopher, died. an anyone give me more information n this party and where in Nebraska they ere camped.—Mrs. Alberta V. Dennis, 02 Stoeckly Place, Garden City, Kansas 7846

Tripp

My great-grandfather Tripp (Trippe) disappeared during the gold rush in 1849. He started out from New York (so the story goes) and met up with a colony of Mormons whom he joined and lived with the rest of his life. It was his son, my grandfather, Samuel V. Tripp, who came to California later.

If anyone can give me any lead to him or his descendants I would appreciate it very much.—Mrs. Wilma Bales, 4125 North 24th Street, Phoenix, Arizona 85016

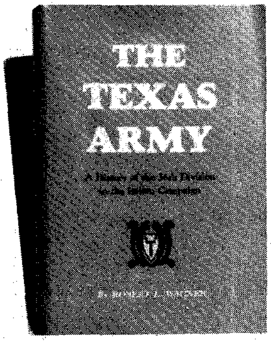
Slade-Hardin-Sheets

Would appreciate information on my great-grandparents. Ezekiel Slade was born in Cynthiana, Kentucky and died in 1894 in Urbana, Illinois. He was married to Mary Loadvine (Lodvine). I'd like to know the names of their children.

My grandfather, William Duke Slade, married Armina Hardin (Harden) in 1860 in Cynthiana, Kentucky. James Hardin, Emiley Slade and Joseph Dennis attended the wedding. Would like to know what relation these people were to William and Armina. I remember my father, Albert J. Slade, telling me that a Hardin brother and sister each married a Slade brother and sister.

My great-grandmother Margaret Sheets was born in 1822. I would like to know where. She died in 1898 and is buried in Lena, Illinois. They had several children but the only information I have is of my grandfather, Louis Frank, who

(Continued on page 72)



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The author holds two degrees from The University of Texas and is a former instructor in history at Stephen F. Austin, Nacogdoches, Texas.

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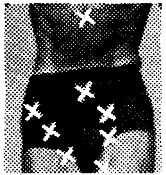

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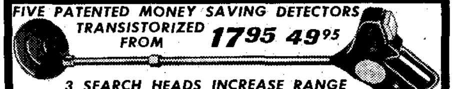

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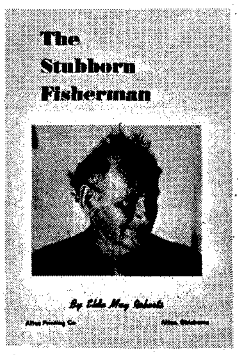

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Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 69)

married Ida E. Hill in 1864 in De Kalb County, Indiana.—Mrs. Slade Renneker, Route 3, Box 137, Newport, Washington 99156

George

I am searching for information on the following persons: Stephen George, born in the 1860s in Crawford County, Wisconsin. He was the son of Emanuel George, an old hunter and miner in the early days of Converse County, Wyoming. Stephen is believed to have a son named David, born January 8, 1886 at Leadville, Colorado. Charles George, son of Emanuel and his second wife, Mary, was born in the 1870s and went from Wyoming to Colorado also. Jonathon Ireland, believed to be a Civil War veteran, married Emelin Sally Conners October 27, 1880 at Cambridge, Nebraska. They had one son, Orville, then divorced in April 1885. Where did Jonathon go? Where is he buried?—Mrs. Samuel H. Field, 5005 Greybull, Cheyenne, Wyoming 82001

Hungerford

I am trying to locate descendants of my father, Andrew Francis Hungerford, believed to have been born in the East around the 1860s. He married Hattie (last name unknown) and they had two children, Iva Belle and Ray. Hattie died and Andrew later came to Washington State and shortened his name to Ford. He met and married my mother Blanche McKisson, believed to be from Kansas. They were living in Walla Walla, Washington when I was born in 1910. My mother died about six months after I was born. Anyone who knew him or any of his descendants, please write.—Mrs. Forest Hixon, 2117 West 13th Street, Spokane, Washington 99204

Fetters-Hall-Lee

I would like to hear from any relatives or friends of Orville and Geraldine Fetters from Idaho; of Benson and Anna Lee from Minnesota and Phoenix; and of James P. (?) and Martha Reitord Hall from Phoenix and Los Angeles.

The Fetters are my in-laws. Orville is deceased and Geraldine lives in Monroe, Oregon. I believe Orville was a logger, moving from Idaho around the 1940s. The Lees are my grandparents on my mother's side. Benson Eugen is deceased. He was from Minnesota and of German descent. He was a carpenter and worked on the Panama Canal where he met and married my grandmother, Anna Teresa Angelos. They moved to Phoenix and raised ten children. He was married previously and had four (?) children, now living in Washington. I believe Anna's family was in the government in Panama. The Halls are my grandparents on my father's side. James was a law officer about the 1940s in either Phoenix or Mesa, Arizona. He was also married to Amanda Hamilton of Los Angeles and I believe they had two children. Maria Reitord is my true grandmother although I'm not certain if James fathered or adopted my father, Louis Reitord Hall.

I would greatly appreciate any and all information from any friends or relatives of the above mentioned people.—Mrs. Betty Lee Hall Fetters, 3520 North Tongass 6-3, Ketchikan, Alaska 99901

Jamison

John R. Jamison (Jim) [Jameson-Jimeson] was a teamster for a Kansas City freight outfit about 1872. At the time he was about eighteen years old. He was in El Paso, Texas in 1880 and Central and East Texas until about 1890. Any information about him will be appreciated.—Russell Jameson, Route 1, Box 168 B, Deville, Louisiana 71328

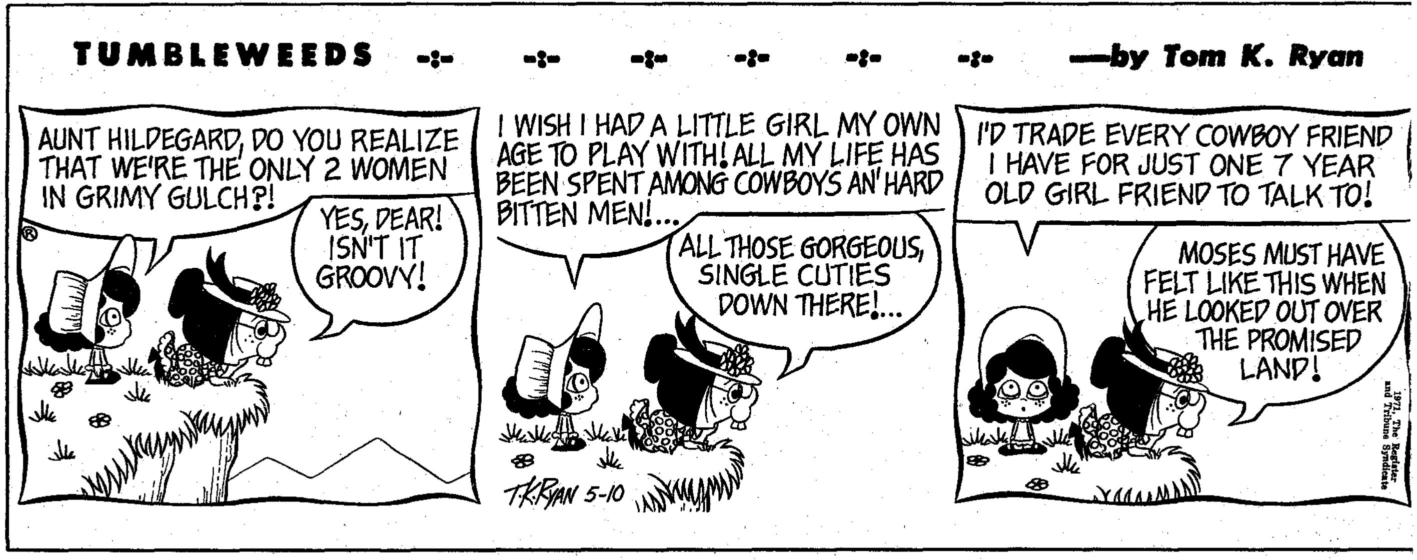
Zion

I would appreciate hearing from any descendants of any of the following families. John Zion married Lucy McCormack, born in 1772 in Bedford County, Virginia. They had eight children, all born in Virginia: Jacob Zion was born in 1790, and married Caty Fleenor; George Zion was born in 1791, and married Nancy Wallas; John W. Zion, Jr. was born in 1793, and married Sussanah Davis; McCormack Zion was born in 1795, and married Sally Stuart, Mary Gobble and Elizabeth Biddle; William Zion w born in 1799 and married Mary Fran and Mary Russell; Matthew Zion w born in 1801, and married Catherine Se geant; another son was born in 180 1807, name unknown; Rachel Zion w born 1807, and married John Penningto Henry Zion, son of John and Henriet Zion, was born in 1751 in Maryland a died in 1830 in Cumberland Count Tennessee. He married Mary Sheppar born in 1755, and died in 1825 in Cumbe land County, Tennessee. They had s children, all born in Cumberland Count Elijah Zion was born in 1778, and ma ried Elizabeth Thomas in 1803; Jo Zion was born in 1780, and marri Nancy Williams in 1804; Marshall Zi was born in 1782, and married Rach Boone in 1807; Phebe Zion was born 1784, and married Joseph Boone in 180 Henry Zion was born in 1786, and ma ried Ellen Cox; Henrietta Zion w born in 1786, and married James Beec

Amos Wray, Irish, married Kateri Rousche, German. They had at least tw children, Thomas Wilson Wray, born 1849, and Sarah Wray Parker. Ho Mills died July 25, 1903 in Muscatin Iowa. He married three times, and o of his wives was named Jane. He h twenty-four children. Among them we Lydia Margaret Mills Wray, Mary Mil Hunter and Peter and Charles Mills (except Lydia lived out their lives Muscatine, Iowa).

John Thompson was born March 1770, and married Lettice Milhollan born June 15, 1775. They had six chi dren: Margaret Thompson, born in 179 and married Harris Tyner; John Thom son, Jr., born in 1795, and married Io Sanders; Robert Thompson, born in 179 and married Susanna Sailors; Samu Thompson, born in 1799, and marri Synna Jonston; Sarah Thompson, born 1804, and married Thomas Gogswel Thomas M. Thompson, born in 1808.

I would also like to hear from any ol timers in Des Moines County, Iowa there were several large families of Zio in that area from the 1830s until 1900.- Mike Zion, 1431 6th Avenue, Arcad California 91006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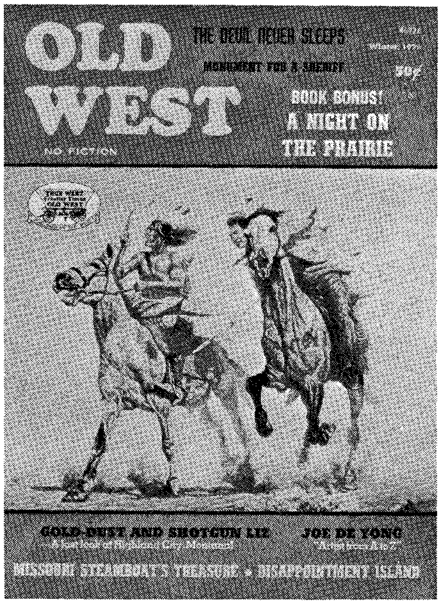
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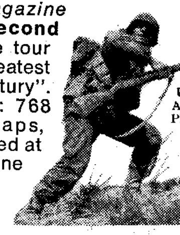
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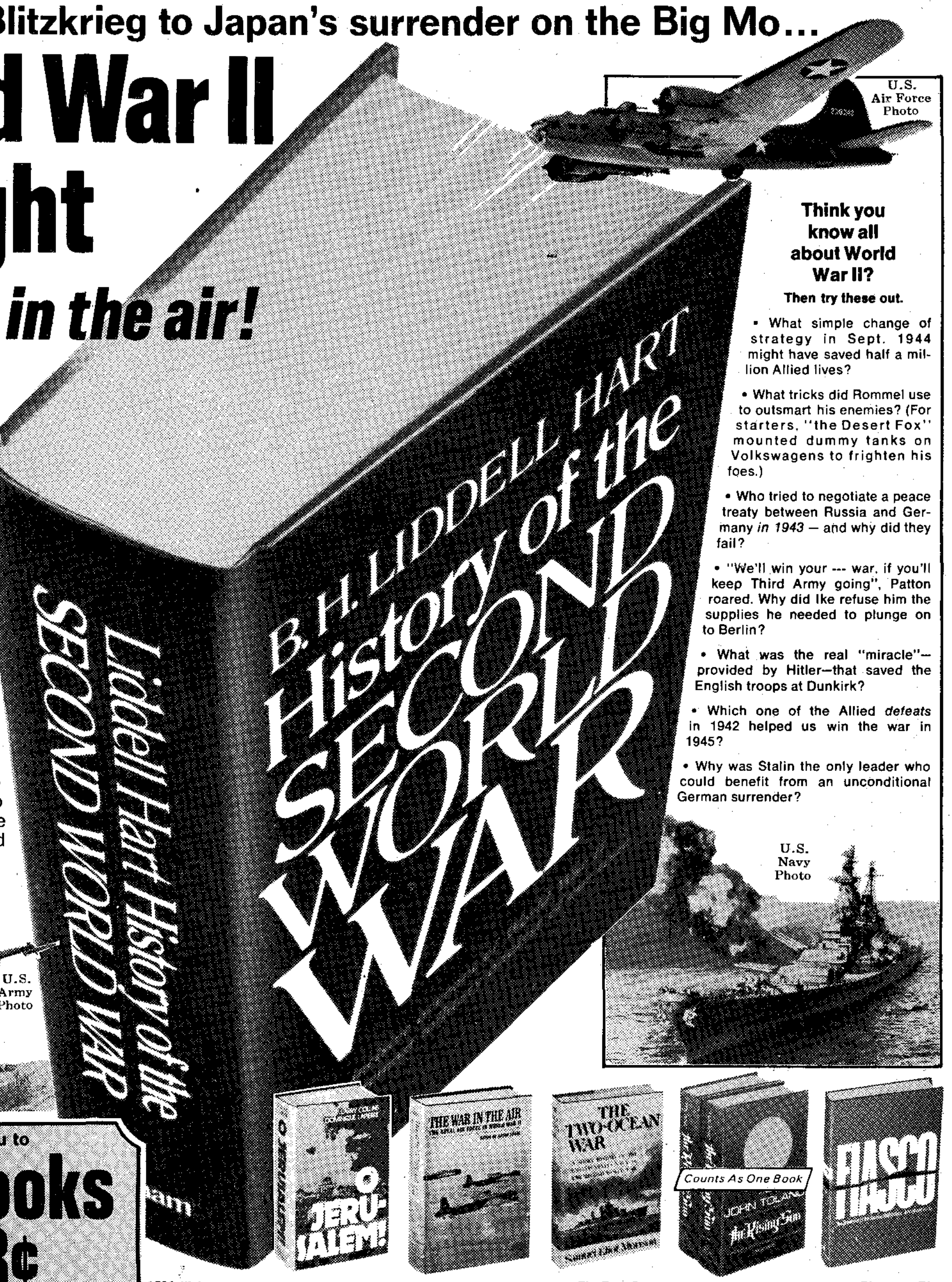
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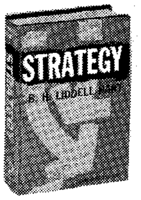

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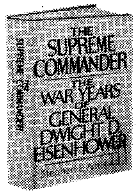

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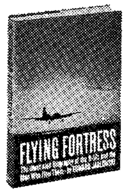

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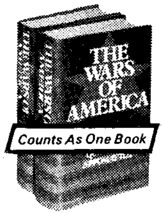

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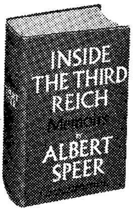

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